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SANTO SEBASTIANO:

OR, THE

YOUNG PROTECTOR.

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SANTO SEBASTIANO:

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OR, THE

YOUNG PROTECTOR.

A Novel.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

SECOND EDITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER I.

JULIA, remembering her promise to poor Dame Banks, went this morning (as soon after the arrival of the post as she could collect firmness to undertake the visit), alone, to the afflicted woman's cottage. She was infinitely shocked to find the venerable dame much worse than the early message brought her in the morning had taught her to expect, and most strikingly altered in countenance since the preceding day. She was now in bed, unable to rise; and, supported by pillows, was taking from her nurse a teaspoonful of some cordial which

Doctor Harlow had ordered for her, and Mrs. Beville kindly sitting by her, when our heroine entered her neat, though homely, chamber.

The moment Julia approached her, she beamed a sad and ghastly smile; and her glassy lustreless eyes rested wistfully upon her, while, in the hollow feeble tone of receding life, she called our heroine to come near her. Julia obeyed; and the heart-broken parent softly whispered to her, (for her articulation was now sunk to nothing louder)—

"Here, dear young lady! take this key; it belongs to a little box which stands on the dresser below. In that I put yesterday, after I saw you, some terrible letters I found of the base and cruel squire to my undone child. Take them, dear lady! and do with them what you think best. They have given the last blow to me!—though I did not rightly understand all their meaning; but I had the misery to make out enough to fear my child is undone, both here and hereafter. I am dying, dear young lady!—not of age, for that would yet have spared me; but of a broken heart.

And here, on my death-bed—and I feel in some of the last words I shall ever speak—I implore you to try all your powers for my Fanny's eternal salvation; and bring her back, by the road of true repentance, to that blessed path she has forsaken."

Julia now hastened, with all the consoling kindness her humanity inspired, to inform the dying parent of what she had already done for Fanny's rescue from the path of vice, by her letter, that morning, to Doctor Sydenham, by whose piety and active benevolence Julia entertained not a doubt but Fanny would be reclaimed.

Rays of renovated fire beamed from the eyes of poor Dame Banks, as she eagerly listened to Julia's consolation, in her plans for Fanny's reformation, and future support in the path of virtue.—"May the Almighty bless you!" exclaimed the expiring dame, in a tone of enthusiastic energy. "Then I may hope to see my child in heaven!—Oh, bless you! bless you!" A smile of joy now irradiated her pallid countenance, as she made the last effort of exhausted nature, in an impulse of gratitude, to em-

brace our heroine, on whose bosom she, with a deep-drawn sigh, closed her eyes for ever.

The shock was direful to our poor sensitive Julia, who for some moments, believing she had only fainted, would not relinquish her supporting aid; but, alas! the increasing weight of her burthen, and the marble chill of death which struck to her bosom's vital warmth, at length bore conviction to her trembling grief-struck heart that all was over, and that thread of life which age had spared the vices of the man she loved had snapped. With the assistance of Beville and the nurse, she was now released from the cold remains of the heart-rived parent. For some moments she gazed in awful silence upon the lifeless form of mortality; then, bursting into a flow of tears, descended to the room below, where she indulged in the first gust of her deeply-wounded sensibility. After composing herself, she took the packet of letters from the little box, and hastened to bend her sorrowful steps towards the castle, to send some assistance to Beville and the

nurse, who, not in the least expecting so speedy a dissolution, were unprepared for the event.

Julia, overpowered by the unexpected shock, of receiving on her bosom the last breath of a fellow-creature, and agonised with the reflection of *who* had virtually caused that shock for her, with faltering steps proceeded homewards. Unwilling to encounter any one present, she took a path along the margin of a winding stream, the most lonely and unfrequented in the grounds of Delamore's castle. It had, ere the commencement of autumn, been amongst her favorite walks; but now the fallen leaves along the sloping bank, wet with heavy dews (which the sun had not power to penetrate to dry up, precluded by the close contact of the overhanging wood, and where the gardeners had not been that day, to sweep away), impeded her progress. The path now was slippery and unpleasant, and she at length found her feet were completely wet; but she had advanced so far, without once bestowing a thought upon how she was getting on, that when a narrowly-escaped fall into the stream aroused her to

a sense of the inconvenience she was suffering, and the danger she was exposed to, she perceived she had got about half way along the path, and it was therefore as well to go on as to recede. She accordingly proceeded, and with awakened terror, added to her other sensations, her irritated nerves, trembling, and subdued by a variety of causes, presented dangers that did not exist, and impeded her in shunning those that did. She now advanced about a dozen yards farther, slipping every moment through apprehension of doing so, and saving herself by the friendly overhanging boughs of the trees, when a squirrel sprung up just before her, and bounded in full speed up a tree. Our heroine, alarmed by the sudden appearance of a living animal among the fallen leaves, and in the moment of surprise conceiving it to be a rat, a thing to her most formidable, started back with an intention to retreat; but in the premeditated attempt her feet slipped, and, unable to catch aid in time, she fell on the bank, and sprained one of her ankles, which gave her infinite pain, and after several efforts to proceed, she found herself unable.

Julia was now in a most distressing perplexity;—her feet completely wet with dew, the two poor women of the cottage expecting assistance through her means; and she was here disabled from proceeding, and at a distance too great from the castle even to hope for aid from thence, her only chance of it arising from the gardeners coming thither to clear away the leaves, or from some one straying into the path which ran parallel with, and almost joined, the luckless path she had inadvertently taken. She now moved to the driest spot she could perceive near her, and seated herself on a little mound at the back of an alcove which stood in the adjoining walk, but to which her passage was cut off by the impenetrably interwoven wood; and here she resolved to wait, as patiently as the unpleasantness of her situation would admit of, in the anxious hope that some one would come within her call.

Poor Julia's thoughts had too many subjects to rack them, to be long absorbed by the unpleasantness of her present state; they soon painfully reverted to the late awful scene—to Fanny and Penmorva. She twice

drew forth the packet of letters, meaning to peruse them here; but quickly each time abandoned the intention, condemning the imprudence of perhaps overwhelming herself with some insupportable shock or affliction where there was no one near to afford assistance to her: and now, resolved not to read them there, she gave herself up to reflection; one gloomy thought stealing upon another, adding grief and melancholy to the store of each, her mind was oppressed with, until her train of agonised meditation was alarmingly disturbed by a voice breaking on her ear—the voice of him whom of all others she then most wished to shun. She attempted to rise, with the rapidly-formed intention of escaping; but vain was the attempt; her ankle, now swelled, and in augmenting pain, was unable to support her: she sunk down again upon the grass, almost breathless with trembling agitation; and the agonising fear of being found, or seen at present, by the Marquis of Penmorva, added to her other sources of perturbation.

The marquis's voice seemed elevated by anger. The sound approached; and Julia

heard him say, "I will not bear upbraidings, St. Orville; and that you know!" At this moment she heard footsteps enter the alcove behind her. Her situation now became torturing. To remain there as a mean auricular witness, was agony to her feelings; to go was an impossibility: and to announce herself so near, would only be to subject herself to the impassioned, tender assiduities of a man whom she felt she ought to hate; and to witness that seducing tenderness might only soften her own tenderness towards him, and lead her heart from propriety, from it's inherent dignity, nay, from the great duty which she owed to Him whom the crimes of the Marquis of Penmorva had insulted. The alternative to Julia was dreadful; but she hesitated not in the termination of degrading herself by apparent meanness, ere she would subject herself to the temptation of erring against her higher sense of rectitude; and now resolved, that only to prevent the cousins from a serious disagreement, would she announce herself: and just as she had formed this decision, she distinctly heard the

now touchingly-mournful toned voice of Lord St. Orville in reply.

"Upbraidings, Horatio, upon one particular subject, you are not likely to hear from me. Voluntarily I gave you my forgiveness; and surely, surely you ought to know me better than to suppose, after that, I would ever again even glance at the painful subject."

"Then why," returned the marquis, something softened, "was I received by you with a countenance of such severity? Why, the moment I entered the castle, did you, with such ungracious, ill-disguised resentment, immediately demand my thus attending you in a private conference, ere I sought the beloved object who drew me to the castle?"

"You had known ere we reached this spot the cause," returned Lord St. Orville, "had you not allowed your alarmed impetuosity to interrupt me in every sentence I made the vain attempt to utter."

"Forgive my impetuosity, if I have misconceived you, Alfred; and since you generously mean not to upbraid, I will listen

patiently to a lecture which I perceive you are about to give me."

"To lecture you, Horatio, I feel I scarcely can make out a right; but, as the most obliged (because most favored) nephew of Lord Ashgrove, perhaps even you will allow me to take some interest in the happiness of Miss De Clifford. Only as the ward of my uncle, the child of his anxious care and adoption, will I now speak of her. In *that* light, *you* will perhaps permit me to mention her. In *that* light, will I *endeavour* to consider her."

"Well, my lord, and what of Miss De Clifford's happiness has now awakened your interest? What has (as your manner unequivocally implies there has) occurred, through me, to threaten it?" said the marquis, haughtily.

"What has occurred, through you, to threaten it!" replied Lord St. Orville, mournfully. "Why have I the grief to say, Horatio, your invincible libertinism!"

"I know not, at all, what your most immaculate lordship can allude to!"

"Of myself, I speak not, Penmorva; I am making no boast of the performance of

my duties, nor will I walk the path of unrestrained licentiousness, even to avoid the ridicule of the latitudinarian. My allusion is plain, as it is painful—the seduction of Fanny Banks!—Oh, Horatio! had you started from vice, as you do at detection, it had been well; and Julia sweet, lovely, inestimable Julia, might hope for every earthly happiness with you."

"My Lord St. Orville, I know not upon what authority you thus presume to reprehend my conduct!"

"As a friend to virtue;—as a . . . . . ."

"A friend to virtue!" reiterated the marquis, sarcastically.

"Sneer, if you please, Horatio. Neither your ridicule nor the angry flashes from your eyes shall intimidate me, shake me from my purpose, or make me blush to own I am a friend to virtue.—Lord Ashgrove has been to me a fostering father; the child of his adoption is to me a sister.—As the brother of Miss De Clifford, as her anxious, steady, unalienable friend, I now stand forth. On such authority, I now presume to reprehend your cruel, libertine pursuits, which strike at the root of Julia's

happiness.—The happiness of Julia De Clifford, although I have not the blessing to constitute myself, I will protect, with all my powers, as long as life is spared to me; and when laid in that grave to which I feel myself fast hurrying, if then permitted for me, I will be her guardian spirit, still to ...."

"To knock me on the head, I doubt not, if, while you are riding on a broomstick in the air, I should chance to meditate any naughty doings.—But pray, do tell me what ethereal form you mean to wear when you shall throw off this very goodly material substance?"

"Horatio! Horatio! the subject is too serious for your profane jests; nor shall this craftily assumed strain of ridicule chase me from my purpose:—I requested from you this private interview (which you uncandidly say I demanded) to tell you, your seduction of Fanny Banks is known to Julia; to warn you ...."

"Known to Julia! *marbleu!*—Who, who, what fool or foe could tell her of that silly business?

"Fanny's grandmother was that fool, or

foe, whom Julia was ordained to visit in the moment of her affliction, and to whom she now is gone to offer all her gentle consolations, to afford her last services to the heart-rived parent; the mere trifle of whose life is falling a rapid sacrifice to this *silly business!*"

"My Julia knows it! The grandmother dying! I am shocked; I am grieved.—Alas! I did not look to such serious consequences. I did not foresee that my adored Julia could ever know the pain of discovering this little inconstancy.—For worlds, I would not inflict a pang in her gentle bosom; for when I wound her heart, I feel I rend my own."

"Ah, Penmorva! that your actions would speak this ardor of pure and permanent affection for her! then, then would I take you to my bosom as my friend, deserving of that inestimable treasure, the heart of ...." Here the faltering articulation of Lord St. Orville became so low, the termination of the sentence reached not the ear of Julia.—A pause ensued, which was at length broken by the marquis.

"It is not surely possible, Alfred, that you can doubt the purity, ardor, or per-

manency, of my passion for Miss De Clifford? She can inspire nothing but what is pure as (in your language) her own *celestial* innocence. Who could love her but with the most animated tenderness! or, beloved by her, could prove inconstant!"

"Did not Fanny Banks shake yours, Horatio?"

"Fanny Banks shake my constancy to Julia! No, no, believe me: Julia I adore with the most profound and unalienable affection; Fanny, I regarded as the light trifle of my truant fancy, no sooner gained than disregarded."

"Oh, Horatio! and for the gratification of a transient fancy you perverted her principles, lured her from the path of innocence, stole her from her aged, venerable parent, whose heart you have broken by it! . . . "

"For pity's sake, Alfred, talk not of it; I feel the culpability of my conduct as strongly as you can point it out to me: and I am grieved to think of it, because, as Julia knows it, I am convinced it has been affliction to her; and that conviction is agony to me. And the poor old woman, I

am sincerely sorry for. I did not think old people had such feeling. I now vainly wish this detestable Fanny had never pleased my fancy. For some time, I did certainly feel very anxious to obtain her: but my Julia drew her totally out of my remembrance; and had not chance thrown her in my way, I had continued to forget she was in existence. I then found she loved me; and, from the impulse of gratified vanity, I took her off—more to please her than myself, for I soon became weary of her:—but I have settled an annuity upon her, more than she merits; and have transferred her to Sir Hector Townly, who is madly in love with her."

"Horatio, tell me not you have acted so infamously!—that you have become the vile pander to another's vices; and more deeply plunged into iniquity the unfortunate being whom love for you lured from the path of innocence!"

"Do not think of her with compassion, Alfred.—She was formed by nature for the life she now unhesitatingly embraces."

"Nature, Horatio!—It was you who per-

verted every principle of her once virtuous mind, taught her vice, and led her a willing votary to it's shrine."

"Well, well, Alfred, it was wrong, very wrong;—infamous, if that strong term will please you. Bad as ever your sanctity can paint it, I will allow it was; but you must pardon it. It was my last, shall remain my last, transgression. No woman now, I find, has charms for me but Julia. Existence has become a void to me without Julia; and I am now come hither, resolved not to leave the castle until my adored Julia names the day for our blissful union. Then, when she is my own, I shall defy the allurements of every other beauty.—Her purity will sanctify even me; and bound in the magic spell of reciprocal love with Julia, she will prove my talisman, and save me from every vice or folly."

"Deceive not yourself, Horatia; your affection for Julia will not prove invulnerable to the magic of gratified vanity.—Still must you suspect yourself; still must you keep the strictest guard over your hitherto unrestrained passions—over this incorrigible misleading vanity of yours—if the sacred hap-

piness of Julia is dear to you; for so sublimated is her mind, that her heart would bleed at your transgressions;—not as the jealous, slighted wife, but from the purer principle, her grief would spring—the anguish of thinking her husband could be faulty."

"But why will you doubt?—I know, I feel my heart is all my Julia's."

"That, I doubt not.—Can I doubt it? for well I know how Julia must be loved.—But, Horatio, can the bands of Hymen bind her closer to your heart, or more completely shut out every intruder, than did the chains of expected death, which we all so lately thought, so prematurely fastened on her?—The direful fear of losing her, did not monopolise the whole of the grief-swollen heart of her accepted lover; for Fanny Banks found then an entrance there.—O Heaven! and could it be, while those whom Julia did not love were torn with agonised affliction, which led them to shun society, rent their breaking hearts with anguish they had not fortitude to sustain, robbed their nights of rest, made daylight irksome to them because it looked with cheerfulness upon their wreck of happiness, and found

consolation only in the hope that in a better world they might again meet Julia—you, Horatio, found alleviation in the gratification of your vanity! The undisguised love of Fanny could give you comfort, and your eyes could cease to weep, your heart to bleed, whilst you professed a return to her illicit passion!"

"I grant it was an inexcusable profanation of my ardent affection for my Julia, but it was natural to my character: I hate grief, and like to part company with it whenever in my power. Fanny was a substantial consolation; that one, of meeting in a *better world*, a shadow. My principles have long been undisguised to you; and though indefatigable have been the pains you have taken to change them, still I am incorrigible. I live only for this world, where chance threw me; and had I lost my Julia, I had been a distracted mourner, without the credulous believer's consolation; since, having no faith in the pretty fable of immaterial happiness, I should have had no hope of meeting in kingdom come, to cheer my sorrows."

"Alas! alas! when the innately pious Julia shall come to know the beloved of her heart, the husband of her choice, is a confirmed, inconvertible atheist, what ...."

Julia heard no further.—The chill of horror, which, for a few preceding moments, struck on her bleeding heart, now froze at once it's vital warmth; she sunk upon the bank insensible, at the direful conviction the lips of her lover had pronounced, and those of Lord St. Orville had confirmed: and in about an hour afterwards she was found by the laboring gardeners, who came to sweep the walk, still in her swoon, and cold as death, which the men believed had seised her for it's ruthless prey.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT was the distress and consternation that prevailed throughout the castle, upon the appearance of the gardeners, bearing the apparently lifeless form of Julia.

Lady Delamore, Mary, Lucy, were in agonies of grief and alarm: while the Marquis of Penmorva was almost phrensied with terror and affliction. Our heroine was instantly borne to her chamber, and every medical aid summoned; but ere any of the faculty could arrive, she had been undressed, and every specific applied which Beville, Ann Beaumont, or Mrs. Fermor, could devise, for her recovery from her dangerous death-like swoon.

The patience of Beville having been completely exhausted by no one coming from the castle to her, she at length left the nurse with the corse of poor Dame Banks, and had only just time to inform Lady Delamore that all was over, and of the shock Miss De Clifford had sustained

by the poor deceased expiring on her bosom, and to create and feel alarm for Julia's safety (who had left the cottage so long before her, and had not yet returned), when the gardeners came, and increased that well-founded alarm.

In undressing our heroine, the sprain of her ankle was discovered; and this accident, with the death of Dame Banks, it was believed occasioned her present alarming state: and Lady Delamore, convinced that the unexpected sight of the Marquis of Penmorva, after receiving so severe a shock inflicted by him, would prove too much for Julia's nerves in their present shattered state, peremptorily insisted upon his quitting Julia's apartment, where he, with eloquent tears, implored permission to remain until she should evince symptoms of recovery; but as to even that Lady Delamore would not agree, he was compelled to take his station in the anti-room.

Lord St. Orville had escaped this scene of grief and consternation; for the moment he finished his admonitory conversation with the marquis, he had taken a hasty leave of his mother, and set out for Stratton abbey,

promising to return for her on the day she had appointed to go there.

The arrival of Doctor Harlow only added to the general painful alarm. He found Julia's pulse all but gone, and the deadly cold and shivering of her frame almost invincible: but now, anxious in a great degree to save her, for her own sake as well as for his fame, he exerted every effort of his skill to effect it; but not for several hours could he venture to cherish any hope.

From the time that Julia unclosed her eyes, deep sighs broke from her surcharged bosom: but though her eyes were open, they were fixed on vacuity, and she appeared still unconscious of who surrounded, or who spoke to her, until late in the evening, when perception seemed gradually to return; her eyes now rested in sad expression upon every object they turned upon, her sighs became less deep and frequent, and she now evinced her comprehension of what was said to her by assisting (though feebly she could perform it) to take her food and medicines, and to do all that seemed required of her. As she revived, Doctor Harlow asked her, "if she

suffered any pain?" and questioned her "if, in the fall she had sprained her ankle by, her head had received any blow?"

"No, no, only my heart, did receive the blow: but, oh! how direful, that was, for me!" she feebly and lowly replied; then, quite exhausted from this exertion, she sunk into a gentle slumber, from which she was awakened by a shivering fit; when Doctor Harlow, now convinced her shivering only proceeded from the irritation of her nerves, changed her medicines, and the happiest effect was soon visible.

Lady Delamore, who now began to feel that Julia was little less dear to her affection than her own most-favored child, sat by her pillow, in all the anguish of maternal solicitude. The eyes of Julia often rested, in sad expressive earnestness, upon this beloved friend's anxious countenance; and often, with feeble exertion, she took her hand, and pressed it to her lips. At length she softly articulated, but with beseeching emphasis —

"Oh, my best friend! was Doctor Sydenham, but here, I soon should be, well quite."

This was sufficient for Lady Delamore, who instantly flew to her pen, wrote an entreaty to Doctor Sydenham to come to his young friend, and sent it off by express immediately. On her ladyship's return to the bedside of our heroine, she told her she had sent for her venerable friend. A smile of animated pleasure beamed over the languid countenance of Julia; she pressed in gratitude the hand of her kind friend, and from that moment appeared infinitely more composed. She soon after, seeming suddenly to recollect those about her, entreated, with her accustomed sweetness "that every one might retire to rest, but those whom Doctor Harlow should think necessary to sit up in her room:" the doctor seconding her request, it was complied with; and soon after Julia fell into a sleep, from which she frequently started, but still she spoke not. Anxious for meditation, she sometimes closed her eyes, to secure herself from interruption. She wept not, she sighed not; but her thoughts, full of one great subject, rested within themselves; and to those about her, her words were now confined to thanks for their kindness to her,

and short sentences expressive of regret for giving so much trouble.

The next day, and the succeeding one to that, Julia was unable to leave her bed, and the same disposition to taciturnity remained. Still her accents were sweet, kind, and gentle, when she spoke; but all observing her anxious wish for meditation, forbore to interrupt her unnecessarily. She took her food and medicines regularly, and even eagerly, declaring her solicitude to aid Doctor Harlow in her speedy recovery: and though her voice was plaintive, her look pensive, yet she wore the countenance and mein of the most calm and dignified resignation; and often, most often, in her hours of meditation, her hands and heart were raised in prayer and meditation to the Most High.

From the moment Julia was pronounced out of danger, Lady Delamore would have found it a matter of impossibility to prevent the Marquis of Penmorva from presenting himself at her bed-side, to look at her, and see that she was really in existence, had not the conviction of our heroine's knowlege of his seduction of Fanny re-

strained him: well remembering her kind and affecting forgiveness of his former transgression, it augmented the enormity of his fault, even in his own opinion; and guilt and shame made him tremble at the idea of seeing her, and shrink from the interview.

Upon the third day of her present indisposition, Julia was able to rise, and sit for a few hours in an easy-chair. Two days' confinement to her bed, had so infinitely benefited her ankle, that she now found, with much satisfaction, that the strain would not long prove a matter of any inconvenience to her.

The following day our heroine arose earlier than on the preceding one, and was so much amended, that neither Doctor Harlow nor Lady Delamore objected to her request, of being allowed to pass an hour alone in her closet; where, after meekly pouring forth the effusions of her heart in prayer to Him to whom all secrets are open, she ventured to attempt reading those letters committed to her discretion by the late Dame Banks. The perusal of one was quite sufficient to shock and overpower her

with horror. It was written with the specious sophistry of an infidel, to subvert the religious principles of a weak and ignorant girl. To read more, would be only to make her shudder at the further display of monstrous depravity; she therefore, with a heart recoiling from such enormity, and a trembling hand, made them into one packet, the cover of which she sealed with her simple signet, '*Julia,*' and directed it to the Marquis of Penmorva.

Late in this evening, Doctor Sydenham arrived. The moment almost after the express of Lady Delamore reached him, he set out in a chaise and four, to attend the favorite child of his heart; and though for many a year he had only traveled in the drowsy snail's creep of his own heavy chariot, and old horses, hesitated not to dash off post, and travel night and day, to expedite his arrival at Delamore castle.

Lady Delamore cautiously and tenderly announced his being in the castle, to Julia, who, not expecting him so soon, was very much agitated; however, she made one great effort to rally the forces of her mind; and, fortified with pious firmness, she was

soon able to receive him with all the composure her joy at seeing him, the cause of his coming, and her great gratitude for his undertaking so long and fatiguing a journey to serve her, would admit of.

After their first mutual greetings were over, and Doctor Sydenham had answered all the anxious questions relative to the Goodwins the grateful heart of our heroine prompted her to ask, this good man told her, with much feeling and kindness, "that he had received her most affecting and praise-worthy letter; and he should have answered it faithfully, to the best of his judgement, when his mind had recovered sufficient firmness, after being infinitely softened and subdued by her epistle, which bore such touchingly-honorable testimony to the goodness, delicacy, and piety of her heart: and now," continued he, "after so many hours of deep reflection on the important subject, which my journey afforded me, I think I shall be able to answer and advise you."

"Advice, my much kind, my great deal honored friend," replied Julia, with mournful firmness, "is now, for me, unnecessary;

and grieved I am, to have given for you, the much trouble, of deeply thinking, for my good.—But cast, the die is:—I will not ever, be wife, to the Marquis of Penmorva!"

"Have you well considered this decision, my sweet child? Will no after-repentance agonise the tenderness of your heart?"

"Oh, sir! the decision, was instant; but not of so soon time, the firmness I have, to bear me, through it.—I can no more, repent it, Doctor Sydenham.—I told to you, the beloved of my heart, was the libertine—the seducer; but since that, alas! I do know him for the atheist; and my once-adoring affection, now turns, in the recoil of horror, from him." And Julia wept, for the first time, since her painful discovery of this dreadful fact.

Doctor Sydenham was sensibly affected; and wishing to console her, demanded, "if she had incontrovertible proof of this?"

Julia now faithfully stated all her painful proofs to him. Doctor Sydenham, was shocked, and convinced; and by his animated approbation of her resolutions, strengthened her in them.

"While I believed him, only the liber-

time, man," said Julia, "though my heart, did bleed, for his commission, of so greatly, terrible, transgressions, I was weak enough (perhaps it is wicked, I ought to make, my expression, Doctor Sydenham) to cherish still in my heart, Fitzroy; and to think (for flattery did tell me, so, and I was fond, to believe, what I did wish) that I might reclaim him.—I shrunk not from the much unhappiness, I had for prospect, before the blessed period, of his reformation, could be at all, in expectation; since his good, in perspective, nothing could shake from me, my intention for steadily pursuing, the path to it, however strewed, with thorns, to wound.—But when for me, was the conviction, he had for religion, none at all; that he was bad, apostate from the Great Creator, of all; that he was even so much wicked, to make proselytes; and in every thought, disbelieved the existence, of the Deity: oh! my heart was rent; it bled much piteous drops. It did seem at once, to break, Doctor Sydenham; and from it fell, not ever to be raised again, the little shrine, in which fond love, and fancy, did

consecrate with every virtue, under heaven, the image of Fitzroy."

Doctor Sydenham now clasped her, with paternal fervor, to his breast, while the tears of sympathy, and forcibly awakened approbation, rolled down his venerable cheeks. Though his heart bled in commiseration for this blow to her happiness, in such a deep-felt disappointment, his judgement, aided by his religion, taught him to rejoice in her laudable resolution, of never becoming the wife of the Marquis of Penmorva.

From the moment of Doctor Sydenham's introduction to Fitzroy, at Doctor Hargrave's, he read in his countenance something of the character of libertinism. From the moment he perceived his attentions to Julia, he was alarmed for her happiness, and became the accurate observer of Fitzroy. From the evening of .his dereliction of our heroine, in favor of Lady Enderfield, whose appearance and deportment, the good doctor unfashionably thought, ought to have filled the bosom of any man of sentiment or delicacy with disgust, he much

feared there was something radically wrong in the heart of Fitzroy. Interested for Julia, whose affections he saw were gone, or fluttering to be gone, he set about the strictest inquiry into the moral conduct of this fascinating young man. He heard nothing, much to please him, nor yet greatly to condemn; but he was not satisfied in such a husband for his young favorite, who he believed deserving of all the perfection that mortal man could boast.—However the match was broken off, by the instability of Fitzroy, Doctor Sydenham was secretly rejoiced, although he saw Julia's heart was pained: and he forbore to tell her what he knew the world in general would only term juvenile indiscretions, because he was convinced her own exertions were fast conquering her unfortunate partiality; and would not grieve her by the humiliation of knowing she had bestowed her pure affection on a libertine. And when again she met Fitzroy—as in Doctor Sydenham's first knowlege of this event was contained the information, that every thing for Julia's union with him was arranged, and only waited the sanction of Lord Ashgrove—

he considered his intelligence too late for communication.

"Do not weep, my honored friend," said Julia, beaming one of the sweetest smiles that gratitude ever wore, "but rejoice as you do love me, that this much terrible truth, was revealed for me, before my happiness was gone, no more to be recalled.—But why for, I wished you to come, so long) and fatiguing I fear, it greatly was) a journey; as you so deeply interested yourself, in all that concerned me, I had sure thought, you would have goodness, to strengthen for me, that resolution, I saw it was, my part, to take (though so painful, it was!) and that, for your sacred function, your venerable years, great and deserved importance, amongst the good, making for all, a combination so much in propriety, for a representative of her, who has not parents, to tell the Marquis of Penmorva, she, not ever, will, be his.—I cannot write my sentiments, for him. To see him, would be agony for me; and I should so grieve, and blush too, for thinking, I could at all, have so fondly loved, so profligate a man. You, my much friend,

will sure I am, be my delegate, in this business for affliction; and tell the marquis, I no more see him, as my lover."

Doctor Sydenham readily promised to perform this most unpleasant task, for our heroine, and they now began to consult upon the best method of speedily doing it.

Julia, with a fond and lingering hope that she had misconceived the great delinquency of Fitzroy's letter to Fanny, now broke the packet open, and gave the letters to Doctor Sydenham, to attentively peruse. Her anxious hope was not however realised. He, by reading all, found more, infinitely more, to condemn, than she had; and recoiling from unequivocal atheistical libertine principles, here so openly confessed, he emphatically exclaimed—

"No, my child! your hope was fallacious; your conception was just.—The Marquis of Penmorva is a confirmed infidel; in every way unworthy of you!"

Julia's heart heaved a sad sigh to disappointed love, as she took the terrible letters from Doctor Sydenham, again to form them in one packet.

It was now agreed upon, by our heroine

and her venerable friend, that this packet should be named to the marquis as the cause of Julia's decided rejection of him: Doctor Sydenham thinking it's contents a fully sufficient reason, without inflicting upon her the humiliation of discovering she had been (though involuntarily) an auricular witness to his conversation with Lord St. Orville. But as the good doctor was informed upon the subject of Fitzroy's whole proceedings in the seduction of Fanny, and it's fatal effect upon her grandmother, and obtaining from Julia the letter of the unfortunate girl herself, he determined to work upon all, should not the contents of the packet fully vindicate our heroine's rejection of him.

With his credentials, Doctor Sydenham hastened to depart upon his distressing embassy: and requesting a private audience, the Marquis of Penmorva speedily granted it, although his lordship apprehended that it would prove a most unpleasant one to him; for he concluded his Julia's much-esteemed old sanctified friend was come to lecture him upon the seduction of Fanny; yet building hope upon Julia's gentle for-

bearance on a former trangression, of her not long withholding her kind forgiveness, he determined to hear his exordium and lecture with patient submission, to affect great penitence, and promise any, and every concession, to make his peace.

To all this the marquis was fully equal: but not expecting the dreadful blow which fell upon him, he had no shield to ward it off; it stunned him at once; it hewed, with one dire stroke, his every hope of happiness, even to it's very root. He knew Julia De Clifford too well (for he had warily developed how immeasureable was the extent of her invincible piety) to hope her present resolution was lightly formed, or the effect of resentment only. He saw in it the rigid duties of firm principle; which he even, infidel as he was, had seen with approving veneration in the beloved of his heart,—she whom he had selected to constitute his happiness; and these principles, although he affected to despise in men as the bigotry of ignorance, the credulity of antient superstition, and the craft of politics to aid the legislator in the government of the turbulent, he yet in women prized

as the great bulwark to their own innocence, their husbands' peace and honor.

The heart of the Marquis of Penmorva had in early life imbibed a few wild and scattered seeds of religion; but, from want of culture, they perished, and left it open to the growth of every noxious weed; amid which was sheltered and nourished, in the continental schools, every doctrine of the modern philosophy, every tenet of scepticism. But still the impression made by early habit was not to be conquered effectually; his heart still cherished something allied to respect for the credulous ignoramus, who obstinately continued within the pale of the church, and were just, and good, and generous, and humane, for a higher motive than mere moral rectitude. This lingering respect, with his large stock of vanity—which here in a praise-worthy form—taught him anxiety to be esteemed by the most estimable of mankind: but praise could attend him no further than in his anxious wishes; for he obtained esteem by fraud, and in the garb of hypocrisy wrested from the good and pious their approbation. From Ladies Delamore and

Frances Harcourt, from Lord Ashgrove, and in short every one high in the regard of the world, he sedulously concealed his theological opinions; and, to assist his specious deceptions, he never omitted (when necessary for his purpose to attend Divine worship: but still, the small remains of boyish impression withheld him from the profanation of our church's most sacred rite. From his cousins, St. Orville and De Lisle, he had been also anxious to conceal his principles; but a moment of unguarded inebriety had betrayed him. These amiable young men took inconceivable pains to reclaim him; but vain was the attempt. Lady Theodosia, from their frequent conferences upon the subject, had her suspicions of his faith awakened; yet still, as well as her brother and cousin, determined to conceal this fatal discovery from Lady Delamore and Lord Ashgrove, whom they knew it would only shock and grieve, without any beneficial consequence to the obstinate infidel.

The impressive manner in which Doctor Sydenham delivered the important packet to the marquis, with the words which accompanied that delivery—importing, "that

when his lordship had inspected the content of that packet, Miss De Clifford believed he would not be surprised that she had withdrawn her regard from him, and had firmly resolved, never to unite her fate with his"— alarmed him dreadfully: yet he clung to the flattering hope of this all springing from the effect of jealous resentment, and the natural shock which the death of Dame Banks excited; but long he had not a hope to cling to. The moment he beheld his own letters to Fanny Banks, he felt the agonised conviction that Julia De Clifford was lost to him for ever. Pale as the hue that now rested on the death-clad countenance of the venerable woman his vices had just deprived of life, he instantly became; the tremor of direful agitation convulsed his frame, a cold emplastic dew overspread his forehead, a thick film shut out objects from his closing eyes, and he fell senseless to the ground.

Doctor Sydenham, though recoiling from the principles of this young man, was not deficient in the exercises of his humanity; but cautious not to alarm the family, and awaken curiosity (which must naturally

prove distressing to the marquis), he ordered the servant who answered the bell to send the Marquis of Penmorva's own attendant thither. Franks almost immediately appeared, who, with the good doctor's assisting assiduities, speedily restored the marquis to a sense of his present misery.

The now deservedly wretched Marquis of Penmorva spoke not one word; his whole endeavour seemed, to collect as hastily as possible all the firmness he could command; and the moment he had power to move, snatching up the dreadful packet, the irrevocable sentence of his doom, leaning on the supporting arm of Franks, he hastened, as speedily as the agitation of his frame would admit of, to his own apartment, where he hastily ordered Franks to desire his chaise to be at the door for him at five o'clock in the morning, and now to leave him to himself; but Franks refused to move, until every fear of a relapse had vanished: the moment he departed, the marquis threw himself upon his bed, in a state little short of distraction, execrating Fanny Banks as the now detested source of his present misery, reviling his own

folly, and multiplying the bitterest maledictions upon those who had, in any way, aided in his present affliction, except Julia herself, whom he still revered, blessed, and adored even in the delirium of his agonised despair.

He was summoned to supper; but his excuse, of a slight indisposition presenting his appearance, was made by Franks.—The sleepless night of the marquis was passed in tears, in groans, in all the anguish of bitter disappointment: and at five in the morning he threw himself into his travelling carriage, and set out for London; there to make a hasty arrangement for an immediate flight to the Continent, in search of lost repose.

CHAPTER. III.

Doctor Sydenham hastened to inform our heroine that he had executed her mission, and that the marquis had retired to his apartment in apparent acquiescence to her decree—She inquired not how he received the intelligence. She had no doubt of his being affected: yet laudably resolved not to soften her heart by hearing of his grief. She took the hand of her kind and venerable friend, and kissed it in touchingly-melancholy gratitude; and he clasped her to his breast, with parental affection, and glowing exultation.

It had appeared very plain to Julia, that Lady Delamore had been influenced by some private motive, not to wish to interfere, even by the most trivial word of advice, in Julia's determinations relative to Lord Penmorva; for which reason, she had resolved, if possible, to have the whole matter settled through the medium solely of Doctor Sydenham, even before Lady

Delamore should know her final decision; and now the decision was made, and the decree past, she felt a considerable degree of reluctance to betray the prime source of her conduct to Lady Delamore and Lord Ashgrove, lingering tenderness still prompting the wish of concealing them from the depth of their nephew's iniquity: but the conclusive arguments of Doctor Sydenham prevailed; in which he proved to her all she owed to herself, in vindication of a conduct that else might appear fastidious, or actuated by instability of affection.—With a sigh of unwilling acquiescence, she permitted her venerable friend and sapient counsellor to disclose even all to Lady Delamore; and with infinite gratitude she accepted the good doctor's voluntary offer, of writing for her to Lord Ashgrove upon the distressing subject.

Lady Delamore heard Doctor Sydenham's account of the exemplary conduct of our heroine with no surprise; though with the most agitated, admiring approbation, at such proof of innate rectitude in a girl scarcely yet seventeen, devoid of all natural protection, indebted to the bounty of a friend,

for not only a place in society congenial to her birth, but even for subsistence, rejecting the fascinating and highly popular heir-apparent to a ducal coronet, and the man too of her ardent affections, because she had discovered him to be an atheist.—The late Dame Banks had, to ease her surcharged feelings, made every communication to Mrs. Beville which she had confided to Julia, even to the perusal of Fitzroy's letters; and from Beville her ladyship had heard the terrible fact of her nephew's apostacy; from which she well divined the primary cause of Julia's illness, her anxiety for the presence of Doctor Sydenham, her wish for uninterrupted meditation; and from her observation of the dignified firmness her very look and movement evinced, she expected all from Julia which she had so well performed.

The moment her ladyship's conference with Doctor Sydenham ended, she flew to the apartments of our heroine, clasped her to her bosom with all the agitated glow of maternal fondness; wept her tears of sympathy for the pain her sacrifice must have inflicted, and of approving sensibility

for her meritorious conduct, which she warmly commended; kissed her repeatedly with fervent affection; and calling her every endearing name her heart could dictate.

The unqualified approbation of Lady Delamore was a most gratifying consolation to Julia; the applause of Doctor Sydenham, and her own feelings, still greater; yet her night was sleepless, and her mind far from tranquil. Her principles, recoiling from the infidel, had led her unhesitatingly to perform her duty; but her tenderness for the Marquis of Penmorva had been torn from her heart with violence, and the pain it gave could not but rankle still, and all seemed there an aching void. Still lingering tenderness, anxious to reinstate him in her fond affection, presented to her faithful memory the Fitzroy he had first appeared to her, adorned with every mental treasure; but vigilant duty, swift as such dangerous thoughts arose, stamped him in strongest colors the Lord Penmorva he now stood confessed; and so powerful was the intellectual force she rallied to oppose her weakness, it made but a feeble stand against the firm phalanx which most resolutely attacked it, and very

speedily was completely vanquished. Although it was some time ere her bloom, her appetite, her countenance, or voice, proclaimed a return of perfect ease and cheerfulness, yet from the day succeeding her rejection of the Marquis of Penmorva her looks were composed; her conversation, though grave, collected; and her manners kind, gentle, attentive, and conciliating to all around her.

The morning after the dissolution of Julia's engagement with the Marquis of Penmorva, she perceived, when Lucy first presented herself at her bed-side, that her eyes were swollen by excess of weeping. Our heroine, readily divining the cause, drew, by the kindness of her persuasive manner, a full confession from poor Lucy, "that she was overtaken in love with Mr. Franks, whom, now his lord was rejected by her lady, she should never see more."

"From the sad leave Mr. Franks took of me, ma'am, last night, with such tender tears in his beautiful eyes, I know he thinks we shall never meet again. He said, ma'am, he was sorry he had ever seen me;—and I am sure so am I;—but now his lord was in

trouble, as you, ma'am, had rejected him (for his lord told him so, all upon account of that trumpery Fanny Banks), he could not forsake him, even for me. And now, ma'am, Mr. Franks is going abroad, all over the world, to look for the marquis's happiness:—he will find some French or Dutch signora, some Jew or Turk or Tartar mademoiselle, some Lapland or Hottentot donna, to put poor Lucy out of his head; so all happiness is over with me for ever and ever!"

From this moment Julia treated Lucy with the most tender, attentive, unremitting kindness; devising, even in her work, what would most engage her fancy and call her mind from thought; giving her books of innocent amusement to read; contriving, with her aunt and Beville, to have her left as little to lonely contemplation as possible; and omitting nothing to beguile her ideas from the subject so likely to mine her happiness.

Julia's strength rapidly returned after her fate was decided.—In a very few days she was able to mix as usual with the family, but still she suffered inconvenience

from her ankle, which was not yet sufficiently recovered to admit of her taking the exercise of walking.

In a few days after Julia's re-appearance in the 'drawing-room, Doctor Sydenham received letters from town, which rendered it absolutely necessary for him to leave Delamore castle the succeeding morning, that he might reach London in time to attend the hearing of a suit which, as the executor to a lately deceased friend, he was engaged in.

Julia now strongly advised Lady Delamore to delay her departure for Stratton abbey no longer than the morrow; — a departure which she knew had been again postponed upon account of her illness; and being so much in the confidence of Lord Delamore, she knew, if his Emily delayed the time of her joining him there unnecessarily, that it would much afflict him, and give dire food to his grief-wooing fancy; and her going the moment humanity permitted her, without waiting for the escort of her son, she concluded, would prove a source of pleasure to her secretly-adoring husband.

Lady Delamore yielded to her persuasions, upon one condition only — that she would use her influence with Doctor Sydenham, to engage him to return, and spend his Christmas at Delamore castle: "For I am anxious," said her ladyship, "to introduce this charming old man, on whom years sit so gracefully, to my lord; and to my boy too, whom I want your venerable friend to see, to know, to love."

"To see, to know, Lord St. Orville; the last, must follow;" said Julia.

"Must it?" replied her ladyship.

"Indeed it must; and it will too; Lady Delamore; and that you know, so well, as I do; though the much vanity, of the mother, affects unconsciousness, for the gratification to hear, a great deal flattering eulogium; but I will make disappointment for you, now," returned Julia, attempting to smile.

"If only *now*, you disappoint me," replied Lady Delamore, "I will forgive you."

Julia now learned from Lady Delamore, that Lord St. Orville had been at the castle in a very few hours after her letter, with the account of Julia's illness, had reached

Stratton abbey: "And so anxious was he about you, Julia," said Lady Delamore, "that he came the next day, and the next, until the day after Doctor Sydenham's arrival; and then he ceased to come, by the command of his father, who, I find from Alfred, wishes him to address a lady, now at Stratton abbey; and St. Orville spending all his time upon the road, he thought was not the way to woo this lady."

"But," replied Julia, "as Lord St. Orville, has been here, since Doctor Sydenham, did arrive; they have already met, you know, Lady Delamore."

"No," replied her ladyship, "Alfred's visit was before the good doctor arose; who, fatigued by his long journey, and want of rest, slept long that morning: and had he not, St. Orville was too much agitated to see him; for I told him, the noble sacrifice you had made to rectitude."

"I am glad, you did tell him," said Julia, "for Lord St. Orville, had so much goodness, to be interested for me; I am sure he had anxiety, to know my determination."

"So interested, that I told him all; and

left it to him to inform his father, to whom I made no communication of the cause of your illness; for my lord is so careless of his letters, I wished not to run the hazard of my intelligence, on this delicate subject, falling into the hands of the curious."

The following morning, the party at Delamore castle separated: Lady Delamore proceeded to Stratton abbey; Doctor Sydenham, to London; Miss Beaumont, to Sedley; Mrs. Fermor, Mary, our heroine, and Lucy, to Willow Grove. Mr. Temple preferred remaining at the castle, to complete a work he was about to publish; and poor sobbing Edward was left in the especial care of Mrs. Seabright.

Julia's regret at parting with her respected venerable friend, Doctor Sydenham, was considerably lessened, by his promising Lady Delamore to join her Christmas party at the castle, as soon as his own parochial duties, at that sacred season, would permit him: and innumerable were the presents she sent to him by the Goodwins; and solemn the charges, to seek out Fanny Banks, to exhort her to repentance, and

offer her from herself a comfortable maintenance, if she would forsake the path of vice.

Mrs. Fermor was so old and respected a friend of Lady Delamore's, that she confided to her, Julia's late rejection of her nephew; with the kind view of inducing Mrs. Fermor to contrive amusement for her to divert her mind, as much as possible, from it's present painful theme. Mrs. Fermor was therefore all kindness, as well as hospitality, to Julia; and wishing to diversify the scene, as a good repellant to melancholy, proposed to her two lovely *protégées* to accompany her upon a little tour into Devonshire; in which she proposed to make a few visits to old friends, but particularly a bridal one, to a distant relation just married.

Mary could have no objection; and Julia readily agreed, because she felt it would be most probably of benefit to her deeply-wounded mind. Accordingly therefore, a few days after their removal to Willow Grove, they set out, accompanied by Mrs. Fermor's trusty abigail, and Mrs. Lucy, into Devonshire; and proceeded upon a

very pleasant excursion for about a fortnight, during which they scarcely ever had occasion to have recourse to an inn, for rest or refreshment. Mrs. Fermor had many friends, whose residences were situated in the line of her present tour; and in her visits to them, she and her fair *protégées* experienced every hospitality and attentive kindness: but in no one of their visits did they meet with any thing out of the common modes of pleasing, rational society; until, as on their return, they made their last visit, which was at Sea-view Park, the seat of Sir Guy Dashington, a young, gay baronet, just retrieved from ruin, by his marriage with Mrs. Fermor's cousin.

The house was an excellent mansion, situated in an extensive park, commanding a beautiful view from the Dartmore mountains down to the English Channel. The numerous guests who were inmates there, were all out with the baronet, on a morning excursion, when Mrs. Fermor arrived; except the bride herself, who received our little party with great cordiality.

This happy bride, then in her fifty-first year, was a very plain little woman, highly

rouged, and dressed as a Hebe, in all the œconomy of clothing the reigning fashion sanctioned; with her conversation, air, and manner, full as juvenile as her dress.

Mrs. Fermor inquired for her sisters.

"Dear girls!" replied her ladyship, "they are charmingly; but they are gone, with the rest of the young people, to Exeter.—Dear Sir Guy kindly prohibited me from making one of the party; fearing I might be fatigued, get cold, or encounter any alarm.—I am vastly happy, cousin Fermor, that you have brought with you such an addition to our young party. Bessy and Kitty will be quite enchanted at having such companions: and we are such a gay party!—all gay, except Lord Glenbrook; and he, poor man! is sad enough, having just buried the last of his children, a fine promising youth of nineteen; and will soon have the same ceremony to go through for his wife, the Countess of Montalvan, who is in the last stage of a decline at Dawlish; and Sir Guy persuaded him to come here for a few days, to enliven him."

Our heroine felt no great pleasure in the idea of seeing this man, the brother-in-law

of Lady Adelaide De Clifford; who had aided principally in causing the misery of her father, by tearing his Adelaide from him; but he was now deep in affliction, and she felt she ought to forgive and pity him.

The party on the excursion staid out so late, that Mrs. Fermor, and her young friends, did not see any of them until they assembled in the 'drawing-room before dinner. Mrs. Fermor's woman having mislaid the key of the imperial, so much delay was caused before our little party could dress, that they did not make their appearance until some of the last of the guests; when our lovely heroine, leaning on the arm of the beautiful Mary (both blushing at entering a room so full of company), followed Mrs. Fermor into the assembled circle.

The moment they appeared, Lady Dashington seised the arm of a gentleman who was engaged examining some vases over the chimney, and exclaimed, "Come, my lord, until I introduce you to a cousin of mine!"

Lord Glenbrook turned round, and was, with Lady Dashington, advancing towards Mrs. Fermor, when Julia instantly recog-

nised him to be the man who had fainted in the Vatican at Rome upon beholding her; and this remembrance had scarcely arisen in her mind, when Lord Glenbrook started, staggered, and fell to the ground in a swoon.

All in a moment was consternation; the greater part of the company believed he had fallen into an apoplexy, but the more collected soon saw it was only a common fainting fit; and Julia, though infinitely shocked and distressed, announced her belief that she was unfortunately the cause, by relating how she had occasioned the same terrible effect some years before; but not having then learned who she had so much distressed, by her resemblance to his child, she was not aware that humanity ought to have prevented her appearing where Lord Glenbrook was; and she now would have withdrawn, had not his lordship been removed to his chamber, as a place more suited to his situation and his feelings; and in about a quarter of an hour Sir Guy, who had attended Lord Glenbrook to his room, returned laughing, and said—

" Lord Glenbrook mistook Miss De Clifford for a grim ghost of some murdered relation; and he seems now in a delirium with his fright: but zounds, my Elouisa! his lordship's alarm prevented my introduction to my new cousin and her fair friends."

Sir Guy now, a tall, staring, swaggering rattle, of twenty-seven, was introduced to Mrs. Fermor, Mary, and Julia; and then sitting down between the two latter, after taking a full survey of our blushing heroine, exclaimed, " By Heaven! if all ghosts are like this, I do not care how many come to haunt me. — But, my love, my Elouisa, why the d—l do n't we go to dinner? I am ducedly hungry!"

" We are waiting, my life, for the girls."

" D—n the girls! What girls?"

" La! my life! why, my sisters: — and the marquis too, and Mr. Smith, are not ready. A parcel of giddy things! they all staid romping in the billiard-room after they came in, instead of going to dress; and I was absolutely forced to threaten them with reading the riot-act, before I could disperse them."

" What the d—l, the marquis at romps!

I thought he was too love-stricken a mope, to have such spunk in him."

Julia's heart bounded, and fluttered, and her color changed from pale to red, and from red to pale; she seemed to think there could be only one love-stricken marquis in all the world; and she felt frightened, nearly out of her little wits.

"Why, my life!" replied Lady Dashington, "to be sure he does seem like a love-stricken swain; but the girls attacked him, in their arch, lively way, and there was no resisting that, you know."

The door now was bounced open, and Julia wished herself a hundred miles off.

"Ah!" exclaimed her ladyship, "here at last come those giggling girls!" and in sprung Miss Bessy, now Miss Grubwell, just one year younger than Lady Dashington; and after her skipped Miss Kitty, sixteen months Miss Grubwell's junior—a circumstance she was not a little proud of, never omitting any flattering opportunity, of exclaiming,—"We youngsters," or, "We the youngest of families, claim every indulgence," &c.

Miss Grubwell was tall, and immensely

corpulent, with very white teeth, of which she was extremely vain; and a very red face, which displayed their whiteness to every advantage, while it saved her the expence of rouge. Miss Kitty was taller still, and had no teeth at all to her great mortification, nor could any dentist to whom she had yet applied extricate her from this defect in beauty: but she had a fine show of hair, actually the growth of her own head, which her sisters had not; and she made the most of the circumstance, constantly exhibiting her gratitude to Nature for this ornament, perpetually ridiculing the stiff odious formality of wigs, and never allowing beauty to any one who had not luxuriant glossy tresses. She was extremely lank; and her tremendous hooked nose and sharp curving chin, long inclined to habits of good neighbourhood, had at length become inseparable.

These giggling girls now flew to embrace their cousin Mrs. Fermor; and, upon their introduction to her friends, Miss Kitty took a congenial fancy to Julia, from her being the youngest, and from her lovely, luxuriant, glossy, wavy tresses; and Miss Bessy,

at the same moment, conceived a wonderful partiality to Miss Mildmay, because she thought she would be the most likely to attract the admiration of the men, and that therefore, together, they would collect them all to their standard; and now they insisted upon Mary's changing her place to sit beside her, when Miss Kitty instantly took the vacant chair by Julia.

The door again opened, and the trembling, terror-chill'd Julia saw enter the marquis—not of Penmorva, but—of Oakland; and she breathed again with freedom. The marquis first advanced to Lady Dashington, and apologised for being so late; then, attracted by the beautiful Mary, he crossed the room, to hope "Miss Bessy had forgiven his dreadful fracture of her gown;" and stood for some moments, wishing for an introduction to this lovely and elegant stranger; while Miss Grubwell secretly congratulated herself upon her sound policy, as here was beau the first attracted to her party, until Miss Kitty judiciously called out—

"I think, my lord, that my sprained

arm was of more consequence to be inquired after, than her torn gown."

"Oh!" exclaimed the marquis, adroitly, "I did not observe you were in the room, Miss Katharine, you had led your retiring charms so much into the back-ground, or I should have instantly flown, on the wings of anxiety, to make my inquiries!"

"The wings of the d——l!" said Sir Guy, ranting at the bell, to hasten dinner, "and now, you are alit upon the island of surprise.—Why, what do you change color so for, did you never see a pretty woman before?"

"Thousands, Sir Guy; but, I own, I did not expect to meet this lady here."

"Why not here? The d——l! did you think you were to see nothing but scare-crows here?"

"Scare-crows!" exclaimed all the ladies, at once, indignantly:—"What do you mean, you savage?"

"Zounds!—you take one up, before one's down—crows popped out of my mouth, because my head was full of them: meaning to pluck a crow with the marquis for delay-

ing dinner; and another with you, my Elouisa, for not going to dinner without him."

The Marquis of Oakland upon advancing to Miss Kitty was at once electrified upon perceiving our heroine, whom he had never ceased to think of with partiality, approaching to the tenderest attachment, though still convinced she was lost to him for ever. He now bowed with profound respect to her; and was preparing, as well as his agitation would permit him, to speak to her, when Sir Guy's coarse attack interrupted him, and augmented his confusion; but he took a chair by Julia, and continued to stammer out an inquiry for the Delamore family, just as dinner was announced. Instantly he took our heroine's hand to lead her out, when a detachment of young men, on perceiving the dismayed Miss Kitty without an escort, rushed forward to offer their services, one more clamorous if possible than another to have his services accepted.

Miss Kitty, in an ecstasy, played off the most grotesque embarrassment, totally at a loss who to confer the great honor upon; "wishing, for their sakes, she had as many

hands as *what-d'-ye-call-'um*, the Hindoo deity;" but at length seeing Julia was gone some paces, she seised the first hand she could grasp at, and hurried after her, that she might have the gratification of sitting next the marquis; but that was a pleasure Julia and Mary innocently destroyed, by manœuvring to get next to each other; but the marquis, by afterwards contriving to place himself between them, completely disconcerted the Miss Grubwells.

The Marquis of Oakland skilfully managed not to pay more attention to one of his lovely neighbours than to the other; until he contrived, by the questions he asked Mary, apparently without design, to draw from her, "that Julia was under no engagement to Lord Lindore, or any one." From that moment we cannot say that his assiduities continued impartial; for as Julia engaged his every thought, finding he had been misinformed relating to her attachment to Lord Lindore, and hoping therefore her affections were still her own, he determined to do every thing in his power to win them; and accordingly began in the most judicious way he could possibly have devised;—not at

once assuming the tone or language of love, but by talking of and praising those whom he doubted not she esteemed. — He began with Ladies Delamore and Theodosia; spoke of them as they merited: then of Lord St. Orville, who in his opinion was the criterion of human perfection; so he was in the estimation of our grateful heroine, who joined cordially in his eulogium too, and heard innumerable beautiful anecdotes of him from the marquis, to whom Lord St. Orville had been fag at Eaton.

In their conversation, Julia found out, the Marquis of Oakland was intimately acquainted with Lord and Lady Storamond. They now talked incessantly of them; and Julia learned from him, her beloved friend was very shortly expected in England. Her heart throbbed, and bounded with joy; her cheeks glowed with the brightest vermilion tints of pleasure; and her eyes sparkled and danced with rapture; and she arose from table in the full conviction, that the Marquis of Oakland was one of the most pleasing men she had ever conversed with: and when she quitted his side, with a counten-

ance beautifully illuminated with that delighted animation his joyful intelligence had inspired, he felt convinced he must be for ever wretched, unless he should one day have the happiness of calling Julia De Clifford his own.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON the return of the ladies to the 'drawing-room, Julia expressed her anxiety to know how Lord Glenbrook did; and Lady Dashington sent to inquire; when the answer was, that his lordship had been compelled to have recourse to opium, to quiet his nerves; and after which he had fallen into a profound sleep, which still continued."

Miss Bessy, who had by this time discovered she had unwarily selected the wrong favorite, now, determined to rectify her mistake, fastened upon one arm of Julia, while Miss Kitty as eagerly seised upon the other; and both sisters, eager to talk themselves into her favor, opened an incessant fire of words on each side of her, stunning poor Julia, as they walked her up and down the room, to gratify their own

vanity by recounting to her the innumerable love-adventures which they had been engaged in, since their father's death had emancipated them from the nursery, and the Argus protection of a Parisian countess, their governess; of the *heaps* of men they had rejected; how they were followed and admired; and pointed out their different suitors among the present male visitors at Sea-view Park, each obliquely hinting that it was her charms which had attracted the Marquis of Oakland, Sir Guy's schoolfellow, thither. Miss Bessy deplored the number of gowns she was compelled to give away every week to her woman, destroyed by romping, or the awkwardness of her suitors in their troublesome attentions to her; and Miss Kitty lamented the absolute fortune she was obliged to spend upon gloves, the odious men soiling them so fast for her, by perpetually seising her hands. Julia at length pleaded in excuse for her sitting down, her recently sprained ankle; but that did not free her from this din of words, for the misses sat down complaisantly with her.

As dancing was the constant evening amusement at Sea-view Park, Julia was released from her egotising companions as soon as tea was ended. Our heroine's late sprain precluded the possibility of her joining the dancers; at least she availed herself of it for an excuse, being in no spirits for such a gay amusement: and as Lord Oakland had, in spite of the vehement attacks and challenges of the Miss Grubwells, never there enlisted amongst the votaries of Terpsichore, his not dancing now appeared nothing particular, and with Mrs. Fermor and Julia he chatted out the evening.

Sir Guy had led out Mary to join the dancers; and though it was their custom there to change partners every two dances, and that there were innumerable candidates for Mary's hand, he would not give her up. In vain his Elouisa expostulated upon the impropriety of his proceedings; in vain she pouted, in vain she smiled. Sir Guy having made rather potent libations to the god of wine, was impenetrably obstinate; and at length became so annoying to poor Mary, staring unrestrainedly at her, and breathing

the essence of his libations, as incense, into her beautiful face, as he whispered his rodomontade admiration of her charms, that, much as she loved dancing, finding it impossible to awe the man into respect, she was compelled to give up her evening amusement, and take refuge in a seat between Mrs. Fermor and our heroine.

Sir Guy soon finding her retreat, he, in his boisterous familiarity, attempted to haul her out by both hands; when Mrs. Fermor was obliged, and even resentfully, to interfere, on which he angrily retired, muttering a vehement wish, "that all spiteful old maids were at the d—l!" then flounced about the room for some time in great dudgeon; and at length indignantly threw himself along a sofa close to where our rational little party were sitting, and, soon forgetting his enmity to Mrs. Fermor, gallantly serenaded her through his nasal organ.

Supper was at length brought in, upon a number of small tables, already laid out, for the accommodation of flirting parties; each table holding from four to six. The

Miss Grubwells almost forcibly tore Julia from her friends, and bore her in triumph, followed by the marquis, to their table, where they had selected the flower of their suitors, and were vastly frisky, and very frolicsome, to the great amusement of poor Julia, who became grave in proportion to their increase of merriment, and highly rejoiced was she when the moment of separation for the night arrived.

Mary and Julia inhabited the same chamber; and extremely happy were they to find themselves in it. Julia hoping they might go next morning to Willow Grove, not having sufficient spirits to be amused by the strange characters assembled there; while Mary declared "she would like to stay a little longer, and laugh at the absurdities she saw around her, only for the intolerable conduct of Sir Guy to her."

"But he will be, sober man, to-morrow," said Julia.

"And drunk too, ma'am," said Lucy; "for he gets tipsy most days, I find, after dinner.—To be sure, my dear young ladies! 'tis as strange a place below stairs, as I find

from your talk it is above. Such rackety doings, I never saw! and such waste too! it is enough to frighten one: and then, to be sure, not a servant among them speaking a good word of their masters or mistresses; but backbiting, and taking them off; sometimes, to be sure, so funny, 'tis enough to make one die with laughing. Then there is a precious puppy, who wants to make love to me; but I will have no love made to me any more, for it only vexes one after all.—Ah, Miss Mildmay! you are the happiest of us all, for never having any love made to you."

Mary blushed to a crimson tint; tears filled her beautiful eyes; she struggled to suppress a truant sigh; and, for the first time, Julia observed a cloud of melancholy steal over the interesting countenance of her lovely friend, occasioned by her own secret sorrows.

"This puppy, ma'am," continued Lucy, "belongs to the lord who went into fits, scared, as the men will have it, by Miss Kitty Grubwell; but the valet says—What do you think, ladies?—But he knows, by his

lord's wild talk, that he has committed murder, and that he saw the ghost of the murdered person in the 'drawing-room.' "

"That servant, is very bad man, Lucy," said Julia, "to raise so much terrible story, for his lord; and I am a great deal glad, you did not listen to, his conversation. I, was the ghost, for poor Lord Glenbrook, to remind him, by strong resemblance, of a dear daughter, who did die, from him."

"Ah! well," replied Lucy, "my life for it, ma'am, he crossed her in love, and so she died: and that he calls murder; — and well he may feel it so, for 't is a barbarous way to kill."

The family of Sea-view Park were so late in their time of rising, that Mrs. Fermor and her *protégées* had nearly three hours' uninterrupted conversation, the succeeding morning, before they were summoned to breakfast; in which interval our heroine and Mary obtained from Mrs. Fermor some information relative to the giggling girls, the baronet and his lady.

"I forbore," said Mrs. Fermor, "to give you any idea of these curious cousins of mine; conceiving that surprise, at their ex-

traordinary appearance and manners, was probably the only pleasure you were likely to derive from your visit; but as the house is full of guests of one description or another, and the scene certainly of hilarity, you might, contrary to my expectations, experience some amusement even from novelty, was it not for the horrid annoyance of that forward Sir Guy's insolent and distressing gallantry to you, Mary; in consequence of which nothing should detain me here another day, only that yesterday, when he was sober (I will not say in his senses, for I believe he has not any rational ones), I promised his infatuated wife to stay until to-morrow; and were I to set off sooner, it would seem to imply a doubt of your prudence, my dear Mary."

"But, my dear madam!" said Mary, "he will not allow my prudence to act; and should he get tipsy again to-day, and that you cannot awe or send him to sleep, I must plead indisposition and retire to my chamber."

"I rather hope," replied Mrs. Fermor, "that he will be something more circumspect in his admiration to-day; for I saw

his wife's jealousy was awakened: no doubt, she will upbraid him, and restore him, through fear of disobliging her, to his senses, for she has yet much wealth in her own power.

"The mother of these unfortunate cousins of mine was very distantly related to me, by the maternal side. She was extremely beautiful, and much devoted to all the gaieties of life. Her parents were reduced, by thoughtless extravagance, almost to indigence; and they prevailed upon their daughter, only then nineteen, to become the wife of a hideous, but immensely rich, old bachelor, a stock-broker in London; who, the moment he obtained his lovely young wife, locked her up as carefully as his money bags;—at least, he never permitted her to partake of any of those pleasures of life she married him to insure to herself the participation of;—and, poor disappointed woman! she died of a broken heart shortly after the birth of the lovely Kitty."

"Old Grubwell was a most complete miser; and his three daughters (who all inherit their father's hideousness, and their

mother's love of admiration, prodigality, and dissipation) he suffered to vegetate, in total ignorance, in one corner of his wormeaten mansion in the Minories, under the care of an old uninformed Swiss governess — The emigrant Parisian countess they told you, Miss De Clifford, they had been educated by, and from whom they had acquired their airy volatile foreign manners. The old man lived as long as he had strength to carry him to the alley; and died at last, only two years since, I really believe of grief because he could no longer go there to increase his stores.

"These three poor recluses, now released from prison, dashed at once into the most prodigal expences and dissipation, forgetting the prime of their days was passed in nonentity; and as they now broke from the nursery, considering themselves scarcely as adults, they flourished from London to Bath, and from Bath to every gay watering-place, to look for three elegant Adonises for husbands, and conceiving every man who stared at these antient models decked in modern drapery, with all their giggling juvenile airs, was enamoured of their

beauty; for as their mother was a celebrated beauty, they conceived it as a matter of course that her children must be so too.

"At first the men laughed at their folly, and quizzed their appearance, until the splendor of their style of living attracted attention, and led inquiry to Doctors' Commons, where it was soon clearly ascertained that these absurdities were co-heiresses to their father's personal wealth, amounting to no less than four hundred thousand pounds; but the eldest, as representative of the *antient* family of Grubwell, to inherit, beside, an unencumbered estate of five thousand per annum. These circumstances once known, no wonder men flocked by scores to their standard: but the eldest was the prize which hitherto all men sought, and who this ruined, ungentlemanly, baronet won.

"The hideous sisters, you see, are now in great request, and wooed and flattered by the men, who want to rob them of their wealth and happiness together; and the sordid accumulations of avarice are now in the high road to be squandered at the gam-

ing-table, and in every species of dissipation."

This proved such a day of incessant rain, that all amusement was sought for within doors;—cards, dice, billiards, backgammon, chess, and shuttlecock. The men of the town spent the morning in gambling; the sly flirts drew their meditated captives into snug games at chess or backgammon; while the giggling romping girls took the more active juvenile amusement of shuttlecock.

Mary and our heroine amused themselves looking on at the different engagements; but did not join in any, except for a few moments, when a billiard-table was disengaged, that Julia commenced a game with the marquis of Oakland. She had learned to play a little from lord St. Orville; and her attitudes were so beautifully graceful, that in a very short time she attracted such a number of the lounging men to look at her, that, shrinking from the eye of admiring observation, she, with a bright blush of fascinating timidity, apologised to the marquis for retiring before the game was finished, pleading her inability, from her

recent sprain, to stand any longer as an excuse.

The marquis, charmed with her real motive, which he instantly penetrated, attended her in her retreat to the concert-room, whither they were now summoned to hear Lady Dashington and her sisters sing. Those antient graces, among the other accomplishments which they had endeavoured to scramble together, ere Time, should rob them of their faculties to learn, had employed one of the most celebrated Italian singing-masters London afforded, who took indefatigable pains in teaching one to squeak, another to murmur, and the third to growl out, a few trios in proper measure. They now glibly ran the changes, for the entertainment of the company, who were all politely ecstasied when Sir Guy, in the secret of the extent of their vocal information, out of malice to his wife for her jealousy of Mary, desired one of his friends to entreat them to sing more. The sisters, in dismay and mortification, declared they had sung themselves hoarse, and begged to be excused; when Sir Guy, with a provoking laugh, advised them, "when they

went to London, to get another barrel to their organ."

Mary had a charming voice, highly cultivated; she and our heroine, upon being called upon to aid in the concert, sung several duets together, to the delight of every one who had any taste for the perfect harmony of sweet sounds; and many of the bride's London friends wondered "how any one could have such divine voices *off* the stage!"

Upon Julia's inquiry for Lord Glenbrook, she learned that he had returned to Dawlish at an early hour that morning. Sir Guy, now in his sober senses, and alarmed at the great degree of jealousy his injudicious admiration of Mary had awakened in the bosom of his spouse, was afraid to speak even to Miss Mildmay; and, by way of expiation, every now and then remarking to his Elouisa, "that Miss Mildmay was nothing to admire in the daylight;" though secretly determined she should be his second, as soon as the old one took herself off to where he devoutly wished her to be.

The dinner and evening of this day

passed like those of the preceding one. Lord Oakland was still the shadow of Julia; who, though she well remembered Lady Delamore's suspicion relative to his admiration of her, yet could perceive in his manner now nothing to sanction that suspicion; and, believing his attentions were naturally awakened by each knowing so well the friends of the other, she thought only the most unpardonable vanity in her could make out any thing in his conduct, to her, to retire from, or look grave at.

Mary, relieved from the troublesome impertinence of Sir Guy, gaily danced away the whole evening, with some pleasant and some ludicrous partners: but though she had been infinitely more amused on this visit than our heroine had been, she yet felt little less pleasure than Julia when it was over, and that they were actually in the carriage on their return to Willow Grove; and all the regret experienced at this parting was by Sir Guy, and the Marquis of Oakland.

On their return to Willow Grove they found a note from Lady Delamore, an-

nouncing "her return home, accompanied by the Stratton abbey party; and entreating to see Mrs. Fermor, and her two dear children, at Delamore castle, as speedily as possible."

CHAPTER V.

On the following morning, as Mrs. Fermor and her fair friends were, in compliance with Lady Delamore's wish, proceeding to the castle, they were met by Lord St. Orville, who was hastening to Willow Grove to escort them to his mother.

As his lordship now rode by the coach side, his hand resting on the door next Julia, she observed, with infinite pleasure, that he looked less sad than he had lately done. She hoped this new beauty was effacing the image of Lady Storamond from his mind; while, from the bright glow of his cheeks, and the radiance of his eyes, she would have believed her wish was realised, and that, in happy consequence, his health was restored, did she not also observe the almost convulsed agitation of his frame, which strongly indicated excessive weakness in the nervous system.

Julia had not before seen Lord St. Orville, since his conversation in the alcove with the

Marquis of Penmorva. She had then been too much agitated to attend particularly to the import of every word which fell from this amiable young man in his lecture to the marquis. All she remembered was, the great and affecting interest which he expressed for her happiness; and her heart overflowing with gratitude for her incalculable obligations to him, with the painful recollection that since they had met she had been compelled by the unworthiness of Lord Penmorva to give him up for ever, all operated in her reception of his lordship, forbidding more than the utterance of his name; for incontrolable sensibility allowed her no farther articulation, and her tearful eyes sunk beneath that ardent gaze the touchingly expressive pronunciation of his name awakened: but, quickly divining the cause of her silence and agitation, Lord St. Orville withdrew his eyes from Julia, and heaved a deep sigh of sympathy for her bosom's sorrows.

Lady Delamore received our travellers with the most rapturous joy: again, and again, she pressed Mary and Julia to her bosom, and kissed them with maternal trans-

port, as if they had been separated from her an age, instead of three weeks. With infinite pleasure, her ladyship perceived, in the course of this morning's observation, the unequivocal amendment in Julia's tranquillity; while our heroine saw, in return, and with grief remarked it, that, when the joy of meeting had subsided, her beloved Lady Delamore still looked oppressed with sorrow.

In the course of this morning Lady Delamore and Julia were left to a tête-à tête; when, almost instantly, her ladyship, throwing her arms around our heroine's neck, burst into tears.—

"Alas, my beloved Julia!" she exclaimed, "that dream of domestic happiness being at length coming, to bless my latter years, in which for many weeks I have so fondly indulged, is fatally vanished; and what keenly sharpens the sting of disappointment, my hope is wrested from me by the malice of my child. When I arrived at Stratton abbey, I had the affliction to find my lord again the dupe of Selina's arts, and all his softening tenderness estranged from me; and much, much I fear—what

would indeed be misery to me! — that he is yielding to the machinations of a very insidious woman, the friend and bosom-confidante of Selina; — a woman whose fair fame is not unblemished, and whom it has long been my anxious toils to wean Selina from, as an improper friend. To my lord, too, she ever appeared particularly obnoxious, until now; he never would allow her admission into his house as an inmate, until this fearful *now;* and, since she has had art enough to overcome his dislike, nay his unqualified disgust, to her, and has led him to listen to and behold her with complacency, have I not reason to tremble at her blandishments?"

Julia, inexpressibly shocked, intermingled her bitter tears with Lady Delamore's; her bosom pained with the distressing conviction, that her unfortunate illness had been the fatal cause of all this mischief, by detaining her ladyship so long from Stratton abbey: but soon Lady Delamore, perceiving by our heroine's lamentations that the anguish of self-upbraiding mingled with her sympathy, exerted herself to console her susceptible young friend.

"But though I am so painfully grieved, and so full of apprehensions, I am not totally devoid of hope, sweet Julia!" said Lady Delamore. "Most ardently have I longed for a private conference with you, to ask you if my suspicion, awakened by something which Selina one day dropped in one of her pets, is well grounded—of your being in the full confidence of Lord Delamore?"

"Very certainly," said Julia, "Lord Delamore did honor me, with his confidence."

"And may I, may I," exclaimed her ladyship, panting in agitation, "ask you, without impropriety, what I have to hope from my lord's affection? Do not, do not laugh at me, sweet Julia! for feeling, thus late in my existence, an innovating tenderness for my husband. My age is not that, assuredly, for romantic love; but surely I may, without deserving the lash of ridicule, even now imbibe a tender affectionate friendship for my husband—the father of my children? You know how our unfortunate wedded life began; and how my efforts to love him, who took no pains to woo me, were nipped in the bud of promised perfection by his dereliction of me; then that in-

difference, thus unequivocally expressed for me, found it's ready counterpart in my bosom, nurtured by wounded vanity, and the poignant resentful feelings of a mother, whose precious babes were so abandoned. And though in after-years I made the glad discovery of the numerous virtues of my husband's heart, and exulted in them for my children's sake, indifference to Lord Delamore maintained it's torpid station in my bosom, until my last return from London, when the sensibilities of Lord Delamore awakened mine for him; and the amiable, sometimes exalted, and often fascinating appearances he has since worn, have led me to place inestimable value upon his affections, and have taught me that even in my fortieth year I could learn to love him. And now, dear Julia! to my anxious question, what have I to hope?"

Julia was sensibly affected, much embarrassed, and considerably distressed, to be compelled to withhold the prompt reply of "every thing;" but her promise to Lord Delamore forbade that consolation to her friend; and, with a sigh, she answered—

"Of Lord Delamore's confidence, I can

make no communication, for the promise sacred to him, does fetter me, to secresy: but from myself, I may give opinion; and this I do.—Make but exertion, for my lord's affections; and let him see you have the wish for his love; and my conviction is, for your being greatly happy."

Lady Delamore, with eyes now irradiated by hope and joy, beamed with the most animated look of gratitude on Julia, and kissed her in a transport. A pause of some moments ensued; which at length was terminated by her ladyship.

"I will make exertions, Julia; and you will pray for my success?" she said.

"Indeed, I will," replied our heroine: "and with Lord Delamore, I will do my possible, to win him, to see his happiness."

"Alas! alas!" said Lady Delamore, mournfully, "I have the grief to tell, that malice, which has been mining for the destruction of my peace, has proved it's enmity to you; and I have the pain to tell you, your influence over the mind of Lord Delamore is suspended;—destroyed I will not say, for I will not believe that misery is for me. To my letter, stating to my lord

your first dangerous illness, I received a chilling reply, that astonished and grieved me; but when I went to Stratton abbey, St. Orville told me, in trembling terror, that when he informed his father of the glorious sacrifice you had made to principle, my lord only for a moment appeared affected, and then coolly said, ‘ he felt puzzled how to determine your character:—you were either nearer perfection than any other mortal he had ever met with, or were the most consummate hypocrite who ever disgraced an angel's form.’ Julia, sweet friend! I grieve thus to have distressed you, but Alfred, and myself, judged it better to apprise you of this most unexpected alteration in my lord's high estimation, that you might not receive the first shock of it before your enemies, when you meet in the 'drawing-room; but, though your mind is thus prepared for it, let not your manner, I entreat you, seem to expect it.”

Julia, was, indeed, most sensibly afflicted by this intelligence, both from her feelings of wounded regard (as for Lord Delamore her heart had cherished a large share) and from the more serious consideration of her

now having been evidently removed from the favor of Lord Delamore by the implacable foes of Lady Delamore, as fearing she might prove the means of uniting those long, and maliciously, estranged hearts, in the bonds of everlasting tenderness.

Lady Delamore next proceeded to talk of the young Baroness of Fontseyern, the wife Lord Delamore had selected for his son.

"When you see her, Julia," said her ladyship, "you will instantly say she is exquisitely beautiful; and so you will say to-morrow, and to-morrow: but . . . . Yet why should I seek to influence your opinion by mine? . . . . She possesses great warmth of manners, which the simplicity and *naïveté* she appears to possess may sanction in the minds of many, and certainly does to mankind in general, for her power of fascination over them seems almost gifted by magic.

"Perhaps it has not fallen in your way, Julia, exactly to know all the near connexions of Lady Adelaide De Clifford; but her aunt, the younger sister to the Countess of Montalvan (Lady Adelaide's mother), upon her marriage with Lord Lofty, then premier of England, was created Baroness

Fontsevern; the remainder, as in the Montalvan title, to descend to the female line, in case of failure in male issue. This first Lady Fontsevern had only one child, a daughter, who was deformed to a most distressing degree; in giving birth to whom, the first baroness terminated her existence. The young baroness, as she advanced in life, discovered a disposition fully according with her personal defects; yet the gay and gallant Earl of Westbourn, a friend and cotemporary of my lord's, chose her for a wife, to repair his ruined fortune. Lady Westbourn, fully aware of her deformities, wisely resolved not to exhibit them in the gay world, but remained secluded in the country, with the full approbation of her thoughtless, extravagant husband, who left totally to her care their only offspring, the present Baroness of Fontsevern, who grew up into this surpassing beauty, as if in marked contrast to her mother, who reared her in such strict retirement, that she never even had visited the metropolis, until last spring, when, upon the death of her mother, Lord Westbourn took her to town, and presented her to the world, and she became the admiration, the

fascination of all, her father indulging her in every wish, meaning, I rather suspect, to wheedle her into joining him in cutting off some entail, to feed his insatiable extravagance.

I sometimes met this young fascinator, after my recovery, at Lord Ennerdale's, and then I was much pleased with her. In a large assembly, one can only prove a superficial observer. My sister Ennerdale, anxious to form an alliance between Lady Fontsevern and De Lisle, invited her and Lord Westbourn to accompany her on her visit to Stratton abbey, where De Lisle was fully expected. Lord Westbourn, at a loss for amusement at this season of the year, influenced his daughter to accept the invitation.

" St. Orville's late brilliant naval achievements have made him just now very popular; and it is the present *ton* for the women to admire him. Lady Fontsevern is extremely fashionable; and, willing to out-*ton* her cotemporaries, fell most violently in love with him the moment she beheld him; when confessing her ardent passion to her father, he applied to my lord, and unhesi-

tatingly offered his beautiful and man-bewitching daughter to St. Orville.

"In addition to the attractions of this girl (which seem so magically to have fascinated my lord), there is another powerful impellent to my lord's anxiety for this match. The title of Montalvan was, for nearly a century, annexed to that of Delamore. It was honorably acquired by the most heroic deeds of arms; and was considered the most precious jewel in their coronet. How it was wrested from them, in the wars of York and Lancaster, I will explain to you another time: but it was revived in a colateral branch of the Delamores; and at length divided off, into the family of the late Duchess of Avondale. The dismembering this favorite title has proved a never-ending source of regret and heart-burnings to every succeeding Earl of Delamore since that period; and I believe no one grieved for the loss of this highly-prized honor more than the present earl. We cannot therefore wonder that he should grasp at an alliance that will again unite these long-dissevered titles; for by the death of the present Countess of Montalvan,

without issue, which is hourly expected (an expectation, which, from the nature of her complaint, must be realised), nothing can prevent the Baroness of Fontsevern from coming into that title, and inheriting many of the forfeited honors of the Delamores, with a noble property, and the most antient and favorite seat of the first barons of Delamore.

"All these adventitious charms aiding her own personal ones, have excited my lord to the most earnest anxiety for the alliance. In vain has Alfred pronounced his decided negative. Lord Delamore is still determined to promote the union, if it is possible; but, with more temper and kindness than some time since Alfred would have met from him, told St. Orville 'he knew he was secretly attached, and he feared improperly, from the attachment remaining a secret: he asked no questions,' he said, 'nor would he then hear any explanations; all he required was, for St. Orville to attend to the numerous perfections of Lady Fontsevern, and to do them justice, and he was certain he would soon

find a perfect cure for his evidently inauspicious love.'

"Alfred is thus thrown into a most unpleasant situation;—striving, by every possible means, to discover the partiality too openly evinced by this young woman, yet doomed by the command of his father to listen to and observe her; and shrinking from the idea of awakening a hope in her bosom, which can never be realised—at least, so he thinks now.

"Had St. Orville any substantial hope to feed the fond attachment of his heart, I know he might defy the lures of Lady Fontsevern; but, as it is, I scarcely know if he can prove stoic enough to withstand her fondness; for Charles, and all the men, declare the sweet effusions of her tenderness, evinced in the *naïveté* of her disposition;—the being can be only the son of Apathy who withstands. My affections, too, she has attempted to gain, by her winning caresses; but I own my heart repels her. I am jealous of that partiality she has usurped from you, which my lord so lately felt; when, had it not been for

your attachment to Penmorva, you would have been the wife of his decided choice, as well as mine, for Alfred."

The violent ringing of the portal bell announced the return of the party, which had gone, under the auspices of Lord Delamore, to see some of the Lions of the neighbourhood; when, on their way out, Lord St. Orville contrived to lose the party, and wandered on until he found himself in the avenue leading to Willow Grove.

"Go, my love, go to your toilet!" exclaimed Lady Delamore; "and spare no pains to render your appearance fascinating. I know dress cannot improve your charms; but when you give your matchless fancy scope, you display an inherent talent that none can rival, and which all must admire; and in the happy combination of taste and propriety ever formed by you, we are taught incontrovertibly to know the elegance and purity of your spotless mind. Julia, you are my stake, and I would have your value perfectly and promptly understood. Remember the power which beauty possesses over the fancy of Lord Delamore; and be-

lieve I have forcible reasons for wishing you even to out-blaze yourself to-day."

Julia, blushing at these heart-delighting compliments from Lady Delamore, had been moving towards the door, and now returning—" And why for," said she, " am I to be, so attentive to my appearance; and you still make no advantage, of the captivations, of yours? Beware how you permit my lord, to find these much fascinations, in younger beauties: keep your fast hold, upon the fancy of Lord Delamore, still; and not the friend to Lady Selina, can shake your power. Why for, are you to be dressed, by old look-making, Formality, as grandmother, to the family?"

" I discarded Fancy from my toilet, and took Formality for my handmaid, Julia, at the suggestion of Reason, in consequence of my lord's unfortunate jealousy," replied Lady Delamore; " and strove, by her aid, to take from the uncommon youthfulness of my appearance; as time to me had been so lenient — so ruthless to the aspect of my husband."

" Oh, matchless wife!" exclaimed Julia,

the tear of awakened, approving sensibility, trembling in her eye; "and who so merits, much happiness, as you do? Still then for Reason do. Discard this servant, of long years, Formality. You have too much property of goodness, in your heart so prudent, to adopt too much ungenial fashion, but very surely, you can form the amicable meeting, between even Wisdom, and Fancy, and teach them in their graceful combination, to adorn you. Tell to them, it is not the lover of impropriety, you would make captivation for; say 'tis your own husband, you wish to charm; and will they not exertion make for you? Let your beautiful luxuriant hair, come forth in the sweet, yet modest gratitude, to show, the unchanging favor, of Nature, and Time, for you. Discard this muffle-making ruff; and who can show display of such a throat, as this; such beautiful contour, or the so polished ivory? In very truth, I think not even the most young Hebe, of us all. Do, dear friend, make exertion for once, to look as young as sister to us all; and the friend to Lady Selina, can do no mischief for, you, believe me, Lady Delamore."

Lady Delamore, after some moments' reflection, believing Julia's counsel was judicious, promised to adopt it, and they separated. Our heroine hastened to her toilet, and, in compliance with her ladyship's wishes, and perhaps a little aided by her own vanity, she called in Taste and Fancy as her handmaids. Since she had been called into society, and that cruelty or poverty no longer restrained the genius of her fancy, she stood almost unrivaled in the art of adorning her person; and as Fancy was then patroness of the fashions, it evinced no arrogating presumption of egregious vanity to adopt the whims or character of her own. Nature had given her the most refined powers for that judicious discrimination, in all things, which is nominated taste; and that taste, which Nature gave, had every advantage of the highest cultivation, by the opportunities she experienced of studying those models of perfection, in all of drapery that could adorn the human frame, from the pencil and chisel of the most celebrated artists that Italy had to boast of. Her long beautiful glossy and luxuriant tresses she now

herself braided, and twisted into the most tasteful and becoming forms of the Etruscan school; and when her toilet was completed, Lucy, in astonishment and delight, declared, "that, in spite of illness and sorrow, her lovely mistress had never looked more beautiful."

Illness and grief had certainly destroyed the lustre of Julia's charms, robbed her eyes of their radiance, and her bloom of it's brilliancy; but they could not take from the invincible sweetness her face fascinated by, and gave with their languor an affecting degree of interest that bore with it resistless force. Julia strove in vain to look and feel cheerfully; something of heart-directed pensiveness would steal over her face; but such was the bewitching character of her countenance, that whatsoever expression it portrayed was considered by the beholder as that, of all others, most calculated to captivate.

CHAPTER VI.

A SHORT period before Lady Delamore went to the 'drawing-room, she sent for Mary and our heroine to accompany her. Her ladyship was highly pleased with the lovely appearance of Mary, and gratified in an eminent degree that Julia had so successfully complied with her wishes; while Julia, in her turn, although she expected much from the alteration in Lady Delamore's style of dress, yet felt astonishment mingled with her pleasure on perceiving how surpassing expectation was the even more than usually young and beautiful appearance of the still dignified and charateristically elegant and sedate Lady Delamore, in the becoming style of dress she now wore.

This sincerely attached trio now descended to the 'drawing-room, where they found Mrs. Fermor and Lord St. Orville. His lordship gazed in pleasure and amazement upon his mother; then turned his delighted eyes on Julia; and while, with the

soft tone of tender, half-suppressed, emotion, he complimented his mother on her lovely appearance, he took a seat next Julia.

Sir Charles Stratton, and Sir Lucius Clanwilliam, a knight of the most illustrious order of St. Partrick, a pleasing man of about thirty, and of *haut ton*, now came in together. Though Julia fully expected to see the brother of the Marquis of Penmorva, yet still, as he entered, she felt a momentary embarrassment and uneasiness. Sir Charles, angry with her for causing misery to his beloved brother, had determined to treat her with the most frigid formality; but the moment he beheld her, all his resolutions and his anger vanished; he flew to her, with cordial kindness, congratulated her upon her recovery from her dangerous indisposition, and now began to feel a doubt in his mind as to Lady Fontsevern's surpassing her in beauty, though for the young baroness he had for the last three weeks been secretly sighing.

In a moment more, Lady Selina Stratton, and her two bosom friends, Lady Hollowell and Miss Modely, entered together. Julia

had too much cause to remember these women, not instantly to recognise them; and seeing them in Delamore castle was no source of pleasure to her.

Julia, actuated by that respect and gratitude she felt for a family to which she owed such incalculable obligations, would not fail in attentions to even the most unworthy individual of it. She therefore approached Lady Selina, and, with graceful sweetness, paid her compliments to her. Her ladyship made no reply to our heroine, but insolently gazed at her through her opera-glass; and then, disdainfully turning from her, proceeded in her conversation with Lady Hollowell. Julia, more indignant than mortified, looked with the eye of inquiring amazement at her haughty ladyship, ere she turned round to walk away; when Lord St. Orville, with a countenance and frame powerfully agitated with varied emotions, respectfully took her hand with his tremulous one, and led her to a seat by his mother, and again placed himself beside her.

"Selina!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "did you not hear Miss De Clifford's very kind and polite address to you?"

"*Ye-e-es*, I *heard* her," replied her ladyship; "but one cannot endure the fatigue of answering all the people who speak to one."

"Then," returned Sir Charles, angrily, "if all people took my advice, they would not insult their own understanding, by bestowing the smallest notice upon you."

Lady Selina darted a sneer of contempt at him; and instantly beckoning to Sir Lucius, to take a seat beside her, strove, by the most winning smiles, to draw him into attentions to her, for the wise and amiable purpose of awakening jealousy in the bosom of her husband.

With trembling alarm, Lady Delamore beheld all this; and sighed to think what a life of misery would probably be that of her refractory and unamiable child.

And now Lady Isabella Harville came running into the room, with the hoyden air of childish vivacity. Lady Isabella (whom Julia well remembered too, as forming one of the *quizzing* party at Delamore-house) was the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ennerdale; and, kept as much as possible in the back ground by her once beautiful,

and still admiration-loving, mother, and treated by her and all whom she could influence, as a mere baby, was, in consequence, infinitely too much a child in mind and manners for seventeen, the age she wanted but a few weeks of having attained.

Lady Isabella was followed into the room by the prettiest Jessamy our heroine had ever seen,—the Honorable Hercules Primrose, a self-dubbed Adonis, who thought nothing in existence worth seeking but fashion and admiration.

In a few moments more, Lords Delamore and Westbourn entered, arm in arm. They both advanced to the spot where our heroine was sitting; Lord Westbourn to pay his compliments to Lady Delamore, and Lord Delamore to welcome Mrs. Fermor to the castle; but ere his lordship could speak his hospitable compliments, he was electrified by the even more then ever uncommon youth and beauty of his wife's appearance: his fascinated eyes now rested on her, until the painful suggestion arose, that perhaps she had thus alluringly attired herself to attract some favored man. But the high opinion, conviction of her worth had

taught him to form of her, chased with disdain the degrading suspicion; and his footsteps now, guided by his heart, led him up to Lady Delamore: yet scarcely knowing which to follow, the impulse of affection, or still to adhere to the agonising opinions he had lately been taught to cherish, he stood irresolute, whether to tell his Emily "how fascinatingly she looked," or to persevere in gloomy reserve to her. Whilst in the state of indecision, his eyes happened to turn on Julia, who instantly arose, and held out her hand to him.

His lordship had hitherto treated our heroine with such paternal kindness, and she had been accustomed to meet him upon every short absence with pleased cordiality, so that she now felt she could only act as she had always done, to avoid suspicion of the painful information she had received. But how infinitely was she shocked and mortified, when his lordship just touched her offered hand with chilling reserve, and with a frigid bow turned off to speak to Mrs. Fermor!

A tear of concern now filled the blushing Julia's eyes, and a deep-drawn sigh broke

from Lord St. Orville's bosom, whilst with the utmost difficulty Lady Delamore could restrain her feelings of disappointment and distress; but Lord Delamore, attracted by the sigh, turned his eyes again on Julia, and attentively observed her. Her lovely and interesting appearance, the trembling tear, the air of concern devoid of any thing but regret and conscious innocence, struck him forcibly.

"Alfred," he said, "let me sit there." Lord St. Orville arose, with a blush of joy, and instantly his father took his place, and spoke to Julia in congratulations upon her recovery from indisposition; which he was grieved to perceive, from the still remaining languor of her countenance, and attenuation of her form, had been indeed severe. Though his words were polite and kind, his manner was not like the former parental manner of Lord Delamore to her; so that no one tone struck on her heart, to disarm that resentment she naturally felt for this unmerited change of conduct. In Julia's bosom glowed, with animated influence, all the pride of conscious rectitude. The suspicion of consummate hypocrisy still

wounded her feelings; and she replied to his lordship with impressive dignity, mild, but retiring; inspiring, not absolutely demanding, the respect she had a right to claim; and just to herself, not deigning to conciliate, by any effort of her native sweetness, the favor of him who had treated her so ungraciously. And every tone, look, and movement, of hers, was noted in the mind's eye of Lord Delamore.

Lord Westbourn, whose eyes had never wandered from their ardent gaze at Julia, since the moment he beheld her in, now spoke to Lady Delamore, who instantly presented him to Miss De Clifford; with whose, and Lord Delamore's, he now mingled his own lively and showy conversation; until the magnet of universal attraction, smiling and gay, in conscious security of meeting general homage, and having all she said and did applauded, half opened the door, and put her head in first, her countenance proclaiming legibly, "Here am I! Who will come and adulate me most?" Instantly her father and Lord Delamore flew to her, and drew the Baroness of Fontsevern in. She smiled up in the

face of one, and then of the other, and Julia felt convinced that she had never before seen such a radiant blaze of transcendent beauty, and that it would be utterly impossible for Lord St. Orville's heart to remain proof against such powerful charms: but as her ladyship advanced, between her supporters, Julia's admiration felt the sudden check of disappointment; for she beheld the motion of Lady Fontsevern wanted grace, and her limbs, which, from the extreme frugality of fashion in her drapery, were fully displayed, seemed straight, undeviating, harsh lines, forming in no degree the beautiful contour of symmetry, but at every movement running at each point into sharp and awkward angles. Julia looked as an artist upon this, as a model of beauty, and saw the head only was perfection; and even that was badly united to her lathy, unfinished, ungraceful form.

Lady Fontsevern now looking round, to see what seat she should like best, beheld Lord St. Orville; and unhesitatingly flew to him, with an extended hand: "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, in a soft but unpleasant monotony of tone, "it is an age since

I saw you! How could you destroy all my comfort for the day, by so teasingly leaving us, just when we began our excursion? Well, I forgive you; for I cannot feel anger to you:" and down she sat beside him, smiling sweetly on him, while poor Lord St. Orville, with glowing cheek, and extremely disconcerted, received the hand put into his with not a pressure of gratitude, and ungallantly let it drop the instant he was suffered to do so.

"Dear me!" said Lady Fontsevern, smiling with innocent sweetness on all around her, "I hope I have not kept every-body waiting dinner? I shall be *so* sorry if I have! but I quite forgot to dress, until the last bell rung."

Lady Fontsevern now learned that Lady Ennerdale was the culprit who was starving her fellow-creatures.

"Dear me!" said her ladyship, smiling still, "then I am not the last, after all? —though I like to be the last to join the circle, before dinner."

"What the deuce can you like that for?" asked Lady Hollowell.

"Oh! because I then have so much

more time for reading; and at my age every moment ought to be seised with avidity for improvement: and besides too, it saves one from so much staring."

"Why," said Lady Hollowell, "do we assemble before dinner to stare for the plum-pudding which our hosts have provided for us?"

"Oh, no; but some men are so fond of staring at one:—at every woman, I mean; not particularly at me, for I know no reason why they should."

Lady Ennerdale — then in her forty-seventh year, repaired and beautified by the most sedulous art, and making every display of the remains of those charms which Time had not favored her by sparing to her unfaded, like her sisters; but still she was a very fine-looking woman, and in a good light still a very beautiful one — now entered, leaning coquetishly on the arm of Lord Robert Bolton, an uncommonly handsome man of twenty-six, a devoted slave to the ladies; one of those eccentric *elegants* who, inverting the intentions of Dame Nature, only found fascination in beauty past the zenith of it's charms.

At length dinner was announced; when hastily, upon the appearance of the butler, and certaintly most ungallantly, Lord St. Orville started from his seat, by Lady Fontsevern, to the sopha where his mother, Mrs. Fermor, and Julia, were sitting. Sir Charles Stratton, anxious to make atonement for his wife's insolence by every respectful attention he could show to Julia, had taken the seat next to her the moment Lord Delamore had quitted it; and the instant dinner was announced he offered her his hand to lead her out; and though our heroine well remembered Lady Selina's jealousy of her, she knew not how it was possible to decline Sir Charles's civility. Lord St. Orville looked disappointed when he reached the sopha, hesitated for a moment, and then conducted Mrs. Fermor to the dining-hall.

Lady Fontsevern, deserted by Lord St. Orville, fell to the care of Lord Delamore, by whom she sat at dinner, in the place which Julia used to occupy. Lady Hollowell took the seat at the other side of him; and, by the wheel of fortune, our heroine, between Miss Mildmay and Sir Charles, was seated close to this party, on the oppo-

site side of the table to Lady Fontsevern; and soon she saw the young baroness, half whimpering, point out to Lord Delamore where Lord St. Orville had placed himself: "and she was afraid she had offended him," she said, "by his serving her so, as well as by his galloping away from her in the morning."

Lord Delamore now called to his son, making some trifling apology to Mrs. Fermor for taking her true knight from her. In vain Lord St. Orville excused himself, upon the impossibility of such an open dereliction of Mrs. Fermor: Lord Delamore was peremptory; and Lord St. Orville, with evident unwillingness, moved his place to one next the beautiful baroness.

According to the new-established custom, little Edward made his appearance with the dessert. Lady Fontsevern had, in perceiving that Lord St. Orville was excessively attached to this child, made it her study, for the three days she had now been at Delamore castle, to win the boy's affections by every bribery and indulgence. She had that morning taken him in her carriage upon their excursion; and he seemed rather,

from his docile disposition, to suffer her caresses, than to be gratified by them. Julia had not before seen him, since her return; nor had he heard of her arrival. The moment he now came in, Lady Fontsevern called him to her, took him on her knee, kissed, patted him, and was giving him the choicest fruit, when he suddenly heard Julia speak; he turned his head, and saw her. Vain was now every effort of Lady Fontsevern's to detain him; he broke from her, exclaiming—"My pretty mamma! my sweet mamma! my best mamma!" and flying to our heroine, sprung into her lap, threw his arms around her in unrestrained ecstasy, and hid his face on her shoulder, trembling with delight, and almost ashamed that any one should see his innocent and grateful joy.

Julia felt considerably affected by this testimony of her little *protégée's* affection; and Lady Fontsevern, much mortified: however, her ladyship resolved to contest the point, and doubted not but ultimately to prove victorious. She saw that our heroine had not attempted to give him any of the dessert: she only looked, with recipro-

cal pleasure, at him, while he gazed at her; stroked his hair; and spoke, in a low and gentle voice, the words of kindness to him. Lady Fontsevern instantly selected some of those fruits and confections she knew Edward liked the best; and displaying them, called him to come to her, and he should have them. The child shook his head in negative, and clung more closely to his loved mamma.

Julia perceiving her ladyship was hurt at the boy's refusal, instantly desired him to go, since Lady Fontsevern was so good to wish it. Edward that moment slid from her lap, though with an air of reluctance. He went a few paces, and then returned to know, "How long he must stay?"

"Until, her ladyship is, of you weary," said Julia.

Edward colored highly.—"But I—I don't like, sweet mamma! to stay with any one until they are weary of me."

"Well, then stay," replied Julia, smiling, in approbation of his delicate discrimination, "until her ladyship, makes for you permission, to return to me." Edward now trotted round; Lord St. Orville arrested

him, caught him in his arms, and kissed him rapturously. Lady Fontsevern then took him on her knee, and kissed him too.

"Upon my word, Mr. Edward," said Lord Delamore, kindly taking him by the hand, "you seem born to humble us proud nobles; by teaching us, that all elevation of sentiment is not confined to our station. Every sentiment which I have heard you express, that came from your own ideas, has been of the most exalted nature. You, and one more person I have met with, born in the humblest class of life, have taught me to think less of my great descent: by showing me, the gems of the heart can glow as brightly in the bosom of the low born, as the high."

"Who is that other, his lordship means?" asked Miss Modely, in an audible whisper, to Lady Selina.

"Moll Dungate, I suppose," replied her ladyship, even more audibly, looking scornfully down the table at poor Mary; her spleen and envy that moment forcibly awakened, by Sir Lucius having just remarked, "that Miss Mildmay was transcendently beautiful."

Every one who knew Mary's situation, felt shocked and indignant. Lady Delamore was almost subdued by agitation; Lord St. Orville's eyes flashed the fire of resentment. Julia's filled with the tear of sorrow, for the wounded feelings of the amiable unoffending Mary; and Lord Delamore only waited to express how he was affected by such illiberality, until he could find expressions of reproof sufficiently severe.

"And who is Moll Dungate? Who bears that *horrible* name?" demanded Miss Modely, perfectly informed, but choosing to be malicious.

"Me, madam," replied the gentle Mary, to the astonishment of every one, in a tone of heart-directed, undaunted dignity, springing from an elevation of soul that no situation could degrade.—"My name is Mary Dungate; the one of Mildmay given to me by the choice of my benefactress. I was born in the lowest sphere of life; and to the bounty of Lady Delamore, madam, I owe my education, my subsistence, every good, under Heaven, which I have known; and if indeed Lord Delamore glanced at

me in what he said, I receive his lordship's eulogium as the highest gratification my heart has ever experienced, in the conviction that the charity of my inestimable benefactress has not been thrown away upon an object undeserving her beneficence:" and Mary ceased with a timid blush, on recollecting how large was the circle she had been thus drawn to speak before.

The tear of pity and concern, which the insult offered to the amiable Mary produced, that trembled in Julia's eyes, changed to those of exulting admiration: her eyes now sparkled in their humid applause, while the sweetest smile of approving pleasure played round her lovely mouth.

Lord Delamore, with glowing cheeks, exclaimed, "Who is humbled now? Not Mary Dungate; who has evinced the true essence of nobility, in an elevation of soul and sentiment that nothing can debase; whilst the plebeian meanness recoils upon those who made the vain attempt to humble her, whom virtue exalts far, far above them!" And now kindly and respectfully addressing Mary, he said, "It was, indeed, Miss Mildmay whom I glanced at; and in-

expressibly am I shocked and mortified to find myself thus unveiled to you, as a being who could even, while applauding you (though not openly declared to you), evince such indelicacy, such failure in every right feeling of the mind, as to hint in your presence at what must wound you."

It was indeed—not Mary Dungate, but —Lady Selina Stratton who was completely humbled. The man whose admiration she meant to withdraw from her by her malice, now saw the charms of Miss Mildmay rise more brilliantly, in the adornment of mental excellence; while the tear, which insult had not power to awaken, was called forth by the voice of kindness and respect, and stole in silence down the glowing cheeks of Mary.

"Dear me!" said Lady Fontsevern to the deeply-sympathising Lord St. Orville, "I should never have supposed Miss Dungate—Mildmay—was a low-born woman! she does not at all wear the countenance of a—servant, or beggar; or as if appertaining, in any degree, to the dregs of the people."

"She looks like nothing but what is

amiable, and sweet, and feeling, and lovely," replied Lord St. Orville, haughtily.

"There now! I knew I had offended you," replied her ladyship, wimpering; "you have been so unkind to me all the day; and I cannot bear it. Why tell me, Miss Dungate Mildmay is lovely? I am sure, very sure, I did not say she was not; nor ever thought of envying her. I am sure, I envy no one; I wish every one to be beautiful, so I do."

Lord St Orville, infinitely embarrassed, scarcely knew what reply he could make to her. "I could not, Lady Fontsevern," he said—"I could not presume to be offended with you, who are so amiable to every one, and I must suppose I have, on the contrary; been inadvertently negligent of some necessary attention to you, which, as my *father's guest*, you claimed from me; and if I have so erred, I must entreat your goodness to pardon me."

"Pardon! how can I do that, when I never was offended? I never was, never can, be offended with you. Indeed, my only fear will be, the apprehension of ever offending or displeasing you, or giving you

any kind of pain. Indeed, I had rather give pain to any-body, than to you;—except dear, dear, dear Lord Delamore:" and she now, with an air of simplicity, smiled most sweetly at Lord St. Orville, and took his father's hand, which she pressed to her lips.

"Sweet, fascinating, *naïveté!*" exclaimed Lord Delamore, infatuated by affection thus unhesitatingly evinced for him; while Lord St. Orville, now completely at a loss how to answer her kind ladyship, without fettering his own honor or offending his father, stooped down to hide his blushing countenance, and whispering Edward, asked him "if he did not long to return to his sweet mamma?"

"Oh! that I do!" said Edward. "Come, let you and I go to her; I think we should be a great deal happier with her."

"I am certain we should, Edward; but we must not go;" whispered Lord St. Orville.

"What are you two plotting?" said Lady Fontsevern. "You were talking about me, I know," and she smiled.

"Yes," replied Edward, "we were say-

ing, we should be a great deal happier with my sweet mamma than with you."

"I am sure," said her ladyship, with pretty meekness, "if his lordship can be happier near any one than me, I wish him to go; for I would not be the means of making any one uncomfortable, or unhappy. I am sure every one, in all the world, would be happy, if I could make them so."

"Dear, amiable creature!" exclaimed her father.

"What excellence of heart!" said Lord Delamore.

"What fascinating philanthropy!"—"What a heavenly disposition!"—and "What an angel!"—were the ejaculations of Mr. Primrose, Sir Charles, and Sir Lucius; but not one eulogium fell from the lips of Lord St. Orville.

"Pray, Edward," said Lady Fontsevern, in a rather lowered voice, and with a sweet conciliating smile, "now tell me, which face you like best, Miss De Clifford's or mine?—I do n't say which is the prettiest, because I know I am not pretty."

"Oh! but you are—very pretty indeed!" said Edward.

Lady Fontsevern kissed him, called him a coaxer; and then proceeded, " But you have not answered my question — Which face do you like best ?"

" My pretty mamma's, a great deal."

" Why ?" asked her ladyship, evidently disconcerted.

" Why ? Because I only see your face, when I look at it, in my eyes; but I feel mamma's sweet looks, in my very heart."

Again Edward was clasped in Lord St. Orville's arms, and kissed rapturously by him.

" I declare, I shall be jealous of this boy," drawled out Lady Fontsevern. " You may go to your *pretty, sweet mamma*, sir, when you please."

At this moment, Lady Delamore arose from table, and attended her female guests to the 'drawing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

The moment the ladies entered the 'drawing-room, Lady Fontsevern flew up to Julia, and caught her by the hand:—"Will you love me?" she exclaimed; "do love me: oh! it will make me so happy!" Then, not waiting for Julia's answer, she ran to Lady Delamore, seised her round the neck, and kissed her; then hanging about her waist, "entreated her to make that sweet, that beautiful creature, there, love her, for it would make her, oh! so happy!"

"You must persuade her yourself, by your amiable conduct," replied Lady Delamore. "Her affection is of too great value, to be given lightly, upon demand, or to answer any claim, but the claims of merit."

"Nay, now I see very well I am not so great a favorite with you as she is. You think her more amiable than I am: but, but I assure you, I am very good; at least

I hope so, for no one ever told me I had any faults."

"No, to be sure, they did not!" exclaimed Lady Isabella, jumping over a footstool, and clasping her aunt round the waist too.

"Why not tell me so?" said the young baroness, smiling, in expectation of a compliment.

"Because you are a great heiress, born to be flattered, and not to hear one word of truth or sincerity from your birth, until after your marriage; and then, from your husband, you may hear what the policy of the lover would not speak."

Lady Fontsevern was evidently disconcerted. "And pray," said she, "who could put all this ill-nature into your head, Lady Isabella? I am sure it is not your own."

"It is not ill-nature, it is truth; for De Lisle said every word of it."

"He?" said her ladyship peevishly: "he is a methodist, and rails at every thing."

"No indeed," replied Lady Isabella, "he is no such thing. He goes to church, and says his prayers, exactly as you and I do; only with more attention: not peeping

through his fingers, to see who is admiring him and his beautiful piety, as I have seen somebody else do."

"Not meaning me, I hope, Lady Isabella; for I know, I am sure, I never was so wicked.—Do you think I was now, dear, sweet, beautiful Lady Delamore?" said Lady Fontsevern, coloring highly, and again kissing Lady Delamore.

"I mentioned no names," returned Lady Isabella, smiling archly; "but perhaps it was Aunt Delamore. I think she is the most likely one, among us, to play such tricks.—But I wish you would leave off this custom of kissing every body: De Lisle says, 'It is sickening, after five years old.' And do you know, yesterday, you but narrowly escaped kissing St. Orville, when you went your rounds, from your papa to my mamma, and from aunt to uncle Delamore. Nothing saved you but St. Orville's extreme politeness in drawing up out of your way:—but that mistake would not have been half so bad, as the one you made in town one day."

"Hush! hush now! pray now!" ex-

claimed Lady Fontsevern, attempting to stop the lively Isabella's mouth; who, determined to be heard, and being much taller than the young baroness, got her mouth out of her reach, and cried out, "She kissed the old, wizen, snuffy Swiss, instead of her father!"

Lady Fontsevern, now seriously offended, at it's being told she could commit an error, though in mistake, retired to a seat far from every one; until recollecting there could be no charm in sullenness, she attacked Edward, and strove to romp him into affection for her.

"Come, get away from your aunt, you great stork you!" said Lady Ennerdale, then coming into the room, returned from repairing her complexion, "Really, you grow so shockingly, and so prematurely, you will make me look elderly long bef[ore] my time. — Emily, we had no opportun[ity] before dinner for it, now pray introduce me to Ashgrove's lovely daughter."

Lady Delamore complied with pleasure, and presented our heroine to Lady Ennerdale. All the Ashgrove family possessed infi-

nite affability of manners; and, with the ease of an old acquaintance, Lady Ennerdale entered into conversation with Julia.

At length, when the party from the dining-room made their appearance, Lady Fontsevern instantly flew to her father, threw herself into his arms, and in a passion of tears exclaimed—

"Oh, papa! is it, can it, be true, that no one ever speaks truth to me, because I am an heiress? Is it so, that you do not love me, nor Lord Delamore, nor Lord St. Orville, nor anybody love me, though I have been told that all loved me, so often?"

"My life! my angel!" replied her astonished father, "what can have put so painful a thought into your innocent, your heavenly mind?"

"Oh! Lady Isabella Harville cruelly told me so, to break my heart. 'No one speaks truth to me, because I am an heiress; every one is to deceive me, until I am married, and then my husband is to be the first to let me hear what the lover dare not tell me; and all because I am an heiress!' I am sure, if this is so, and that every one tells me they love me, when perhaps they do not,

and that I have never been told I had any faults at all, when perhaps I have nothing but faults, I am sure I wish I was no heiress; and I would give my fortune to any one. Oh! dear, dear, sweet papa! let me give all my odious fortune to the poor, and then I shall be happy, for I shall meet with sincerity."

"Sweet! amiable! angelic! heavenly! creature!" was now echoed from one man to another, except Lord St. Orville, who was inflexibly silent; and consolation was eagerly poured into her as eager ears, by all her admirers, in the assurances, "that she had only heard truth, when people professed to love her; that she had only heard truth, when people said she had no faults, for she had not any." The young lady smiled; her tears ceased to flow; "she hoped they were not flattering her," and her countenance reassumed it's wonted complacency.

"Why, child!" said Lady Ennerdale, "how could you be so extremely foolish, so very a baby, as to say so rude a thing to Lady Fontsevern?"

"Why, because, mamma, she was put-

ting in so much for compliments, that, somehow, out it all popped, what I heard De Lisle say."

"Me! put in for compliments!" exclaimed Lady Fontsevern, in a soft tone of amazement: "me! who never wish to hear compliments! nay, I absolutely hate them."

Lady Isabella burst into a laugh of so much *naïveté*, that Lord St. Orville found it so infectious, he was compelled almost to smother poor Edward with kisses, to conceal his strong propensity to excessive risibility.

Lady Ennerdale now desired her daughter to quit the room, since she did not know how to conduct herself; and had been so very unkind, as to say any thing that could so distress Lady Fontsevern as to excite her tears.

"Indeed, mamma," replied Lady Isabella, seriously grieved at having displeased her mother, "what I said, gave no real distress to Lady Fontsevern. She was angry certainly at first, but she was very merry indeed afterward, making quite a riot with Edward; and had no more notion of crying than I had, until Lord Westbourn and

Uncle Delamore came in, and then she instantly bethought herself of it, as she knew how they would pity, coax, and flatter her."

"Instantly leave the room, Isabella! and be assured you shall pass the next year in the nursery for this," said Lady Ennerdale, in much displeasure.

Lord Westbourn perceiving that Lady Isabella's intimacy with his daughter had let her too much behind the scenes, and thinking it sound policy to conciliate, lest she should betray even more, now kindly interfered with Lady Ennerdale, to forgive her daughter.

This was an opportunity for Lady Fontsevern to show how sweet and forgiving was her disposition; she therefore flew to Lady Ennerdale, and pleaded so resistlessly, that Lady Isabella was permitted to remain; and the chorus of "sweet—heavenly—seraphic—charming—creature!" was repeated, as usual.

Lord Westbourn now advanced to Julia, who was sitting between Mary and Lord St. Orville, in earnest conversation with them.—

"Miss De Clifford," said he, "I find

you are a connexion of my late wife's family."

Julia bowed acquiescence; and secretly wished him on the summit of Mont Blanc, for thus interrupting her comfort with her friends.

"Your father's first wife, I find, was the lovely, amiable, and ever-lamented, Lady Adelaide Montrose; and your mother—was" .... Here his lordship hesitated, and fixed his large and penetrating eyes in a scrutinising gaze at Julia, who politely assisted his apparent failure in memory, by repeating,

"Ismina St. Clair, my lord."

"*Ismina*, was your mother," said his lordship, with particular emphasis; "and you are named *Julia*."

"Yes, Julia Adelaide; after Lady Adelaide De Clifford."

"Was not that a singular compliment?" said his lordship.

"For certainly not: it was my dear, father's wish; and my mother, could not, be good wife, and refuse to make name for me, to please him."—

Lord Delamore had promised Lady Fontsevern, that Lord St. Orville should give

her some instruction in chess, which she played very ill, but said she was very fond of. She now reminded his lordship of that promise, who summoned his unwilling son to sit by her beautiful ladyship, and instruct her, while she played a game with him. Lord St. Orville's vacant seat was now taken by Lord Westbourn, who continued his kind of catechism.—

"Your father, no doubt, introduced you to the Duke of Avondale, Lady Montalvan, and Lord Glenbrook?"

"I had the much misery, to lose my dear, father, in too soon time, for that, my lord. I was quite young girl, when my dear, father, died."

"But your guardian, no doubt, has introduced you; and you have seen, the Duke of Avondale, and Lord Glenbrook?"

"No, I never did at all, see his grace: but much unfortunately, Lord Glenbrook, has seen me."

Lord Westbourn changed color; and, after a moment's struggle with some rising emotion, asked "why she said *unfortunately?*

"Oh! because, I resemblance bear, in a

much great, degree, to a dear favored child, he had great misery to lose; and twice he did see me, he fainted for very shock, that I should look so like his child."

Lord Westbourn now sunk into a train of profound thought: but at length recollecting that was not a place to indulge in it, consistently with politeness, hastily withdrew; when Sir Charles Stratton took his seat, and soon fell into chat with Mary, about some friends of his, at Exeter: when Julia, uninterested in their discourse, unintentionally heard part of Lady Selina's, with her friends and confederates.

"That De Clifford was easily hunted down," said Lady Hollowell; "but it will be more difficult to throw out this little coaxing, flattering, artful d—l."

"Oh, infinitely!" replied Lady Selina. "I at first quite drew with her, to distance that odious Julia, to prevent her completely making a fool of my father, by uniting him and my mother; but the remedy is proving more intolerable than the disease. She is absolutely acquiring such influence, that were she to become St. Orville's wife, my

expectation would be totally destroyed, and she gain all."

" Hush! said Miss Modely, " we are too near the disengaged ears of others." Julia heard no more for some moments; but at length, Lady Selina expressing wonder, " what could have induced her mother to dress so unusually juvenile," reached her ears.

" Can you do nothing with that circumstance?" asked Miss Modely. Again their voices fell; and Julia was called by Lady Delamore, to sit near her, at the card-table she was playing at, and which was near the chess party.

Julia now observed Lord Delamore in a complete fidget, at the unskilful play of his fair opponent, notwithstanding her able instructor, to whom she was much more attentive than to the game; smiling sweetly upon him, and saying every thing that was kind and melting to him, who persevered in the most invincible gravity and reserve; and who, from the moment Julia drew near, became totally inattentive to that instruction he was there to afford.

At length Lord Delamore, wearied out,

requested Julia to take his place. She instantly complied, in pity to him. Lady Fontsevern was soon quite at a fault, yet Lord St. Orville offered her no assistance.

"Nay now, why don't you tell me, dear Lord St. Orville?" said her ladyship, with a sweet, alluring smile, and in a tone of *naïveté*. "How I can employ this bishop? What can he perform for me?"

"Were I St. Orville, I would whisper it to you," said Lord Delamore; but Lord St. Orville only answered by moving the bishop for her, as if the business of the game only actuated the thoughts of all.

"Dear Lord Delamore! I am sure I did not mean any thing about *that!*" exclaimed her ladyship, covering her face to conceal the absence of a blush she wished for, to aid her.

"What?" demanded her father, who was now returned, and attentively observing the chess-players: "Did not mean what? my angel!"

"Dear papa! don't you, too, overwhelm me with confusion!" cried her ladyship, rubbing her cheeks, and affecting not to know exactly where to look, yet stealing

glances at Lord St. Orville, who sent her not one reciprocal one, as he now seemed all anxiety about the game, and made a very skilful move for her, which was quickly followed by an uncommonly judicious one of Julia's.

"Bravo! bravissimo! fair Philidora!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, seising a chair, and sitting down close to her elbow, now all-anxiety about the game.

Lady Fontsevern was now quite puzzled, yet received no assistance from her instructor. "Why, why do n't you assist me?" she exclaimed, in the softest, beseeching tone, she could assume. "I am sure I would not leave you to be distressed, for worlds."

Julia, in amazement at such unequivocal tenderness, and wondering it drew no reply from Lord St. Orville, looked up to see if he was too much overpowered by such unusual frankness of affection, and beheld his lordship—apparently inattentive to every thing in existence, but herself, and gazing at her with such a marked expression of tender sadness, that he not only astonished, but dreadfully alarmed her. She feared his

looks portended sympathy for some terrible affliction he knew she was about to be overwhelmed by. She blushed, and then turned pale with apprehension; her heart fluttered, and she trembled in alarmed agitation. Fear suggested instantly, "It is something of Lady Storamond," and her senses seemed to sicken before the terrible idea.

"What is the matter with you, Miss De Clifford?" said Lord Westbourn, in a tone of invidious vexation.

"Not, very much," she replied; "some indisposition of so trifling nature, it will quite soon, go. It is not for the least consequence, Lord Delamore." But ere she had finished these assurances to the two peers, the trembling hand of Lord St. Orville presented her a glass of water, as the very first change in her countenance had sent him in alarm for one; and as she took the glass from him, she softly said, with all the eager interest her bosom felt—

"Oh! for pity say, for me; if any bad news is of, my beloved, Lady Storamond?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, in a voice scarcely

articulate, from powerful agitation; "she is well, and happy."

"Happy!" thought Julia; "then the attachment, is not mutual; and my Cecilia, is, as I believed her, spotless perfection." But though this was a joyful conviction to her, she felt grieved that she had so agitated Lord St. Orville, by naming Lady Storamond.

"Allow me, Lord St. Orville, to recommend your drinking the remainder of that water yourself; for you seem as much to require it, as the fair lady you brought it for; and I doubt not it will taste like nectar now;" said Lord Westbourn, in a tone of malicious pique.

Lord St. Orville literally did as he was desired, and drank the water. Lady Fontsevern was now all-obtruding, tender inquiry, "If he was ill?" and Lord Delamore anxiously demanded, "What was the matter?"

"Nothing to alarm, my dear father!" he replied, in a tone of touching sadness. "I have, since my last return from the Mediterranean, been subject to these little agi-

tations; but they are of no consequence, believe me;" and he forced a smile, as he looked affectionately at his father, resumed his seat by Lady Fontsevern, and commenced the continuation of the game.

Lord Delamore looked mournfully at him, and sighed profoundly.

Julia's mind occupied by mingled joy and regret, she seemed for a few moments to know as little of chess as the beautiful baroness; she made two or three half-attempts to proceed, but quickly perceiving she was about to err, she hesitated, while she rallied her attention, and at length made a move entirely to Lord Delamore's satisfaction, who had been all anxiety during her indecision; and now, in his moment of delight, said to her—

"How you agitated me, while you continued undetermined! How is it you contrive to create such interest about every thing you do? is it, because you never aim at exciting it?"

"Oh!" replied Julia, modestly, and with a bright blush, to prove her feeling was genuine, "do not ascribe for me, a merit, that belongs, exclusively, for my employ-

ment. We never can behold; even others, engaged in the pursuit, we have greatly much delight in, without the feel, from interest, as . . . . ."

Here Julia was interrupted, by the violent sobs of Lady Fontsevern. Lords Delamore and Westbourn were now all-tender inquirers. Lady Delamore (drawn from her card-table by the sound), Julia, and Lord St. Orville, all polite and humane ones.

"Oh!" she sobbed out, "I am not so happy as Miss De Clifford! I possess not the power of interesting dear, dear Lord Delamore; yet he thinks (I know, he does) that I strive to do it. I am sure, I never affect any thing I do not feel. I am sure, my great affection for him is no counterfeit; and I am buite heart-broken to think that I could not interest him even sufficiently to play out one little game of chess with me. I am sure, it is not my fault. I did my best to interest him; but—I—I am a poor child of nature, very, very young, and from the retirement I have lived in, quite inexperienced in the *trick* of the world; and great allowances ought to be made for me. I am sure, I wish I was a foreigner too; for

all foreigners have the gift to interest, and fascinate, all mankind."

Lord St. Orville, with a countenance expressive of contempt and indignation, walked away; and Lady Delamore quietly returned to her cards, saying—

"My lord can better comfort this affliction, than myself; and I need not keep my party waiting for me."

Julia's artlessness, feeling deeply wounded at such an unmerited, sly insinuation, leveled at it's purity, bid her, with glowing cheeks, silently, but with graceful dignity, to arise from the chess-board, and move to the sopha where Mary sat, alone, at her netting. The moment our heroine placed herself there, Lord St. Orville flew to the seat beside her; and she, all anxiety for an explanation of his peculiarly melancholy look at her, was just beginning to account for her apparently wild question, when Lord Delamore (who, with Lord Westbourn, was giving the balm of flattery, as the cup of comfort, to the young froward baroness) called, in a tone of chagrin, to his son, to get a glass of water. Lord St. Orville indolently arose, rang a bell for

it, and ordered the servant to hand it to Lady Fontsevern; and then reseated himself by Julia, who, with unsophisticated *naïveté* recounted to him "how much alarmed she had been by the expression of his countenance when he looked at her." His lordship could scarcely conceal the powerful agitation she now threw him into; but he feelingly assured her, "he knew nothing of any of her friends that could afflict her. As to my looks, Miss De Clifford, let them never alarm you," said he; "I am grown a melancholy animal; and those who now mark the expression of my countenance, must read the feelings of a sorrowing heart."

"Alas!" replied Julia, in the most penetrating tone of sweetest sympathy, "can you say for me, you know not of my friends, any thing, to make affliction for me, and yet, tell to me, this, of Lord St. Orville?"

Lord St. Orville hastily drew out his handkerchief, applied it to his face, as he averted it; and in a few moments eagerly began to admire the purse Mary was netting: betraying, by his voice, that he had scarcely yet stifled the most tender emotion.

"It is for Mrs. Fermor," said Mary.

"I wish you would make one for me, Mary," said his lordship.

"That I will, with pleasure," she replied. "There is my box of silks; now, choose your color;—or let Miss De Clifford, and then I know you will like it."

Lord St. Orville blushed to a scarlet tint; and trying to smile, and turn off what too nearly affected him, said "You are very right, Mary; a purse chosen by Miss De Clifford, and worked by you, will be a precious gift to me:" and, with a trembling hand, he presented the box to Julia, who now began, busily and anxiously, to examine the colors.

"Your silks, are very much, beautiful, Miss Mildmay," she said; "but you must help, give for me, in choice. It must not be great deal gay, for man's purse, you know."

"Not for a melancholy man, certainly," said his lordship, forcing a smile. "Come, choose me one that will suit my fortune."

"The fortune we wish you?" said Mary.

"Then, spotless, white, it should be," said Julia. "But that would not bear,

very well, the wear, and tear, for the blind goddess's service. That, green, is much beautiful; but you shall have it not, at all; it is emblem, for so many of disagreeables; for despair and jealousy's eyes. Oh, no! you not, shall have it:—but then, too, it is the color for unfading laurel; and therefore, you do, claim, it."

Lord St. Orville's countenance underwent a variety of changes while Julia spoke; and now he bowed profoundly for the compliment she paid him, with a winning grace peculiarly her own.

"But," continued Julia, smiling, "we will not be, so bad malicious, as to put you laurels, in your pocket. No, we will leave them at large; to make long flourish, in the public parterre; where gratitude, nourishes these well-loved plants, from valor: for green makes not so pretty purse, as many other colors."

"Give him hope, Miss De Clifford," said Mary, gaily.

"You give, Miss Mildmay, I only choose; for you are the goddess, to make rich his lordship, with a much precious, gift."

"Ah!" said Mary; "as the blind god-

dess, I can give him nothing, but what is superfluous; were I the blind god, I might indeed, and would too, give him a heart worth having:" and now, fearing she had said too much, she archly added—"the heart of Lady Fontsevern."

"Has Lady Fontsevern a heart?" asked Lord St. Orville.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed her ladyship, who had just arrived behind Lord St. Orville, and was leaning pensively over him, "you ill-natured creature! to go and betray my secret to every one!" and she covered her face with her hands.

"Not being in your ladyship's secret," replied Lord St. Orville, frigidly, "I could not betray it. I only spoke at random; believing that, among your numerous admirers one might have been so fortunate to obtain that prize we mentioned."

"How kind you are, to turn it off so well for me!" said Lady Fontsevern, with languishing softness; and now drawing a chair for herself, as Lord St. Orville—still indignant at her sly insinuations against the genuine artlessness of Julia, and highly disconcerted at her wilful blindness to the re-

pellency of his words and manner to her—made no offer of his seat, or any attempt to get her one.

"Dear me! how very beautiful Miss De Clifford is!" suddenly exclaimed Lady Fontsevern, addressing Lord St. Orville. "It never struck me before. Do n't you think she is? —or perhaps you disagree with me; ladies and gentlemen, you know, seldom coalesce in opinion about beauty."

Julia blushed; and now eagerly showed to Mary the color she thought the prettiest for Lord St. Orville's purse; while Lord St. Orville made no attempt to answer her ladyship, conscious that he could not command a voice of firmness.

"Oh!" said Mary, anxious to assist him in his embarrassment, "if a man is judicious, Lady Fontsevern, he will not praise one beautiful woman to another."

"Oh, dear! Miss Dun . . . . Mildmay, are women of the world, then, so envious?" replied Lady Fontsevern. "Thanks to my youth and inexperience, I know Envy only by name; nothing delighting me more than to hear another's praise.—I mean praise for genuine merit; not for mere beauty; for I

think beauty of the smallest consequence; of so little, indeed, that it would be immaterial to me if I was the plainest woman in existence. Indeed, if I have any degree of beauty at all, I would, if I had power, change it with any homely woman who wished for it."

"Sweet innocent!" exclaimed Lord Westbourn, who, with Lord Delamore, had approached this little party.

"And Miss De Clifford, and Miss Mildmay, will make the same declaration, if called upon, I doubt not," said Lord Delamore, smiling.

"Not me, my lord," Mary replied, with animated quickness. "I would not change my face for any other in existence; since it is to the resemblance it bears, I owe the affection of Lady Delamore."

Mary had touched the cord of sensibility in Lord Delamore's heart; his eyes glistened in the tear she had awakened; he took her hand—took it with paternal fervor; and, for the first time in his life, called her, "Mary."

"Mary," he said, "and not the less regard it for it's resemblance to the man who,

though not your natural parent, now promises to prove a kind and affectionate one to you."

Mary pressed his hand, in respect and gratitude, to her lips; and, unable to support her feelings, precipitately left the room.

The card-tables at this moment began to break up; and supper shortly after was announced; when Lady Fontsevern, with an air of the sweetest juvenile simplicity imaginable, fastened on the arm of Lord St. Orville, saying,

"Now I have secured you, you truant thing you! and you cannot play any of your teasing tricks—running off with nasty old maids, and sitting away from me."

Lord St. Orville, provoked almost beyond all temperance, said, rather petulantly, to her, "that she threw too much kindness away upon him; for he was too much occupied in thinking of those, long, long the principal object of his affection, to bestow those even requisite attentions upon his father's guests; therefore he feared she, and all his *common* acquaintances, must suffer from his negligence, and find him a most remiss and dull neighbour."

"Oh! I know you only say all this to plague me," she replied, smiling kindly on him, and taking faster hold of his arm.

Lady Hollowell, with a countenance divested of all it's native boldness, and new disciplined by the most soft and interesting sensibility, approached Lord Delamore; and, as she articulated a gentle sigh, put her hand into his, to lead her out.

His lordship was startled at her manner, so unequivocally flattering to his vanity; and, with the gallantry of the old school, he pressed the offered hand to his lips.

Her ladyship now softly said to him, "How lovely Lady Delamore looks to-day! I had no conception she was so young, or handsome, until the sudden change in her style of dress to-day made the discovery. Really I do not wonder at Lord Westbourn's unequivocal admiration........But, bless me! I forgot who I was speaking to! I hope I have put no bad things into your head; for I dare say—I *mean*—there is nothing in it."

Lord Delamore was painfully electrified; his heart sickened; his eyes, now infected with suspicion, turned upon the beloved of his heart; and, while he felt the magic of

her charms, saw her listening, with animated pleasure, to Lord Westbourn, who was speaking, with apparent interest, and some emotion, in a low voice to her. His theme was the praise of Julia De Clifford; and that was ever sweet incense to the heart of Lady Delamore.

The party now proceeded to the supper-room; and all were seated as at dinner: Lord Westbourn, as usual, by Lady Delamore, assisting her in the performance of her hospitable attentions to her guests. Suspicion was now fully and painfully awakened in the mind of Lord Delamore; and he beheld all with a diseased imagination:—not merely the attentions of Lord Westbourn to his Emily, for he had been accustomed to see her attended to and admired; but it was his Emily, just at this moment, altering her style of dress, from grave formality, to fancy's most becoming graces, that alarmed, that made him tremble; but his infinitude of pride, now swelling his heart, stepped in, amid it's tender agonies, teaching him to disguise his anguished feelings; and, better to evince how little his wife's proceedings affected him,

led him on to pay the most marked attentions to Lady Hollowell, who received them all most readily, and paid them back with interest.

At length the party separated for the night; and the painful communications of Lady Delamore, with many unpleasant occurrences of the day, all conspired to banish sleep from the pillow of Julia for a length of time after she retired to rest; and among the many well-remembered incidents of the day, the peculiar expression of Lord St. Orville's eyes, when she caught them in earnest gaze at her, continually reverted to her imagination, astonishing, puzzling, affecting, but always interesting her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early the following morning, the apprehensions of Lord Westbourn having any design against the heart of his Emily, were removed from the bosom of Lord Delamore; but not the torturing suspicion, that she was too much pleased with his seducing friend.

Lord Westbourn had spent as sleepless a night as many inmates of the castle; and the result of his night's cogitations was, a determination to strain every nerve to bring about the marriage of his daughter with Lord St. Orville, and that immediately; and himself, without delay, to lay close siege to the heart of Julia De Clifford.

He was a lynx-eyed observer: he had developed the secret of Lord St. Orville's heart; but that was no impediment to his projects: he saw Lord Delamore was fascinated by Lady Fontsevern, and was as anxious as himself to promote her marriage with his son; and saw, or fancied he saw,

Lord St. Orville considered his passion as hopeless, and that the object of it was totally unconscious of her influence: and upon these circumstances he built his prospect of success.

For his designs upon our heroine, he had a deep, mysterious, and intricate source. It was for a stake he played, worthy of his profound, sagacious, policy. If he proved successful, the prize would be incalculable; if he failed, why, even then, he should have gained for a wife the most fascinating young creature he had ever seen, with a very handsome fortune; and whichever way his plot terminated, his happiness would be secured.

The idea of not succeeding with our heroine, never once entered his mind, as being in the nature of possibilities; and, full of love, and her, he was at an early hour in the library, to inform his friend Lord Delamore, "he was distractedly in love with Miss De Clifford, and entreated his good offices with her."

Lord Delamore, though perfectly convinced that, if the motives which were assigned for Julia's rejection of the man she

loved were true (and that they were so, since he had again seen and observed her fascinations, he was almost convinced), she was not likely to bestow her hand upon an old incorrigible libertine; and though he harbored strong resentment against her, he would still feel grieved should she so throw herself away; yet started nothing to impede the projects of this ardent lover of fifty, but promised to do every thing in his power, consistent with propriety and respect to Lord Ashgrove, to promote his union with her; glad at heart to find that Miss De Clifford would lead his friend from paying those dangerous attentions to his—he feared infatuated—Emily, that might lead to her misery, as well as that of her adoring husband.

The party which assembled in Lady Delamore's *bourdoir* to breakfast, consisted of her ladyship, Mrs. Fermor, Mary, Julia, and Lord St. Orville. Shortly after breakfast, Mary accompanied Mrs. Fermor to Sedley upon business; and Lady Delamore, her son, and Julia, remained together;—her ladyship netting, Julia drawing, and Lord St. Orville conversing most pleasantly with

them. At length the post arrived, and brought them all letters: Julia had one from Doctor Sydenham. It spoke satisfactorily of himself, and the Goodwins, whom he was to leave the succeeding week, to return home for Christmas: he then thus proceeded:—

"It was with the utmost difficulty I at
" length obtained an interview with Fanny
" Banks; and I am grieved, my good and
" beloved child! to tell you, she is un-
" worthy of your solicitude. In her I could
" discover nothing of former innocence;
" her whole appearance was that of the
" licentious Cyprian. The account I gave
" her of her grandmother's death scarcely
" affected her; but me, and your kind
" offer of protection, she derided and
" scorned together.—'As there was no
" hereafter, why should she repent?' she
" said. 'She had already gained good an-
" nuities from two lovers; and in time
" should be richer than you are.'—So that
" all I could do, in compliance with your
" sacred promise to her dying parent, was,
" to tell her, 'that should repentance ever
" visit her, she would find a friend in you.'

"But flatter yourself not, my child; her "seduction from virtue was perpetrated by "an adept in the art."

This intelligence sensibly affected and shocked our heroine. "Ah, madam!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears—"Ah, madam! my all of good hope, for Fanny's reformation, has met destruction. She, alas! will never be the penitent: my dear Doctor Sydenham tells me so. There, read for yourself, the much sad news." And Julia, leaving the letter with Lady Delamore, hastened to her own apartments, when, after shedding more tears for Fanny's depravity than Fanny was ever likely to shed for her own, returned to Lady Delamore, whom she found in earnest conference with Lord St. Orville.

"My dear Julia!" said her ladyship, "we are speaking of the Marquis of Oakland; from whom Alfred has received a letter announcing his wish to come immediately and make a visit here."

"I am much glad indeed, of that," replied Julia; "for I had rather, the Marquis of Oakland should come, than almost any body, I do at all, know."

"Indeed!" said Lady Delamore, with such expressive emphasis, that Julia, perfectly comprehending, said, with a blush, and in the sincerity of innocence —

"I very well see, your thought, Lady Delamore; but it is nothing for that, which makes of me, to say, I should like to see, the Marquis of Oakland here. what you once had suspicion for, is past quite, like other transient fancies, if ever at all, it was; for now, believe me, the Marquis of Oakland, only sees me, for the acquaintance, to speak to, in more pleasure, than the mere stranger. But why, I did say so glad, of his coming, was, because he knows, so many, whom I love; respects, and esteems so many, that I much regard, and estimate. Indeed, had it not, for him been, my two days of visit, at that, mad park, had been for an hundred years, to me: but he did talk so, of my friends, he seemed to draw them round for me: and, oh! such things he did relate, of Lord St. Orville, in his very youth! oh! so beautiful, the anecdotes! that my eyes did wish to weep, I thought for joy, to think, I did know so well, this very Lord St. Orville. Had

you, but heard him, Lady Delamore, for yourself, you would I do know, have almost thought, you loved, the speaker, for telling you of such sweet things."

"Indeed," said Lady Delamore, sensibly affected by the interesting earnest artlessness of her manner, and clasping her tenderly to her bosom, "I do love the speaker, for telling me such very sweet things!"

"But this, was not all," continued Julia, "that made Lord Oakland, so to please me. He did tell, oh! such good, and great deal joyful, news for me!"

"May I not know what is joy for you, my love?"

"Some other, day," said Julia, blushing, and looking expressively towards Lord St. Orville.

"Oh!" said Lady Delamore, "I will guess now—It was about Lady Storamond."

"Oh! so well, you guess," replied Julia, astonished at thus perceiving that her ladyship no longer thought it necessary to persevere in her usual caution, in not mentioning Lady Storamond before her son; and, the interdict being thus removed, Julia proceeded:—

" The marquis does, much know, Lord and Lady Storamond; and he told to me, they will come to England, in soon time. Oh! in one month, more, my own, Cecilia, will be in the self-same, country, with me! Great glow, of gratitude, was due, for Lord Oakland, Lady Delamore; for his news so glad, did take all, my misery from me. I thought of nothing else, all night long. I kept the waking vigil on very purpose to think of, so much joy; nor once thought at all, upon that much trouble, I so lately had, so near to break my heart. To see Lady Storamond again, was a thought so precious for me, it shut out every other.

" And now, dear, Lady Delamore, think not at all, I love you little, because I love, my Cecilia more. She came to my heart, when it was void so desolate, or only filled, with pangs for thinking, that in this great world, not one being cared for me. Poor Laroche did tell all, secrets of my grandmother; so now, as all is known to you, I will say, not only, did care for me, I was unkindly treated, and was neglected, by my only parent; and all around me took their tone, from her. The smile for appro-

bation, was never beamed for me. Did *I* smile, it was not prompted of my heart; for there, was much anguish. Did I weep, my tears, were made to flow, more bitterly. Every one did chide me. Every eye, did make scowl, on me. I could not love win; for narrow minds, could see not merit, in the poor outcast orphan. To buy it, was very impossible, Lady Delamore, for I had not a *pichila*. When my heart was subdued, with much grief, I had only, my own heart to sympathise, for it; and on earth, I had not friend, but sleep. In such pained time, did Lady Storamond appear. She came, as angel, for comfort surely. Her lovely countenance, so sweet, so intelligent, for wisdom, and goodness, beamed with kindness, upon me; and she *felt*, that kindness, for she did tell for me, my faults; and I had a great deal many, Lady Delamore."

"No, not one real fault, by Heaven!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, catching her hand with tremulous grasp, and pressing it with fervor to his lips; while on it fell one of those sympathising tears, her account of her sorrows had drawn from his heart. Julia, in amazement, gravely, yet gently,

withdrew her hand; and, feeling powerfully distressed, for the terrible agitation her talking of Lady Storamond had thrown him into, tremulously said, in the voice of sweetest pity,

"How should you, to know, I had no, real, faults, my lord?"

"He learned that, of course, my love from Lady Storamond," said Lady Delamore, scarcely less agitated than her son.

"But, she is, too much, partial, for a judge," Julia replied. "And, indeed, I had exceedingly many faults, Lord St. Orville; for I was child, to neglect. But my Cecilia, did find out my faults. Errors, she did gently call them; and correction she did make for them, with her dear advice, spoken in her sweet words,

'——So softly, that like flakes of feather'd snow
'They melted, as they fell——'

and as they did melt, they flowed, into the treasury for my heart, amidst it's most, precious stores. For two happy, happy, months, I had my Cecilia spared for me. At the last of one fortnight, she told to me, she very much, loved me. Oh, Lady De-

lamore! some one, in all the world, loved me!—and that some one, was such a being, as Heaven had formed, in full perfection. My heart, was greatly strong, or it could not have borne, after so many a year, of anguish, such glad, glad joy: but I could not, at all, speak then; for happiness was, of such new feel, for me, it had it's own place to make, in a heart, that knew it not, for time so long; and the innovating guest, did stun me: and I could not then say, 'I love, you, too;'—but I did, and have done, most unalienably; for who could be of human, and not love Lady Storamond!"

Lord St. Orville, in agitation too powerful to brook longer concealment, precipitately left the room.

"Ah, me!" exclaimed Julia, bursting into tears of sympathy, "why, you lead me, my much friend, to speak of Lady Storamond, for him? I have been so cruel for him, when I had rather, suffer great torture, myself, than make affliction for him; who thought his life, of nothing, to save mine.

Lady Delamore clasped her with fervor to her agitated bosom; for a moment her

heart trembled on her lips; but, after a few struggles of prudence, she said, "Dry, dry your tears, my sweet love! you have not afflicted Alfred. I wish you to talk to him of Lady Storamond; and when the time shall come, that the secret of my Alfred's heart can with propriety be disclosed to you —when you shall learn the cause of all his sorrows — you will know, that your sweet, fascinating, and artless account of Lady Storamond, has been balm to his anguished heart. And now, sweet Julia, I would fain know something more of this romantic friendship of yours."

"Oh, profane, it not!" exclaimed Julia, "by mingling of romance the idea, with it; for it's base is truth, and it's structure, sincerity."

"And may this beautiful shrine of truth and sincerity stand securely in your heart, guarded by all that is sacred to affection, until time shall end!" said Lady Delamore, with infinite emotion. "And now, how I shall long for next month, until I see this idol of your friendship! as you honor my family, by thinking many of us resemble her."

"Oh! so you do; but you, and Lord St. Orville, more than all the rest. It was that resemblance, in Fitzroy, that caused for me, the misery of loving him. He looked, like my friend; and my eyes, viewed him with, partiality. He looked like to my friend (though with not half, of her much sweetness; or charm so greatly, for conversation), yet I thought in him, as in her, there could only dwell, the purest essence, of every good. And sure I am, for this resemblance only, could he so soon, have won, my much-deceived, affection.

"I do think, a great deal those are deceived, Lady Delamore, who say, 'love is of more tenderness, than friendship;' for it was with much striving, in my heart, Fitzroy did take precedence, of Lady Storamond; and it was more gladness for me, to think of her, than of him; until I forced, their change of place, in my tenderness; because I did think, it right, for him I was to marry, to have first place of all, in my affection; and yet, my heart, was not very much willing, for the change; but still, lingered, lingered, after my Cecilia, for it's idol: and t hat, Fitzroy did

know; and it did make him, so uneasy, and so unreasonable, that could I have been sorry, for telling truth, I had been sorry, for telling that; and, oh! so jealous was he, Lady Delamore, of my Cecilia, he had cruelty to say, 'he would take me to his favorite place, Poland, the moment she did make landing, in England;' and many a tear, I shed, for that; but still I did hope, he would not make for me, such misery; for I could not know feel of happiness, in any situation, if bereft of the heart-loved hope, to see again, my Cecilia."

"Julia!" said Lady Delamore, with much solemnity and agitation, "you have been standing on the verge of a dreadful precipice. The hand of Providence, through your own pure and pious principles, snatched you from it. Had you ventured on—had you married Penmorva—your all of earthy happiness had been destroyed. And now, my beloved Julia! we will no longer dwell upon the painful remembrance of this Heaven-directed escape; but talk of another lover of yours, amiable in very truth. The Marquis of Oakland has written to

Alfred, upon the privilege of old friendship, informing him 'of his passion for you, conceived at the ball of the anniversary of Selina's birth; and still nourished, although Horatio (to get rid of, I suppose, so potent a rival, though himself then engaged to Lady Enderfield) told him you were immediatelyto be united to Lord Lindore; but having since learned that no such engagement exists, he tells Alfred, he is anxious to enter the lists for your favor, and to come, if permitted now, here, as a visitor to St. Orville.'"

"Alas!" said Julia, "I did think, all partiality of me (if any had, at all, existed) was extinguished, quite, in the breast of the Marquis of Oakland. I am grieved, yes, and shocked exceedingly, too; for surely, perhaps, this very belief, did lead for me, to make matters worse, at that, mad park. Dear Lady Delamore! Lord St. Orville, must not let him to come here; and must have the kindness, to tell of me, 'I no more, can think, of love.'"

"My dear Julia! St. Orville shall tell him no such thing. You will love again:— Remember, I foretel it."

" Well, but for certainly, not at present, dear Lady Delamore. Who would make thanks, to me now, for a heart, that only ceased to love another, from alone conviction, for his unworthiness, to be loved?"

" No one could desire a better reason; or one that could prove, more convincingly, your heart a treasure worth contending for: and in a little time, believe me, Julia, I shall see you more in love than ever."

" Oh! say not so, my much friend!" exclaimed Julia, blushing, and feeling infinitely pained and humbled. " Oh! say not *little*, time; for that would seem, as if you did think me, so—so—so prone, very greatly to *amare*. Certainly, much certainly, I confess, I should grieve to think, I was never to be wife; and never I have trust shall become one, without love of tenderness, for my husband; but now I know, many, and great many years, must elapse, from what so lately happened, before that period, of second love, does come.—Shall I tell for you, how my heart is now? It is like, the patient, who endured bad malady, whose life, operation much terrible, alone, could save. The

operation in great successfulness, has had performance on me. My cure is certain, very much; but the wound it made, is still, still green. I am weak, and exhausted, and from time alone, my perfect health, can come. And now, dear Lady Delamore! your so good son, must be kind, to tell his friend, 'not to come here, in thought, for me."

"But do let him come, Julia!" replied her ladyship:—"not with much hope; we will not give him that: for, independent of not choosing to deceive him, I do not wish (since your heart is against it) for his success. But Selina has, to a painful certainty, lowered you in the estimation of my lord. The marquis of Oakland, addressing you, would give you the triumph of convincing Lord Delamore of the excellence of your mind; by proving that rectitude governs all your actions, and that you can reject even greatness, when it militates against the principles or feelings of your heart."

"Oh! no, no, no, dear, Lady Delamore! that heart you say of, prompts a negative, for this. It might be triumph for my vanity; much gratification for my lord's re-

stored, opinion; — it might give for me, consequence in the eyes of others; but could it give for me, respect in my own, to raise, even hope remote, in the breast of man, I never mean to realise? His loving me at all, is his misfortune; for me, of my own purpose, to make increase of that love, would be exceedingly much, culpability. From adding to his griefs, my heart revolts; he is too great deal amiable, to be sported with. Dear, dear, Lady Delamore, let him not come here!"

"Julia, dear child of my heart! I stand corrected!" exclaimed Lady Delamore, again affectionately clasping our heroine to her bosom. "Try you how we may, your heart can bear the test; each new ordeal stamps you with more sterling merit. My ardent, nay almost painful, solicitude for your reinstatement in the so lately almost enthusiastic partiality of my lord, led me to be unjust, nay cruel, to the Marquis of Oakland."

Julia returned the embrace of Lady Delamore with fervent gratitude, for that affection so evinced; and her ladyship now

promising to instruct her son in the answer he was to send his amiable friend, Julia retired to her own apartment, to answer the kind letter of Doctor Sydenham.

CHAPTER IX.

MANY letters were this day, not only received at Delamore castle, but sent from thence; and one amongst the latter, franked by Lord Delamore himself, for Lady Hollowell, "To Samuel Rentless, Esq. Lower Brook-Street, London," we consider necessary for the perusal of our readers, and therefore transcribe it for them.—

"Dear Rentless!

"I COULD as soon give you my "skin, as two hundred pounds. I have "not a shilling left; neither has Belinda; "and dreadful is the struggle we have to "make, still to preserve appearances, and "save ourselves from the fangs of our in-"fernal creditors.

"Here is no play, worth the cool head of "an adept to bestow a thought upon; but "matters are now come to such a dreadful "crisis, that I am compelled to play a des-"perate game, to save us all; and have

"such promise of brilliant success, that "expect you may to see me return in the "spring full in blossom, to join dear Pha- "raoh and all his host with new vigor, "and to slake your thirst for gold even in "the river of Pactolus.

"'How are you to manage all this?' you "ask. Now hear, and wonder at my ta- "lents: and, though I wish not your *heart* "to approve, I command your reason to "subscribe to.—By becoming secret mis- "tress to the lord of this castle.... First re- "cover that, and then thou shalt hear fur- "ther. I do not say I will give this rich lord "my heart; no, that is still for thee: but "he will give me his gold, and that I will "give to thee.

"I have commenced my attack; and "with good success, I pronounce. I have "flattered him out of an antipathy, most "absolute, for me; and by a well-timed "sigh or two, a softened air, and downcast "look, I have attracted his attention; and "thus, half my work is done. My gudgeon "has as great a thirst for voluntary affec- "tion, as I have for his gold. My affec- "tions he must believe are voluntarily be-

" stowed, since he thought not of solicit-
" ing them: and, since I have set my
" snares, I soon shall have him in my toils;
" for the man has been a notorious liber-
" tine; and the mistress who, for upwards
" of twenty years, has governed him, is
" now old and ugly;— ten years older than
" himself!—while I, young enough to be
" her daughter, with beauty enough (or
" you are a flatterer) to win him—What
" may I not expect to do?—Why, to
" lighten his coffers; and that I will per-
" form without mercy. My gull most par-
" ticularly admires delicacy of manners in
" women; so I have changed my dashing
" ones, to the most alluring softness; and
" as I mean he shall discover this was ef-
" fected by my wish to please him, I think
" his vanity, thus flattered, will prove my
" potent auxiliary.

" My precious friend, Lady Selina, be-
" lieves me the machine employed by her
" to work the destruction of her mother—
" But, good my sweet lady friend! I shall
" prove the engine to work your ruin.—
" And who, dear Rentless! shall say, that

" will not be poetic justice? An unnatural " child deserves punishment; and I will in- " flict it.

" You know the family disagreements of " the Delamores, so I need not repeat " grievances: but the husband and wife " have lately been very near a right under- " standing, and suspicion of Selina's in- " terested policy awakened in her father's " breast; so, in terror at the final over- " throw of her power, and at her wits' ends, " she called me into counsel. To serve her, " I have laid a plausible plan of working " for the complete extermination of her " mother's interest in her father's bosom; " but, while in appearance, I am serving " her, I am profoundly mining for my own " advantage. I must play my game expe- " ditiously, and cautiously, as my finances " are ruined; and I have (I trust) a cha- " racter to lose. I mean not to forfeit my " place in society; so I shall act circum- " spectly: and as it is known only to your- " self, and an honest Israelite, that my " sister and I are done up by successless " gambling, my still having the needful, to

"dash about with, will create no surprise.
"Adieu!—you know I hate to waste my
"precious words—

"Eternally yours,

"M. HOLLOWELL."

In proper time, Lucy attended, to assist our heroine to dress for dinner; and soon began to prattle, commencing with her accustomed—"La, ma'am! how grieved I shall be, if my dear young lord should be taken in, at last, to marry this beautiful Lady Fontsevern.

"So, shall I, too!" thought Julia, but she kept that acquiescence in sentiment to herself; and only answered, "Why for, Lucy?"

"La, ma'am! because he is ten thousand times too good for her.—Ah, ma'am! it is not all gold that glistens; and, for all her pretty, taking, innocent ways, she has a heart like a Turk. You must know, ma'am, her own right woman (who wheedles, and scolds, and manages her out of every thing she wishes) broke her leg not long ago, and could not attend the young *lamb-clothed wolf* to Stratton abbey; so her chamber-

maid was obliged to take the head place, for the time; and such a life as she has of it! Mercy on us!—Why, ma'am, sometimes she'll try on fifteen different dresses, to see which she looks best in: and such changing the dress of her head, never was heard of before! And she'll stand before the glass for hours, making all manner of antics and grimaces, to see which is the most taking and pretty; and all the while, the gentlefolks she appears among, she leads to believe she is at study, to improve her education. And such a temper for aggravating! she has nagged poor Mrs. Corry (the chambermaid) almost into a decline. Not that the poor thing, ma'am, made any complaint; but from her melancholy, and scarcely eating a morsel, I thought to be sure she must be crossed in love; and bepitying her so, I coaxed her to tell me what was on her mind, and by degrees all her griefs came out:—and 'tis not all for herself, but most of it for her mother, a widow, who keeps a little working and drawing-shop, and haberdashery too, in King-Street out of Holborn, in London; and reared honestly nine children, the eldest a daughter, only twen-

ty now, and the youngest, seven: and so, ma'am, about four years ago, the eldest married the young man who drew their best patterns, and they took him into partnership; and they went on very well, until he got a fall off the top of a waggon he mounted to see after a box of goods, and hurt his spine, and goes ever since on crutches, and is beside in a decline; so that the expence of his illness, and adding four children to the family (the wife having twins once forsooth), and some little losses in their trade, all has gone to wrack and ruin for the last six months: and the cruel landlord, wanting to get them out, to make more by his dab of a house, has threatened to distrain for rent, the moment Christmas is turned; so the poor mother, ma'am, goes about in fear of her life, expecting to be arrested, every minute, for debt; and though she suckled Lady Fontsevern, she will do nothing for them; though she has been known to give fifty pounds to her own woman at a time, for paying her a compliment; and will give any sum, in charity, if a grand person asks her for it: but not a shilling will she give the poor Corrys;

though forty pounds should set them up again: and then to be so hard-hearted to the poor girl that's here! Mrs. Beville has taken her in hand; for not a bit of advice would her lady have for her; nor never spares her one bit in attendance upon her:—and yesterday, after the long fag of dressing her for dinner, the poor girl fainted dead away, from fatigue; and, only I wanted to speak to her, and went in, and found her on the floor, Heaven knows but she would have died there.' Oh! how far more fortunate am I!—I am only unhappy; and my dear lady is all kindness"........ and Lucy burst into tears of genuine gratitude.

Julia spoke kindly to Lucy; and when the last bell rung, our heroine descended to the 'drawing-room: the moment she entered, Lord Westbourn flew to greet her, and to commence his formidable attack upon her heart. Soon Julia observed, with horror, the indefatigable pains Lady Hollowell was taking to fascinate Lord Delamore; and with grief she saw, or fancied she saw, his lordship listening with too much satisfaction. But, whatever the feelings of Lord Delamore might appear to be, his

heart was wrung with secret anguish. His jealousy again awakened—though he found the first object what excited it was directed to another, and not his Emily—still he cherished the green-eyed monster in his bosom; who at length led him to Lord Robert Bolton, as the fascinator of Lady Delamore; and we must confess, jealousy often had much less probability to work it's web of misery from.

The pure, the correct, the virtuous Lady Delamore, had often, too often, been pained by the reprehensible imprudence of her sister, Lady Ennerdale; whose powerful vanity led her, most frequently, to the verge of destruction; but vice had never influence to lead her further. In that moment, when humbled Vanity was taught to feel her power for captivation Time had weakened (if not totally destroyed), the young, the handsome, gay, and highly-fashioned, Lord Robert Bolton, bent at her shrine, to pay her homage. The joy, the triumph, of this conquest, in the very desperation of her charms, almost annihilated the trifling stock of prudence this vain and volatile woman ever had possessed, and

led her into more serious danger than she had ever been encompassed by. Lady Delamore's penetration soon led her to observations upon the conduct of her sister with this young man, that awakened the most serious apprehensions; and, trembling for the infatuations of this last triumph of vanity, her anxiety was all awake, to watch and guard her sister.

From this cause, the eyes of Lady Delamore were anxiously, and pensively, directed to her sister and Lord Robert;—from this cause, she sighed, looked grave, turned pale, or trembled, when any marked particularity or tender glances were exchanged between Lord Robert and her sister, to give strength to her painful apprehensions. And as all this attention and emotion was visible to Lord Delamore, without the real cause being known to him, no wonder a being so susceptible of every self-torment imbibed the direful poison of suspicion: but still, though he saw what his fancy directed, he resolved to conceal his feelings under the mask of admiration for the insidious Lady Hollowell; in doing which, he very quickly imparted some of

the anguish of his own breast to the bosom of his Emily.

This day's dinner passed pretty much as that of the preceding one had done; only that Miss Modely seated herself on one side of Lord St. Orville, while Lady Fontsevern secured her station at the other, in defiance of all his manœuvring to avoid them. Lord Delamore paid his open devotions to the highly-gratified Lady Hollowell; whilst his eyes, in secret, attended in agonised solicitude every look and movement of his Emily. Lord Westbourn, by his good generalship, got Julia next to him at table, and teased and disgusted her by his unwelcome attentions and high-wrought adulations.

The ladies remained in the dining-hall much longer than on the preceding day; so that they had been but a short period adjourned to the drawing-room, when Lord Delamore appeared, for Lady Hollowell to proceed in her vile project; Lord Westbourn, to annoy Julia; and Lord St. Orville, to be annoyed by Lady Fontsevern.

The moment tea had been handed about, Lady Hollowell, who had some skill in

music, and knew Lord Delamore was an *amateur*, proposed adjourning to the concert-room. His lordship's politeness compelled him to acquiesce; while his jealous pangs would have found more gratification in remaining to watch the loo party, which was composed of his wife, Lady Ennerdale, Mrs. Fermor, Lord Robert, and Mr. Temple.

In the music-room, all the ladies exerted their powers, by turns, to charm, in playing and singing, except our heroine and Mary, whom Lady Selina took care not to ask to join in the melody. Lady Hollowell had a powerful, but not harmonious voice; but she sung with tolerable taste. Lady Fontsevern had no one requisite for a vocal performer, but a large stock of courage; yet, as she was young, beautiful, and an heiress, she was listened to and applauded.

At length, Lord Delamore, but little charmed, having a mind highly to recompense himself for the fatigue of listening to so much indifferent singing, requested Julia 'to oblige him with one of her beautiful collection of Italian airs.' She instantly complied; and seemed, in her song, to sur-

pass even herself. An attempt had been made, as she began, to call attention from her; but Lord Delamore commanded silence, and every rule of good breeding, in a manner that enforced compliance.

Lord Delamore was, as he ever had been, with Julia's singing fascinated. Lord St. Orville, as usual, felt it too sensibly to applaud it. Lord Westbourn paid his compliments in strains of ecstasy; and Sir Charles and Sir Lucius, were not slow in expressing their unfeigned rapture.

Lord Delamore next requested Julia and Mary to sing a favorite duet of his. But this was not to be suffered by Lady Hollowell. These beautiful girls to attract and fascinate his attention, would militate too dangerously against her plans: she therefore advanced to his lordship, laid her hand gently upon his arm, and looking up in his face, with all the resistless sweetness and chastened tenderness she could press into her countenance, said—

"Not to-night, my good lord. We will have that high treat in expectation; and, for the present, we all solicit a little active amusement. We are perishing with cold,

in this immense room; and beg to play at blindman's-buff."

"Blindman's-buff!" repeated the astonished Lord Delamore. "Why, really, I do not know what to say to that, my dear madam. I know not if Lady Delamore will consider it quite consistent with propriety."

"She cannot object to it," replied her ladyship, with still more winning persuasion in her eyes. "She must know, the world has relaxed considerably in it's opinions, and it's actions, since the period she received her rigid education."

"Lord Delamore colored violently; and most certainly his eyes flashed fire—but not the fire of love. He made no reply: but as Lady Fontsevern kissed him, and coaxed him, and Lord Westbourn, Sir Charles, and Sir Lucius, entreated him to comply, he was everpowered into acquiescence.

Mary had never played at blindman's buff, in all her life; so, as she told Sir Lucius, "she did not know what it was about." Julia had engaged in it with the young Goodwins; and conceiving it could only be played with innocent mirth, as she

and those happy children had played it, made no objection, though thinking the party too old for such a very juvenile sport.

"Miss De Clifford," said Lord St. Orville, "will *you* play at *blindman's-buff?*"

"Oh, yes!" she replied; "for I have sometime, played it, for the little Goodwins: it is much good exercise; and as I am very cold, I shall be glad, a great deal, to join in it, Lord St. Orville."

By Lady Hollowell's command (who took upon herself to be the mistress of the revels), Mr. Primrose was the first hoodwinked; which he by no means relished, as it discomposed his hair. His little mincing pace and manner of roving about, desiring every moment "that they would not neglect the *consigne*, if he approached any post of danger," infinitely amused every one; but in his attempts to catch a substitute, he was always unsuccessful; until Lady Fontsevern, anxious to put herself in the way of general observation, was wilfully taken prisoner by him: and now, not doubting that she should fascinate every beholder in her performance of the blind goddess, she sailed and flourished about the room, showing her

deficiency in grace, her defects of person, and the awkward angles of her limbs, most strikingly; and her observant father struck as much as any one by her defect in symmetry of form, and grace in motion, soon contrived to run into her grasp, so effectually, that she was obliged to acknowlege she had made a captive.

Whether it was, that Lord Westbourn had contrived in his hoodwinking to leave a peephole; or that the veil which Julia wore that day, reaching from her head to the termination of her robe, being in the way; but his lordship, almost immediately, arrested her by her veil. The bandage was now placed on our heroine; and the moment she commenced her task, the eye of admiration rested exclusively on her. Intent upon the pastime, no idea of self was in her thoughts, and every movement was unstudied. Her light and beautiful figure, now all in graceful motion, tripping with agile speed, or turning on the axis of her heel, in playful elegance, and smiling archness, conceiving she had some one near to entrap, showing the whole contour of her form, combined by the happiest efforts of

harmonious symmetry, so much delighting Lord Delamore, that he gazed upon her as if she was the principal dancer in some grand ballet of action, moving there, in the character of Innocence, to fascinate every beholder; nor would he suffer any one to cross her path, lest they should interrupt the exhibition of the most perfect grace in motion he had ever witnessed.

Every one thus kept at a distance by his lordship, Julia at length ceased the manœuvring of her pursuit, exclaiming—"Where I am? for no footstep, at all, I hear. Pray some one, tell for me, am I exhibiting, like goosecap, by myself?" She was answered by the pressure of some one's lips, in a rude kiss, as she raised her head to peep, if possible, from beneath the bandage.

Rage, the most swift and violent, now filled the bosom of our heroine; and, like a young fury, the gentle Julia De Clifford aimed a blow at the offender with one hand, whilst with the other she tore off her hoodwink; and now saw near her, only, Lord St. Orville, standing close to her, with glowing cheeks, eyes flashing indigna-

tion, and a frame trembling with anger equal to her own. Instantly she flew to his arm, as to the arm of protection.

"Ha!" exclaimed Sir Charles, laughing, "you have caught the aggressor."

"No," said Julia, contemptuously, "Lord St. Orville was not, at all, the person, who so insulted me."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Modely, with a sneer, "are you so well acquainted with his lordship's salutations?"

"I am, madam, so well acquainted, with Lord St. Orville's *mind*," said Julia, indignantly, "that well I know, he would not, at all, forget the respect, due for himself, and for me."

"If he had," said Lord Delamore, gravely, and casting a reproachful glance at Lord Westbourn, "I should blush for my son; and I am grieved to think I have a guest who could forget the respect Miss De Clifford so justly claims.—And, Lady Hollowell," continued his lordship, addressing her, "I trust you are now convinced, the antient education of my *antedeluvian wife* was not *quite* so *primitive*, as not to sanc-

tion an opinion, that this pastime had too much of levity in it even for these modern times."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed her ladyship, playfully laying her hand upon his shoulder, "do n't you be fastidious, that 's a dear, though pretty miss is: I declare, we will have our play out. Come, Miss *Prude*, on with your hoodwink again—— unless Lord St. Orville is duly caught."

"I have not caught Lord St. Orville, madam; not at all, caught him. I did only take his arm, for my protection. And as for the blindman's-buff, I will no more, play in it, again:" and she walked to the fire-place, and sat down.

"Pretty prude!"—"Edifying fastidiousness!"—was sneeringly repeated by Lady Hollowell and Miss Modely: and at this moment the loo party entered. Lady Ennerdale, hearing of the blindman's-buff, and having for many years affected the most juvenile amusements in attestation of her youth, had thrown down her cards, and challenged Lord Robert to go and join the sportive party.

Lady Delamore, shocked and dismayed,

closely pursued her sister; and as she earnestly entreated her not to join in so indecorous a diversion, Lord Delamore, falsely conceiving the source which actuated these entreaties, fired more than ever with his jealous frensy, yet with anxiety to conceal his feelings, dashed at once with spirit into the pastime, and romped with Lady Hollowell so entirely to her satisfaction, that she entertained no doubt of soon entrapping him in the snare she had spread for him; whilst Lady Delamore, amazed and terrified at her lord's conduct, so ungenial to his usual dignified gravity, felt some of the most uneasy pangs inflicted by the green-eyed monster; and now, with a tortured heart, feared her cruel destiny had doomed that she should never know the blessing of connubial happiness.

CHAPTER X.

At length our heroine, by no means entertertained by the riot, nor at all comfortable in the idea of the ground Lady Hollowell was apparently gaining in the favor of Lord Delamore, so menacing to his future happiness with his so long-beloved Emily, quitted the scene of action, and retreated to the deserted 'drawing-room; and her heart was so full of concern and apprehension, and her spirits so overpowered, that the moment she found herself indeed alone there, she drew her chair close to the fire, and bursting into tears, was indulging in an unrestrained flow of them, when Lord St. Orville joined her.

"Thank my stars!" he exclaimed, "I have made my escape, and . . . . . Good Heaven! Julia, my . . . . Miss De Clifford, what, what is the matter? are you not well! Oh! speak to me—tell me!"

"I am, very much well, indeed, Lord

St. Orville," she replied. "Why I was, so great deal fool, to cry, was for, my spirits, not lately, quite glad ones, are overpowered, in too soon, time."

"Oh! I wonder not you are subdued by such a perpetual worry as these destroyers of comfort, our present guests, inflict. Little did I ever imagine, I should see my father's house the court of Comus. Oh! that the evil charm was broken—that Selina and her friends were departed; and the castle left in quiet possession of my dear father and mother, Mary, you, and myself! Then my beloved Theodosia would not object to come to us; and then, indeed, we should be comfortable."

"Oh! we should, indeed, be most greatly happy!" said Julia.

"Happy!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, in a hurried tone, and suddenly clasping his hands:—"shall I ever again be happy?"

"Oh! sure I do hope, you may," replied Julia, in a voice of such melting interest, and a look of such resistless sweetness, that Lord St. Orville hastily exclaimed—

"Oh! for pity sake, look not so! nor speak in such a tone as that! or you will

lead me on to betray myself, and make you hate me."

"Betray!" said Julia, in astonishment:—"you surely can betray for yourself, nothing, but of, Lord St. Orville; and as, him, hatred, cannot at all, come near to you."

"Not now, not now, Miss De Clifford," replied Lord St. Orville, bowing, with glowing cheeks, for this heart-prized eulogy, and articulating in almost pitiable agitation—"Not now, can I explain myself. I know it would be ill-timed—premature; not, not compatible with the profound respect you claim: but when I dare enter into an explanation of my unguarded and extraordinary words, when the moment shall arrive in which I think I may venture to disclose to you the secrets and sorrows of my heart, I hope, I trust, you will pity me."

"Oh! if you tell to me, of sorrows you have had, so sure I shall grieve, for you," she replied, in a voice of the tenderest sympathy. Lord St. Orville bowed, and sighed; and strove to speak upon some other subject, less interesting; but he strove in vain, until Julia assisting him, for she pitied him

now. She had construed every word he had uttered, in allusion to his passion for her friend; and the prohibition from speaking to her upon the subject, the obvious one of the indelicacy and impropriety of avowing a tender attachment for a married woman. But what was to remove the interdict of impropriety in acknowleging it to her, she could not determine upon; all she was certain of was, the honor of Lord St. Orville, and the purity of her friend: and, in full belief that time would explain the conduct of both entirely to her satisfaction, she now, anxious to lead his thoughts to a pleasant theme, entered upon a conversation with him about Lord Ashgrove;—a subject they both delighted in, and never seemed to weary of, whenever they could find an opportunity of uninterruptedly entering upon it.

They were both, in full satisfaction, talking of Lord Ashgrove, when they were suddenly broke in upon by Miss Modely; who quickly advanced to them, and taking a chair, joined their party, exclaiming—

"Dear me, how immensely comfortable you are!"

"We were, very comfortable indeed.—At least, I can answer for myself;" said Lord St. Orville, not much delighted by such an interruption to his comfort.

Miss Modely now, with a malicious smile, turned to Julia, and abruptly asked, "When she meant her jealous pangs should be sufficiently appeased, to recall the Marquis of Penmorva?"

Julia, both distressed and astonished, knew not how to reply to so unfeeling and indelicate an address; but instantly Lord St. Orville, with glowing cheeks, started from his seat, saying—

"Miss De Clifford, I know you will oblige me, by playing at chess with me."

"Oh! most certainly," she replied, infinitely grateful to him; and immediately, with his lordship, sat to the table where the chess-board lay: but still Miss Modely, undauntedly, proceeded—

"I hear, the marquis did every thing in his power to induce the beautiful and fascinating Fanny to accompany him abroad; but she preferred the protection of another lover. Pray, was this true, Miss De Clifford?"

Julia felt both indignant and distressed; but perceiving nothing likely to silence the ill-nature and rudeness of this daring woman, but affecting to disregard it, made one effort to appear unembarrassed, and coldly said —

"I am, at all, not in the Marquis of Penmorva's, secrets, Miss Modely."

"And secrets, of such a nature, are the very last, a being, with a mind of spotless purity, like Miss De Clifford, would wish to pry into," said Lord St. Orville.

At this moment, Lord Delamore, with Lady Fontsevern by the hand, entered.

"Ah! there he is, indeed!" exclaimed her ladyship, whimpering:—"How could you, lord St. Orville, be so unkind to leave me, before our play was ended?"

Lord St. Orville felt very much provoked, as well as embarrassed; but instantly replied, with all the sweetness of urbanity and good-temper —

"I fear, Lady Fontsevern, there exists some very serious mistake, which perhaps Lord Delamore can explain to you: for my own part, I understand it not; nor do I know how you can call me unkind, for

quitting a room where the guests of my father were assembled. Had you called my *politesse* in question, I had been less surprised; because then, perhaps, might exist some foundation, clear to my comprehension, for an accusation."

"As you have not commenced your game, Miss De Clifford will excuse my taking you away, St Orville, as we are going to dance; and our party is too small, to admit of your not joining it: and Lady Fontsevern will do you the honor of being your partner;" said Lord Delamore, gravely, to his son, at whose conduct to Lady Fontsevern he was highly chagrined.

"My lord, if I am not permitted to contribute to Miss De Clifford's amusement at chess," replied Lord St. Orville, with a degree of spirit he had never before evinced to his father, and which startled Lord Delamore, and awakened the dawning of a suspicion he had never formed an idea of, "I certainly feel myself bound to solicit the honor of her hand, in the amusement we are called to; and sincerely do I hope she will have the goodness to make me happy in condescending to be my partner;"

and gracefully he bowed to Julia, with the most profound respect.

Julia was sensibly hurt and mortified, at this unusual conduct of Lord Delamore to her, even now deficient in politeness; and with much dignified feeling, yet combined with all her native sweetness, said, "To you, Lord St. Orville, I am much grateful; for you never lose the thought for me, that to respect, and attention, I have not ever, forfeited my claim; but to-night, I cannot have the possibility for pleasure, to dance with you.——Lord Delamore, the much amiable *politesse*, of your son, has no longer interference, with your arrangement; my ankle yet, is of too bad condition, to allow for my happiness, to be his partner."

Lord Delamore felt disconcerted and embarrassed: though assured Julia merited every slight from him he could show to her, he yet was hurt at her resentment.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, with animated concern—"Oh! Miss De Clifford, how could *I* forget *that* from which *you* suffer! True, true, you must not dance, or walk, or do any thing to retard your recovery; but your movements to-night were

so agile—so—so—who could have looked at you, and conceived you still suffered from your sprain!"

The suspicion of Lord Delamore gathered strength; his embarrassment increased: he could not, in this moment, attempt any apology to Julia; and fearing Lady Fontsevern might feel suspicious too, he hastily said—

"Come, Alfred, lead out Lady Fontsevern.—Lord Westbourn will be much grieved, Miss De Clifford, to find your inability to join in the meditated amusement; for he intends soliciting for himself the happiness of dancing with you."

"Lord Westbourn, my lord!" said Julia, haughtily—"Lord Westbourn, would find much greater impediment, for my again, any more, entering into amusements, with him, than my sprained, ankle."

Horror the most direful, pervaded every faculty of Lord Delamore's frame, as he perceived the indignant fire kindling in the eyes of his son as Julia spoke.

"Alfred," he lowly and tremulously said, "remember Mandeville;—and your sister's present misery!" then turning to Julia, he

raised his voice to it's usual pitch, and addressed her.—

"The insult you received to-night must be totally attributed to me, for permitting any pastime beneath my roof that could subject an innocent young woman to such an indignity. I alone am the aggressor; and those who cherish resentment, after this avowal of my fault, and my further acknowlegement that I have never felt more mortified or humbled at an error, can only cherish it in condemnation of me."

Lord St. Orville snatched his father's hand, pressed it with fervor, smiled in affection at him, and with a bow of submission told his resentment was disarmed. The eyes of Lord Delamore glistened, in tears of gratified tenderness; and now, turning to Julia, said—

"Will you forgive me, for the indignity I caused you?"

"Will I? Oh! for certainly, if you do think it, worth at all your thought, Lord Delamore."

Lord St. Orville now, in obedience to his father, led out Lady Fontsevern, who went off, smiling, in all the resistless sweetness

she could assume; and Lord Delamore, though harbouring much resentment against our heroine, yet felt her fascinations so powerfully, he grieved at the slights his fancied injuries led him to show her; and now, with a half-conciliating smile, offered his hand to lead her to the concert-room. The half-smile was sufficient to disarm Julia's little displeasure; unhesitatingly she gave him her hand; and they were closely following Lord St. Orville, when they met Lady Delamore.

"Lord Delamore," said she, in a tone, and with a look, of great anxiety, "you are so fatigued by that odious romping play, I trust you will not be so imprudent as to join in this dancing."

"Oh! for worlds," he replied, "I would not fail; as I am engaged to Lady Hollowell."

"For *worlds*, not dance with Lady Hollowell!" repeated Lord Delamore, in a hurried tremulous tone. Lord Delamore's heart rebounded with violence; his step was instantly arrested; and he turned his head to look at his Emily; when, unfortunately, just entered, through another door, Lord

Robert Bolton, come with a message from Lady Ennerdale to her sister; and though only a request for her lavender-water, he thought proper to deliver it in the low soft tone of a tender whisper, and with the lover-like air he was in the habit of practising to every woman past the horror of extreme youth.

Lord Delamore now imbibed every misery from his present observations; and all the fond hopes, but just awakened, were thrown down with violence. Now he almost franticly hurried our heroine along, to the concert-room; where he seised the ready hand of Lady Hollowell, joined the dance, and paid her the most marked and flattering adulation during the remainder of the evening.

Lady Delamore sat pensive and sad, in this scene of hilarity, an anguished spectator at her lord's conduct, and now believing her every hope of happiness was on the wing for ever; and Lord Delamore still augmenting the tortures of his jealous pangs, by attributing the evident melancholy of his wife to the glaring attention and homage Lord Robert Bolton paid to his part-

ner, Lady Ennerdale; Lady Hollowell not diminishing his misery, by her well-managed remarks, and by asking Lady Selina, in his lordship's hearing,

"Why Lady Delamore and Lord Robert Bolton, who had been such *obvious friends* in town, during the last winter, now took so much pains to avoid speaking to each other?"

From having only six couple, dancing did not continue long; but it occasioned supper, and the hour of retiring, to be extremely late; so that Julia, notwithstanding her uneasiness relative to the menaced happiness of Lord and Lady Delamore, was so fatigued by raking, that, in despite of sadness, she sunk to rest almost as soon as her head reclined upon her pillow: and in a tranquil sleep Lucy found her at three o'clock, when she entered her room, with the unwelcome intelligence of little Edward's being extremely ill, and crying for his dear mamma to come and make him well.

CHAPTER XI.

In great distress and alarm, Julia hurried on her clothes, and hastened to her *protégée*, with whom she found both Mrs. Beville and Mrs. Seabright; the former in well-founded apprehensions for his safety. She had lost no time in administering those medicines she thought his case required; but as they produced little benefit, Mrs. Seabright at length declared, " she was certain the child would die, he had such a surprising understanding for his years; and she had never known an instance, except in Lord St. Orville, of a child of surpassing abilities ever living to maturity."

Julia was shocked at the suggestion, although not convinced by it's argument. She believed, that the frequent death of early genius arose, not from actually having a greater share of endowments than other children, but through calling intellect into serious action before the frame was sufficiently strengthened, by age, to endure the

labor of mental exertion; and by instruction, too soon, undertaking the expansion of those early talents, while inattentive to the constitution, that must suffer from toils which infant imbecility had not power to sustain. She believed the faculties of children's minds Nature ordained should "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength;" and that premature talents onght not, from the vanity of the parent or the teacher, to be forced too much in the hot-bed of early cultivation: and she had long determined, should Lord Delamore not disapprove her plan, to act like the judicious gardener, who not only shields the too early blossom of the spring from the biting frosts and noxious blights, but restrains it's forward growth, aware that untimely fruit possesses not the health, or flavor, of that which comes in due season; and to keep the too quickly expanding intellect of her little *protégée* as much in the shade of inaction as possible, until his health, deriving improvement from being the first object of her care should give his constitution power to keep pace with the energies of his mind: then to draw forth his intellectual endow-

ments, in good promise that his mind and frame, uninjured by premature efforts, might unfold in fullest vigor; and, hand in hand, co-operate in leading the votary of science to perfection.

About five o'clock, Mrs. Beville found it necessary to call in the aid of Mr. Manlove, who was seriously alarmed for the life of the child; but speedily giving him more potent medicines than Beville had ventured to administer, every apprehension for his safety happily terminated by seven o'clock: but, though all danger was removed, the poor little fellow still required care, rest, and medicine, to perfect his recovery. Mr. Manlove pronounced him to be a delicate plant, that would demand much attention in rearing. His constitution had been injured by penury, neglect, and cruel treatment: and now they all agreed in believing, the late hours he was kept up to, every night, to please Lady Fontsevern; the variety of cloying sweetmeats and fruit, with the luscious wines, she gave him at the desert each day; were the causes of his present illness: and Julia severely censured herself for permitting it; and now resolved to

take effectual means for preventing a continuation of such pernicious indulgence, by representing the matter to Lord Delamore.

About eight o'clock, our heroine left her *protégée* in a refreshing slumber, and went to her toilet: after the performance of her task there, and her sacred duties, she wrote a few lines, upon business, to Mrs. Goodwin; and then attended in time the breakfast party, in Lady Delamore's *boudoir*. The pale cheeks, and languid eyes, of her ladyship, too plainly evinced her night had been sleepless; and having heard from Beville how our heroine's had passed, Lady Delamore was not surprised to see her look so infinitely fatigued, but expressed much tender sympathy for the cause.

Lord St. Orville evinced the most animated solicitude about Julia's fatigue, and the danger of her interesting *protégée*; and was full of apprehensions, lest her toil and anxiety should affect her health; and earnestly he entreated her to allow him admission to see poor Edward in the course of the morning, which she readily granted.

The moment breakfast was ended, Lord

St. Orville implored his friends assembled there to send him on some embassy immediately from the castle: "For," said he, "I heard Lady Hollowell, last night, propose to my father an excursion to Lambert castle, this morning. All the party are to go in curricles; and, if I do not abscond in time, I shall be compelled to the misery of a *tête-à-tête* with Lady Fontsevern, by driving her in mine."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Julia, "somebody, take compassion, for poor Lord St. Orville; and send him from, so great deal annoyance." She was now instantly tinted over with the brightest shade of vermilion, convinced she had spoken an impropriety, in expressing her dislike to Lady Fontsevern; for though she was soon dissatisfied with her as a wife for Lord St. Orville, and that Lucy's intelligence had taught her to recoil from her, still she was the woman Lord Delamore had selected for the wife of his son. Her beautiful eyes now sought the ground; and, with much embarrassment, she strove to rectify her error, and proceeded—"I do mean, as Lord St. Orville

himself, has much objection, to..... has not wish, to go out, in his curricle, this morning."

Lady Delamore had been heart-struck by the intelligence of this *tête-à-tête* curricle party; and particularly trembled for the health of her lord, after his late rheumatic fever, to go, in an open carriage, through a piercing easterly wind; a road too, where there was no shelter: but Julia's speech, and subsequent embarrassment, interested her so much, they drew her from her painful musing; and with a smile, with tinctured by the melancholy of her heart, she said—

"Go you, Julia, with him in his curricle; and you will destroy his reluctance to go, and effectually rescue him from society that would annoy him."

"Oh!" replied Julia, gravely, "they would not let, it, for me. It is now, such difficulty, to speak one word, at all, to Lord St. Orville, I do believe, Lady Delamore, they think I put very bad things into his head, about some of them; for when I wish, to talk to him, some of them come, like, evil destiny, to make prevention for me; and not one oftener, than

Lord Delamore himself; and that is the great grief of all. For why?—It seems, he feared, I was much bad in treachery, and wanted to do mischief, in Lord St. Orville's head; and tell to him of things, I have not right, to interfere among."

"It is very true, my love," replied her ladyship, sighing; "my lord is strangely altered! But as you wish to speak to him, relative to your *protégée*, and that he is going to attend Lady Hollowell's party, you had better not delay your conference, lest you should have no opportunity again to-day; and to-morrow, I doubt not, there will be some party."

"I would conduct you, Miss De Clifford, to my father," said Lord St. Orville; "only, he would desire me to join the party, and then I could not but go with them. To secure my morning's happiness, I will abscond; and no one shall know what is become of me, until the procession of curricles is on it's way to Lambeth castle."

His lordship now took leave; and Julia sent to request half an hour's audience of Lord Delamore, who returned a polite assent to her request, when she immediately

attended him. He received her with the half-cordial, half-repellent manner, which a heart obstinately attached to her, in defiance of every prejudice, with resentment glowing for the firm belief of a heavy offence, or rather injury, inspired.

Julia hastened to impart to his lordship the alarming illness of their mutual *protégée*, and it's cause; and to entreat him to cooperate with her in future, to prevent such mistaken indulgences. Most feelingly she represented the injury such proceedings were not only likely to inflict upon the delicate constitution of poor Edward, but upon his future happiness:—painted, in all the impressive coloring of truth, the impropriety of giving a child of such humble birth and expectations a taste for luxuries, that, as life advanced, he could not without imprudence, nay imprudence which might lead him on to overstep even the bounds of integrity, indulge in:—spoke of the misery he must naturally experience when forced to conform to the plain living of a school, after such unnecessary indulgence; when possibly idleness, indolence, and a dislike to

learning, might ensue from a transition he must most forcibly feel.

Lord Delamore listened with pleased, nay delighted, attention to her; and, perfectly coinciding in her opinion, promptly acceded to all her requests; and they mutually agreed, that Edward was no more to appear at the dessert, except when the family should be totally alone.

Our heroine now adverted to a plan she had very much at heart, for the juvenile education of Edward.

Lord Delamore highly approved her plan; and, with the sincerity of cordial admiration, he spoke an eulogium upon that benevolence which prompted, and that judgement which so judiciously arranged, it.

"Oh, Lord Delamore!" said Julia, blushing, in retiring bashfulness, at the encomiums he bestowed upon her, "poor child, deprived in almost infancy, from tender parent, and left for cruelty, to torture, as it reared, must be object, of peculiar interest for me." The expression of her countenance, and the tone of her voice, all drawn from the sad pangs of experience, touched

every fibre of sensibility in the bosom of Lord Delamore. Eagerly he snatched her hand, pressed it with sympathising kindness; and, whilst he earnestly gazed in her face with pained and anxious inquiring eyes, exclaimed, with great emotion —

" Is it — can it, be possible, that Julia De Clifford, apparently so pure, so sweet, so gifted with every mental treasure, is indeed a dissimulator ?"

" My lord !" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of amazed horror and indignation, mingled forcibly.

" Ten thousand pardons," he replied, " for using so harsh an expression ; but. . . ."

" But it was in your heart, for me, Lord Delamore, and I am much happy, it did escape you. It has been a painful conviction for me, that I had loss of (what I great deal prized) your good thoughts for me ; and now, when so horrible accusation, has sprung from the bar of your heart, against me, you cannot, make great wonder, that I do demand the trial ; that I insist to know, the bad charge, you have made condemnation of me, from ? "

" Does, then, no conscious presentiment

inform you?—Oh, Miss De Clifford! when my heart, overflowing with it's anguished feelings, confided it's sorrows to you;—when, deceived by appearances, that portrayed you to me, at the moment, as almost a pitying angel, come to hear and soothe my griefs;—I made it my solemn request, that my secrets might remain sacred in your breast; and you promised that secresy with such an appearance of heavenly sincerity, that implicity I believed you."

"Well, my Lord!" said Julia, panting with impatience.

"Oh, no, Miss De Clifford, it was not well! for you betrayed those sacred deposits of my heart; revealing all to my wife, my son, and teaching them, by the most subtile means, to work upon my sensitive feelings; inculcating in their minds a belief that I was a vain visionary, who sought for what could never exist for me—affection; and, leading them to consider mine a distemper almost of the brain, taught them to soothe my malady, and beguile me into the falacious hope I had been deceived in the conviction of their detestation of me."

Julia's heart felt, and her countenance

expressed, the most painful amazement, mingled with the deepest concern. "This is, indeed, a charge much dreadful, Lord Delamore," she said; "for I have not means, to make contradiction, of it. I have nothing for offering, in my vindication, but the small testimony, of my simple, word. If Lady Delamore, and Lord St. Orville, have changed their nature, at my persuasion; and turned for once, to be contemptible, in my school for art; their word is not longer conviction in the cause for truth; nor would their word, in favor, of their very bad confederate, make much good for me. I will not at all ask, who are the accusers of me, because I can very well make, supposition of them; but it is very, greatly, unfortunate, to have accusers, so much able, for the task. My forfeiture of your good favor, is small matter, in the consequence; for that, is only pain, for me; while for you, the root to happiness is struck at, Lord Delamore; and it is, foe for you, not for me, that has made, this dreadful stigma, of me.

"They did fear me, Lord Delamore, for the humble agent, to your pitying destiny;

that was leading you, to that much happiness, you for time, so great while, did take all pains, to shun. They have made success, in throwing from me, your favor; but, oh! beware, how they do indeed lead you, from happiness; from the good wife, who has regard for you, of much tenderness. The confidence, you honored me with, at your request, I was to consider sacred; and from that moment, it became for deposit of such trust, I did lock it, Lord Delamore, within, the most secret sanctuary, of all my heart; and the seal for silence, was fixed, by the rigid stamp to rectitude, upon it.

"This for me, is much terrible charge, since, to me only, you did make your secret; and that, being revealed, does tell too surely, that I have been culpable, in perfidy. But how heard of it, my accusers? It was not much natural, that I should say to them, of my own great fault; nor is it of more probability, that those, who were making benefit, from my perfidy, should so impolitic be, to disclose the secret, or to tell of, my bad deed."

Every word, look, and tone, of Julia,

bore resistless testimony to the heart of Lord Delamore, and led him firmly to believe her innocent; but still his reason doubted, and he was puzzled.—"For how came it known, that to her he had disclosed the secrets of his heart? And how came it, that every word which passed between them in the library, at the moment of Lord St. Orville's arrival, should be repeated to him, if Julia was faithful?" Lord Delamore now, with candor and kindness, imparted to her all his feelings led him to believe of her innocence, and all his reason urged against her.

"And reason," she said, "must be your guide, until incontestible proof, for my innocence, does come, Lord Delamore."

"Oh, no!" he replied; "for that, I find, would be an impossibility: my heart feels a thorough conviction of your having been calumniated; and that testimony my heart is full of, now acquits you."

"No, Lord Delamore," said Julia, with solemn energy, "the proof presumptive, makes very much strong, against me; and this is a charge, of most terrible nature; and in equity for myself, I demand acquittal,

from judgement, not partiality. For your kind heart, to me, you claim, and have, my much warm gratitude; and your good thoughts for me, make creation of greater anxiety for my wish, to prove, I do deserve them. In unequivocal merit, for your favor, will I be restored to it, Lord Delamore; or else, not ever; and until we see for, that much I fear me, improbable event, I do entreat, your judgement to shut from your heart, that kindness, and partiality, which may great deal, mislead you."

"To shut out kindness and partiality from my heart, for you, Miss De Clifford, is a task I cannot promise to perform," replied Lord Delamore, affectionately taking her hand; "but this I solemnly pledge myself for—Not to rest, until I prove your innocence."

"Oh! how much of goodness, have I to be grateful, to Lord Delamore for!" said Julia, tears trembling in her eyes. "But where, alas! can you at all for proof, seek? The secret has been betrayed; and I stand declared, the only repeater, in possibility. We could not for certainly, have the auricular inquisitor; the immeasurable thick-

ness, to the walls, precludes quite away, that hope for me;—although, when I did open the door, to go from you, I have good recollection for, the sound of retreating, in much hurry, footsteps."

"In what direction?" eagerly demanded his lordship.

"From corner yonder; along to the door, which leads out of the anti-room, into the grounds:—but that," she added, mournfully, "is consequence none; we could not, for certainly, in this spot, be overheard."

"No," replied Lord Delamore, thoughtfully;—"unless yonder closet, where old law papers and family archives are deposited, contained an inquisitor:—but the door out of that closet into the anti-chamber has not been opened since the period of my coming of age; and the key has remained locked up by me, with several others of consequence, since that remote time."

At this moment the door bounced open, and in rushed Lady Hollowell and Lady Selina Stratton, who were completely electrified at finding Lord Delamore and the odious De Clifford engaged in such a seri-

ous *tête-à-tête.* Lady Selina darted a glance of demoniac malice at our heroine; and Lady Hollowell one not more amiable, as she rudely pushed by her to lay her hand upon the shoulder of Lord Delamore, to whom she now languishingly said—

"Come, dear Lord Dela! are you not, like me, all impatience for our delightful excursion?"

At this moment Lady Delamore entered, followed by Lord Robert Bolton.—"My Lord," said she, in a tone of hurried solicitude, addressing her husband, "I find you are going to Lambert castle in your curricle. The day is intensely cold; and I wish I could influence you to give up your plan, until a better day, or either to go on horseback or in a close carriage."

"La!" my dear Lady Delamore!" said Lady Hollowell, with a supercilious sneer, "what a supererogation of care is this! The day is fine, seasonable, and bracing; and none but puny children, or *old* women, can shrink from it's breezes."

"What the feelings of puny children, or *old* women, may be, I cannot know," replied Lady Delamore, with spirit. "But it

is a day, Lady Hollowell, that any wife, anxious for the preservation of her husband's health, must wish him not to be exposed to the inclemency of, in the danger of inaction."

"You are right, Lady Delamore; for you would find it a wretched thing to be deprived at once from all the consequence and magnificence that now surrounds you, and become, like me, a small-jointured dowager, to be on the perpetual struggle to keep up appearances," said Lady Hollowell, maliciously.

"I should indeed, madam, find widowhood so very wretched," replied Lady Delamore, with touching emphasis, "that I am anxious to do every thing in my power to preserve my husband's life:—and so, Lord Delamore, permit me now, in aid of my resolution, to reign Lady Paramount for once, and to put a decided negative upon your going out in your curricle this morning."

Lord Delamore would have been absolutely ecstasied at the anxiety so unequivocally expressed by his wife for him, had she not been attended thither by Lord Robert;

but Lord Robert, the attendant of his Emily, poisoned all his joy, turned all his tenderness to jealous asperity; and with bitterness he said—

"I wish you not to take the trouble of making arrangements for me, Lady Delamore. I shall go exactly by whatever mode is most pleasing to the wishes of Lady Hollowell."

Lady Delamore attempted no reply: she courtesied acquiescence, and, taking Julia's arm, silently left the room; but her look of heart-directed grief, of meek submission to the misery of her fate, superadded to the elegance and striking grace with which she made her obedient courtesy and retired, struck to the very soul of Lord Delamore; and instantly he would have followed her, to clasp her to his throbbing heart, had not Lady Hollowell at this moment rapidly said—

"Which, Lord Robert, do you pass your morning with—Lady Delamore, *tête-à-tête*, or with her sister, *tête-à-tête*—in your curricle, on our party?"

Lord Delamore's heart again imbibed the poison of jealousy; his brow contracted;

and, sad and gloomy, he remained, to listen, and to gather all he could learn destructive to his peace.

"I know not what your ladyship means by *tête-à-tête*, expressed so emphatically!" replied Lord Robert, coloring with indignation.

"Why," she said, "there are some *tête-à-têtes* that mean nothing at all; some are on a platonic system; and some the world will attach meaning to, of some kind or another. And pray, in which are we to class yours with Lady Ennerdale? In some serious one, I apprehend, from the indefatigable anxiety of Lady Delamore to interrupt you, and pitiable uneasiness while you pay your marked attentions to her sister;—or is it because sisters can be sisters every way, in fancy and all?........But, bless me! how I have rattled! Forgetting Lord Delamore and Lady Selina were present........ Pray, pray, my friends, forgive me! I did but jest.—Nay, do n't look grave, Lord Dela—I know your *caro sposa* is a perfect snowdrop of propriety."

"Any apology for what you have said of Lady Delamore is totally unnecessary, Lady

Hollowell, to Lady Selina or myself," replied Lord Delamore, gravely.—"To Lady Selina, because you can say nothing degrading of her mother that will not give her pleasure;—to me, because any thing that can be said to depreciate my wife I shall disbelieve."

Lord Delamore, though tortured by jealous suspicion of his Emily, would not suffer the breath of calumny to glance at her; and the look which accompanied his address to her insidious calumniator, was certainly not very flattering. Lady Hollowell found she had taken a wrong course; now saw she must more judiciously contrive to inflame his too visibly awakened jealousy, without openly casting reflections upon his wife, since those he would not hear.

Lady Isabella Harville now came skipping into the room, almost wild with joy, to tell Lord Robert, he and her mother were to go in a *barouche*, and she was to go along with them.—"I may thank dear, dear Aunt Delamore, for that! She made it a point with mamma, to go in a *barouche*, and take me with her; or I should have been left behind;" said Lady Isabella.—"But, though

I am so happy, there are others crying. St. Orville can't be found; is gone out on horseback, nobody knows where; and so Lady Fontsevern is blubbering like a baby."

This *thrusting* Lady Isabella into the carriage with her mother and Lord Robert, Lord Delamore now conceived to be a plan prompted by his Emily's jealousy, to interrupt a *tête-à-tête*; and now, more wretched, if possible, than ever, he set out upon this party, to be assailed by the artifices of the syren Lady Hollowell.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY DELAMORE, leaning on the arm of her beloved Julia, walked directly from the library to the dining-room, where she filled out a glass of water, and, still without speaking, drank it. Our heroine was herself so much affected by all that had passed in the library, and with fears now so forcibly awakened for the peace of Lady Delamore, that she felt she required the aid of water too. Both now sat down; and each, afraid of speaking, or looking, lest an interchange of words or glances might overthrow the firmness they were struggling for, remained absorbed in silence, and with downcast eyes, for nearly half an hour; when the thoughtful pause was broken by Lady Delamore herself.—

"Julia," said her ladyship, in a sad and tremulous voice, "I will now visit your poor sick Edward."

Our heroine instantly arose, to accompany her; and, stealing a glance at her in-

teresting companion, was affected almost to tears, by the melancholy, yet firm, resignation her countenance expressed, to that misery she believed was now hers for life.

Together they went to Lucy's chamber, where Edward lay, in his own little bed. They found him going on extremely well, and now in great joy to see them both. As Julia was come to stay the remainder of the morning with him, she sent Lucy to bed, in her aunt's room, promising to have her called when she wanted her. Lady Delamore continued with Julia, until summoned by Mrs. Fermor to set out to Sedley, where they were going for Ann Beaumont: Lady Delamore thinking it but fair, as she had volunteered in coming to the castle in the season of sickness and affliction, to have her there during the time of gaiety.

Mary now came to sit with Julia by Edward's bedside; and they worked and chatted, or kindly and tenderly amused and attended the child, until he fell into a profound sleep. Talking was now at an end; solemn stillness reigned; and at length Julia, overpowered by her night of watching, gradually found her eyelids weighed down

with drowsiness; and as she sat in her chair, giving a parting smile of adieu to Mary, reclined her head on Edward's pillow, and joined him in his sweet and tranquil repose.

After a long sleep, the child awoke, and seeing who was slumbering by him, he softly kissed her cheek; but, gently as he did so, it disturbed her. Instantly she started up, and began to apologise, for her sleeping, to Mary, when her eyes encountered Lord St. Orville. She now blushed, and hastily exclaimed—

"Lord St. Orville here! Why, you did not, awake me, dear, Miss Mildmay?"

"Lord St. Orville would not allow me," Mary replied. "After your night of fatigue, he said it would be an absolute crime."

"Always, his lordship, is so, very good; and so is, Miss Mildmay;" said Julia, again blushing, and feeling embarrassed; although conscious there could be nothing of impropriety in being seen sleeping in her chair: and, scarcely knowing at the moment what to say, she asked, "how long she had been napping?"

"Above two hours," Mary said.

Julia was astonished.—"And you have been, alone, from my infirmity to sleep, almost all, that much while, poor Miss Mildmay!" she said.

"Oh, no!" replied Mary, "Lord St. Orville has been with me almost the whole of the time."

Again Julia blushed, and said—"It was a horrid dull, vigil for them."

"Not in the least," replied Mary; "I had my work, and my lord a book; but I think I made more of my employment, than his lordship.—I believe," she continued, smiling, "you found your contemplations more interesting than your book, Lord St. Orville?—And so, Miss De Clifford, there sat his lordship, literally watching by you as you slept, sketching on the blank leaves of his book, seraphim and cherubim, all the time you and Edward napped, not once dreaming who was so near you."

"Nay, not for exactly so," replied Julia, smiling:—"since now you talk of dreaming, I was dreaming, very much, all, about Lord St. Orville."

"Dreaming of me!" exclaimed his lord-

ship; his eyes emanating such rays of joy, that any observer might naturally suppose that Julia's dreaming of him was to make his fortune. "Oh! may I — may I not hear your dream, in which I was so honored?"

"Not honored, exceedingly much, I think," said Julia, smiling; "for I used you, a great deal shabbily. I had for thought, we were in the convent, of Santo Sebastiano, in Sicily; and that the abadessa, told for us, to gather flowers, to deck the *alta* with; and when we got into the garden, I ran away from you, and left you by yourself, in such gloomy walk, where there were not flowers, at all, to gather; nothing but bad thorns, to wound you, and I had not pity, for you. Myself the while, did in a gay parterre, make bad choice, of flowers; gay to look at, but they, had not sweets, and withered as I plucked them: but all at once, I thought of you, and was sorry very much, I left you; and so then, you did come to me; and I took you where, the balms to heal, your wounds, did grow, and your hand no more did bleed; and then we found the right garden, where flowers

were, so sweet, so lasting, and not one thorn at all, among them; and so you did gather, all the sweetest for me, and I sought the prettiest, for you; and then while we did, so much happily make the beautiful, and fragrant wreaths, of our fancy, to make decoration for the *alta*, Edward awoke me."

Lord St. Orville was so agitated by Julia's dream, that he could attempt no comment on it; and just at this moment, Edward asking for some nourishment, prevented our heroine from looking at his lordship, or she would, by the expression of his countenance, have been led to suspect, what almost every individual in the castle, except herself, was convinced of, or at least were beginning to discover: and now, after Julia tenderly fed her little interesting and affectionate *protégée*, she, Mary, and his lordship, fell into an animated conversation, which lasted until Edward again slept, when all once more was silence. Mary and Julia did some work; Lord St. Orville again took his book, but did not prove a very attentive reader. At length, the first bell ringing for dinner awoke Edward, and one of

the housemaids came in to remain with him.

The housemaid desired to know "if she must not awaken Lucy, to assist Julia in dressing?" but Julia would not permit it.— "I can very well, dress myself, without assistance, good Ann; and would not have poor Lucy, taken from rest, now at all, after her much fatigue, all night."

"And you endured a night of similar fatigue, Miss De Clifford," said Lord St. Orville, in a tone of ardent solicitude; "and you have not gone to rest."

"Oh, yes; you do make forget, of my long sleep, for two whole hours, in which your humanity, inflicted for you, and poor Miss Mildmay, the penance to sit, silent."

Mary had taken his lordship's book out of his hand, and now presented it, open, to Julia:—"There," said she, "see how well his lordship employed himself in his penance."

Julia was charmed; for she beheld a beautiful sketch of Edward, as a sleeping cherub, excellently done, and extremely like him. "Oh! Lord St. Orville!" she exclaimed, "known had I, you drew like this, I should have made, trouble for you,

to do correction, of the drawings, I am attempting for Lady Delamore."

"Correct your drawings, Miss De Clifford!" replied his lordship with energy—"what can improve perfection?"

Julia blushed; and from that moment set a higher value upon her talents for drawing than she had ever before done.

"And this was some more of his lordship's employment—how do you like this?" said Mary, turning to another leaf, and showing an admirable sketch of our heroine, as a seraph sleeping.

And now Julia colored more deeply than before. She felt pleased, and flattered; for she instantly knew herself; thought the drawing uncommonly fine, but the portrait infinitely too handsome for her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "this very fine sketch, is not so true for likeness, as that, you made for Edward, Lord St. Orville. In this, it is very much plain, you thought only of, what was, the countenance of seraph; not of the mortal, whose, whose......." Julia now hesitated; and in a moment ceased to speak. To proceed, she found would only be to lay a snare for a compliment; a thing

she ever sedulously avoided. She blushed again; felt completely embarrassed; disliking too the leaving a sentence unfinished, which seemed to betray a confusion of intellect, or a consciousness of something that could not, or ought not, to be expressed.

"What!" said Mary, ever kind in assisting the embarrassed, "you think it, I will lay any wager, too beautiful for you. Lord St. Orville does not think it one-fifty-thousandth part beautiful enough. So now, what could be done in this dreadful disagreement in opinion, only for me? who step in as a sort of mediator—a reconciling friend; who assures Miss De Clifford, that it is not one bit more beautiful than the fair original; and to satisfy the artist's humble opinion of his own performance, by asking him, Who can paint like nature? or what pencil could portray those emanations of countenance which give such fascination here?........attempting to touch Julia, who dexterously turned the intended touch to Mary's self, making her the object of her own eulogium. She performed this little manœuvre so playfully, and with such ini-

mitable grace, that Lord St. Orville was both amused and charmed; while Mary laughed, at her own apparent vanity.

They all now separated, and proceeded to their several apartments to dress: Julia still thinking of the beautiful sketch Lord St. Orville had made of her, and wondering "if indeed he did think it not handsome enough? or was it only Miss Mildmay's mirth to say so?—It was a matter of no great consequence, certainly," she thought, "but still she had an idle curiosity to know if Lord St. Orville considered her handsome at all. He was himself, certainly, very beautiful; she had always thought so: even when so much in love with that terrible Fitzroy, she considered Lord St. Orville's countenance finer, more expressive of mind and sweetness; and though his figure was not a bit more true in symmetry than Fitzroy's, it certainly was more graceful in action;—and then, Lord St. Orville was so good! and, oh! so like Lady Storamond!"

And now, with her thoughts full of all this grace, and beauty, and finely-drawn sketches, Julia seemed inspired with unusual

abilities in arranging the drapery for her own lovely form this day; and, unconscious of bestowing a thought upon it, she displayed more exquisite taste in the becoming simplicity of her dress, than she had ever before evinced; and being longer about it, she had only just time to take a peep at Edward, before she entered the 'drawing-room; when, the instant she made her appearance there, Lord Westbourn took his station by her side, paying her the most adulating attention; nor could the repelling gravity of her manner to succeed him in shaking off so, to her, disagreeable an attendant.

Lord St. Orville, resolutely overcoming every impediment thrown by Lady Fontsevern to prevent him, made his way to Julia, and took a seat beside her. Lord Westbourn had now less chance than ever to be listened to with complacency; and he, in dismay, saw destruction to all his project. Lord St. Orville's ardent love for Julia seemed no longer under the control of disguise. She attended to him with deference and respect;—with more than respect, with affectionate regard;—and,

though not yet in love, he feared she was in the high-road to it. But though Lord Westbourn saw all this, he determined now to shut his eyes against conviction; and still to go on, in hopes that, though his daughter was clearly thrown out, yet he himself, by some means (even by stratagem), might eventually prove successful; and therefore a suspicion to Lord Delamore, or Lady Fontsevern, of the discovery he had made of the state of Lord St. Orville's heart, he resolved not to breathe.

As a Colonel and Mrs. Darnley, their two daughters and three sons, particular friends of Sir Charles Stratton's, were to dine at the castle this day, dinner was rather later than usual; the Darnleys being detained by an accident upon the road: and as the inmates of the castle sat momentarily expecting these new guests, Julia observed, with pain, that though Lady Delamore looked uncommonly lovely, yet her countenance wore the pensiveness of deep-felt sorrow; and looking from her, as she sighed in sympathy, to her self-afflicting Lord, beheld him with looks so indicative of serious illness, that, highly alarmed, she commu-

nicated her apprehensions of Lord Delamore's indisposition to his son. Instantly Lord St. Orville, infected by her fears, flew to his father, who was standing at a window; hastily caught his hand, and, with all the solicitude of tenderness portrayed in his countenance, and tears of alarmed affection, starting to his eyes, he said—

"Alas! my mother's apprehensions of the bleak east wind to-day were too well founded, and you are ill!"

"Ill!" repeated Lord Delamore, in a hurried tone—"No, Alfred, I am too, too well."

The unequivocal concern, and anxious uneasiness, expressed by Lord St. Orville in his entreaties now to his father to take care of himself, though all were delivered in the low tones of caution, lest his mother should overhear them, were balm to his afflicted father's heart; who now felt it as some consolation, that though the affection of his wife was not for him, his inestimable son, without a doubt, regarded him.

"Since my life is prized by you, Alfred, I will think it worth the pain of preserving," he replied, in a tone of the most affecting despondence.

At this moment the Darnleys arrived; and shortly after, dinner was announced. Lord Westbourn, as on the preceding day, was the adulating neighbour of Julia! while Lord St. Orville, to be near his father, to attend to him, and to observe if his malady was mental or bodily, made not one excuse or attempt to break from his usual compulsatory post, next Lady Fontsevern, who saw this willingness to be her neighbour in the light her gratified vanity placed it; and Julia saw his attentions to his father with admiring approbation. Not one single turn of his affectionate dutiful care was lost upon her; nor upon Lord Delamore, who felt it deeply; but though thus a long rankling thorn was taken from his heart, one most direful gangrened all his health of peace. He could not eat; he was wretched; but yet, in the mistaken spirit of retaliation, and still to hide his misery from his wife, he exerted all his faculties to appear in cheerfulness, and to be pleased with the flattering attentions of his fair besieger, Lady Hollowell, and to pay her assiduities back with interest.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE moment the ladies quitted the dining-room, Julia hastened to her little Edward, with whom she found Mrs. Beville. This attached domestic, and humble friend, was full of grief about her beloved lady; and now told Julia "she feared there was something new that was wrong going forward, as her dear child did nothing but shed tears when left a moment alone; and was certain, whatever it was, Lady Hollowell and Selina were the promoters of it; and heartily she joined our heroine in wishing them both far away from the castle."

Miss Mildmay now joined them; and Mary had not been long there, when, to their great surprise, Lord St. Orville requested admittance. And now they all eagerly entered into conversation; but yet kindness and attention to the sick boy was not forgotten: and they had been about an hour thus happily engaged, when Lord Delamore joined their party.

The moment Edward heard his voice, he eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, dear Lord Delamore! come to me—come to me! I did so long for you to come, and say you were sorry for your poor little boy!" His lordship now approached the bed. Edward sat up in haste; and joyfully throwing his arms around Lord Delamore's neck, kissed him repeatedly, in his innocent ecstasy, at seeing him *at last.*

His lordship was sensibly affected: here, in one day, he had the happiness of finding affection incontestibly proved for him by two individuals—his darling son, and this interesting child. Lord Delamore now took Julia's seat by the bed-side; and kindly holding Edward's hand, began to chat to him; while our heroine, who had quitted her seat upon Lord Delamore's entrance, went to the opposite side of the room to Mrs. Beville, not choosing to appear too prominent a feature in the picture, anxious to avoid every thing that could seem as if she wished to interest his lordship's partiality in her favor.

"Lady Fontsevern sends her love to you,

my boy," said Lord Delamore; " and will visit you to-morrow."

" I do'nt want her," replied Edward, " or her love either; I like every-day love best."

Lord Delamore asked his meaning.

" Oh!" said Edward, " she only loves me when folk are by to see it; but when I am left alone with her, she takes no notice of me, none at all; and then, when she hears a footstep, pop I am upon her knee, in a minute. I like to be loved every day, as well as Sundays.—And then she is so terribly cross, in her own room, to poor Mrs. Corry, it would frighten you."

" Edward!" said Julia, rapidly advancing to the bed, " you must not talk, so great deal. Listen much, to Lord Delamore; but speak not, yourself."

" What!" said Edward, in a tone of distress, " must not I tell how good and kind you have been to me?"

" No, indeed, you must not, Edward."

" Why, sure, you always tell me never to forget kindness; and mammy said so too."

" Miss De Clifford is afraid, Edward,

that you should frighten us, by telling how terribly cross she is in her room," said Lord St. Orville, smiling.

"But that I could not, unless I was wicked, and told fibs.—But I could tell you, when Lucy, poor Lucy, is not well, or sorry, how pretty mamma speaks such kind words, so sweetly, to her; and how one day......"

"Edward!" said Julia, "I desire for you, not to talk, so great, deal."

"Nay, nay," said Lord Delamore, "but I must hear this.—Come, Edward, 'One day'......

"One day, when I was in Mrs. Seabright's room, in came mamma, looking—oh! so pretty! you can't think: though the tears were in her eyes:—and she spoke so piteously, about poor Lucy, who, she was sure, was ill, as well as sad; and so Mrs. Seabright said, she feared so too, for she had eat nothing for the last two days; and so, says mamma, with such a sweet look! 'Dear Mrs. Seabright, give me a glass of wine, and something that Lucy likes to eat, and I will take them to her; and then she will be ashamed not to eat (if she can)

when I carry them up, you know, Mrs. Seabright.' And so she did; and then Mrs. Corry cried for grief, because she is so sick, and her lady......"

"Edward!" said Julia, with glowing cheeks, "I cannot let for you, to say so great deal. Your joy for seeing Lord Delamore, has given tipsy brains, for you, boy."

"Oh! only just let me tell how good every one has been to me.—And so many visitors too!—sweet Lady Delamore, and Miss Beaumont; and then you, and Miss Mildmay, and Lord St. Orville, with me, such a great large piece of the whole morning!"

Lord Delamore started. "What!" he exclaimed, "Alfred, was it to sit in this child's chamber, you played truant this morning?"

Lord St. Orville's cheeks glowed, and his heart bounded; and although he feared his father's displeasure, he would not utter an untruth, or even prevarication, and he replied—

"It certainly was, my lord."

"Why, Alfred," returned his father, gravely and thoughtfully, and in a lowered

voice, "you could have done no more, had the *protégée* of Miss De Clifford been her own babe, and she herself the adored partner of your life."

Lord St. Orville caught his father's hand with tremulous grasp, and, throwing himself upon Lord Delamore's bosom, softly articulated—"Oh! that it was indeed so, my father!"

"Indeed!" returned Lord Delamore.

Lord St. Orville's reply was an expressive pressure of his father's hand. "Oh, Alfred! why not disclose this to me before? I thought you had some foreign attachment; and Lady Fontsevern, I hoped, would have subverted that."

"My father shall have my full confidence," said Lord St. Orville.—"When there was no hope for me, it would have been cruel, as useless, to afflict you."

"Then come to me, in the library, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning; and you shall at length prove, St. Orville, I am a father."

Lord St. Orville, subdued by his emotions of filial gratitude and affection, united to his hope and joy, pressed Lord Dela-

more's hand with fervor to his lips, and precipitately left the room. Lord Delamore now said a few more benign things to Edward, spoke kindly to Mary, graciously to Beville, affectionately to Julia, and then departed.

Julia, provoked with Edward, for telling what he knew to the disadvantage of Lady Fontsevern, and for his eulogiums on herself, had retired from him, and was busily engaged talking with Mrs. Beville, so that she knew nothing of what passed between father and son; but as soon as they were gone she reassumed her station by the bedside, and remained there until Edward was settled for the night, when, with singing soft lullabys to him, she hushed him at length to sleep; she then, with Mary, joined the party, who had forsaken the 'drawing-room, and were now engaged dancing in the saloon. The moment they appeared, Sir Lucius, to the great mortification of Lady Selina Stratton, advanced to Mary, obtained her hand, and joined the set.

Lord Delamore was in no dancing mood; but there had been no resisting Lady Hollo-

well, who declared that unless he danced she would not: thus her ladyship conquered; and led him to join the dancers, where they were conspicuously attentive to each other. Lady Fontsevern was in high spirits, showing off all her sweet attractions in the most alluring style. She was the idol of the evening, in the long absence of Julia and Mary; the new men paying her homage, as if she was little less than a divinity: and as Lord St. Orville (though asked by herself) danced with her; and who, by having a mind full of hope of every happiness, all his dejection had vanished: though agitated and abstracted, he was more himself than she had ever seen him; and all the new attractions she discovered in him, she failed not to attribute to her own influence, which had charmed him into exertions to please her; and she was elevated to the highest pinnacle that vanity could soar to.

Lady Delamore was still dejected, from grief of heart; but, seated between Mrs. Darnley and Mrs. Fermor (who declined cards), was forced to exert herself to subdue her feelings, and enter into conversation

with them. Julia joined her ladyship's *conversazione*; for although her ankle was perfectly recovered, she still pleaded that in excuse to avoid dancing with Lord Westbourn.

The first pause in the country dancing, reels were proposed; when instantly Lord St. Orville flew to his mother, and took her hand.—

"Why should you not dance, Lady Delamore?" said he with a beseeching air. "You used to be my partner always; and I never yet had one I liked half so well. Come, dear mother, fancy Slingsby is here, and dance a reel with me."

Lady Delamore, not in spirits for dancing, however could not resist the pleadings of her son; and, smiling with maternal rapture on this darling child, she arose in compliance.

"Who shall your party be? Miss De Clifford, alas! cannot form one of it;" said he, looking with tender regret at Julia.

"Mary and Charles," replied his mother.

"Miss Mildmay and Sir Charles were summoned, and this reel party stood up.

"This will be a famous reel!" said Lady

Hollowell, ironically; "and I declare no other set shall interrupt our pleasure in viewing it." Then starting up, in her wild romping way, routed every one to seats, except this party; and returned in a malicious pleasure to her seat, next Lord Delamore, to enjoy the disgust which he, as an admirer of grace and activity, must experience at this exhibition of his helpmate's; whom Lady Hollowell, from her conduct ever wearing the dignified discretion of the mother of a grown-up family, concluded must be far advanced in a state of decrepitude.

Lady Delamore's figure had been perfection, on a slight and fragile scale; but now she was just sufficiently *embonpoint* to be becoming to her years, and without in the least destroying the exquisite symmetry of her form. Lord Delamore was amongst the number who thought this little increase of size an infinite improvement to her appearance. Her dancing, too, had always been perfection; and she was at this time as agile as she had been at twenty. Her limbs were beautifully formed; and now, the prettiest feet to be conceived, moving exquisitely in accurate time and measure, in

a variety of well-selected steps, the body performing it's part with admirable grace and spirit, delighted every one, but those who hated her; and the moment the reel was ended, her enraptured son enfolded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss of affectionate exultation, exclaiming—

"Who has such a young and lovely mother as I have!"

From the moment Lady Delamore stood up to dance, the eyes of her lord had been riveted upon her; and as she was seated after her dancing, he perceived a candle near her flare in a trifling degree. Instantly he darted to her; caught her hand; and, vehemently declaring—"there was wind enough where she sat to turn a mill," was hastily leading her from such a whirlwind, to the fire-side; when, as they went, Lord Robert Bolton approached, and languishingly solicited "the honor of dancing the next reel with Lady Delamore."

Lord Delamore flung his wife's hand with fury from him; her ladyship was painfully amazed; but recollecting Lord Robert was waiting for an answer, politely gave her negative, informing him "she had long left

off dancing with any one, but her son." Lord Robert, declaring how deeply he was mortified and disappointed, walked off; and the hand of Lady Delamore was retaken, with gentleness, by her lord, who pressed it affectionately. Lady Delamore smiled in unison; and his lordship remained by her, chatting to her, and looking on her with all the tenderness he felt for her, until summoned to attend his dancing engagement with Lady Hollowell.

Lady Delamore saw with joyfulness that the affections of her husband were still her own, whatever mischief was working in his mind to keep him from her; and the unthought-of effect her dancing had upon him, now made her resolve to contest the prize with her dangerous rival. She was well aware, that although Lady Hollowell was seven years younger than herself, yet both personal and mental advantages were greatly in her own favor. Unhappiness of mind (for many years believing her lord's affections were devoted to another) had damped the energy of her spirit, taught her languor in conversation, carelessness about her powers of pleasing and many of her per-

sonal accomplishments were laid aside; but her mental ones she had still been improving, and were now in a high state of cultivation; and from this moment she determined to be one of the principal objects of attraction in her own house.

In conformity to her resolution, she no longer moped pensively upon a sopha, but roved about, chatting to every one, and saying something fascinatingly playful, or strikingly pleasing, to all; and at length, in her circuit about the room, she observed one of the musicians (a man who had long been in the castle band, and who was now playing the harp) looking as if something ailed him, and his companions speaking every moment apparently in kindness to him. Her ladyship inquired what was the matter; and learned he was suffering agonies from a raging tooth-ach.

Lady Delamore kindly bade him leave the room, and go to Beville for relief. Lady Selina loudly remonstrated, and said "she would not dance without the harp." Lady Hollowell now coming up, called him a chicken-heart, that could not bear a little pain; said, "that to indulge him was weak

nonsense; a mere causeless display of humanity; and that they could not dance, with any spirit, without the harp."

"It is a rule in Delamore castle, Lady Hollowell," replied Lady Delamore with mild dignity, "never to prolong the maladies of any one, for the amusements of others.—Jackson, go to Beville; follow her prescription, and then retire to bed.—You shall not, Lady Hollowell, be deprived of the pleasure of dancing to the harp, since it would depress your charming spirits."

Lady Delamore now took the seat which Jackson had quitted, drew the instrument gracefully to her, and immediately played the tune danced to, with skill as great as Jackson's, but with infinitely more spirit than (from his pain) he had been able to give it.

Lord Delamore saw, and felt, the sweetness, grace, dignity, and good-temper, with which his wife performed all this; and with exulting tenderness he was regarding her, when unfortunately Lord Robert Bolton breathed forth, loud enough for him to hear, a most extravagant eulogium upon the loveliness of Lady Delamore, and the

exquisite beauty of her now well-displayed hand and arm.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Modely, to whom it was addressed, "now you are quits; for I heard her ladyship high in praise of your attractions, not many minutes since."

This was all a fabrication of Miss Modely's malice; for Lady Delamore, from her lord's unfortunate propensity, had long made it a rule never to praise any man: but it had the desired effect upon the sensitive Lord Delamore; all the ebullitions of his tenderness changed at once to bitterness, and, full of misery, he returned to the set with Lady Hollowell, who felt so forcibly how much she was thrown into the background during this scene, that, with revenge now added to the other motives for her diabolical scheme, she set new edges to all her wits, and, with renewed zeal, mined for the destruction of Lady Delamore's peace.

Miss Darnley, Ann Beaumont, and Mary, now all requested to relieve Lady Delamore; who told them, "they should, when she was tired."

"Alas!" said Julia, "I that am for nothing good, at all now, but this, cannot offer my assistance; for never having played, the English dance, I should too soon tire:—but you shall not be, for the alone *femmina*, among the musicians:—I must something do, for my eyes make struggle very much, to shut for sleep." She now took a tambourine, and, sitting by Lady Delamore, began to beat it.

Lord St. Orville, though delightfully he looked upon her while she played, and though anxious he was still to be in her society, yet, as she had acknowleged her drowsiness, he knew she must feel completely subdued by her fatigue and want of rest, and, with tender solicitude, entreated her to retire. But eager to convince him she was not overpowered by fatigue, or her spirits vanquished, each time he spoke to her she performed a nod or two of the sleeping scene in the ballet of "*La Fille mal Garde*," a beautiful painting of which hung in the room they were now in.

She did this so playfully, and with such inimitable grace, that his lordship was fascinated, and delighted; viewed her in joy

of heart too, on beholding this happy dawn of returning cheerfulness; but still he urged her to go: and Lady Delamore, at length understanding what his entreaties were for, added her advice and wishes to his, and ensured Julia's compliance, who instantly arose to depart; when her ladyship desired her son to conduct our heroine to Seabright, "and bid her give her a warm jelly, or some nourishment; as she would get it more comfortably from Seabright than in the supper-room."

Lord St. Orville experienced nothing like reluctance in obeying this command: he soon got the jelly, and a variety of other delicacies, spread out for Julia: but now, in Mrs. Seabright's room, he felt no anxiety for her immediately retiring; indeed he seemed to have lost the recollection, that he had thought it so necessary. Mrs. Seabright, suddenly remembering a thousand orders she had to give in different parts of the castle, departed; and now Lord St. Orville, in tempting Julia to eat, and in starting every topic, that he thought could interest her, wiled away so much time, that great was his amazement on receiving a summons

to the supper-room, where all the guests were already assembled. Our heroine now hastily took a candle, blushing to think his kindness to her had been the means of detaining him so long from the scene of amusement; and, most unwillingly, his lordship found himself compelled to bid her good-night; and now, the joy of her presence past, he censured himself severely for detaining her so long from rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our readers can readily suppose Lord St. Orville was true to his appointment, in his father's library, the succeeding morning; yet he found Lord Delamore there before him. This proved a most interesting interview, to both father and son. Lord St. Orville related to his father, the rise and progress of his passion for Julia De Clifford; the anguish his mind suffered during the dreadful period of her engagement with Fitzroy; and the grounds upon which he founded his sanguine hopes, that her affection might one day become his own.

Lord Delamore was sensibly affected, by the miseries which the basest perfidy had inflicted upon his beloved son: he felt convinced that his ardent passion was incurable, since it outlived the temporary loss of every hope; yet wishing to prove himself, in every sense of the word, a father, he de-

termined never to give his consent to Lord St. Orville's union with our heroine, unless her fame should be unequivocally cleared from that aspersion Lady Hollowell had, the preceding evening (in confidence to him) thrown upon it; as well as of the stigma, of art and double dealing, which Lady Selina had accused her of: and if all these allegations were confuted, and her fame cleared to that purity Lord Delamore's heart still portrayed at hers, not until her affection for Lord St. Orville should be incontestibly proved would he sanction their marriage; for knowing too well the misery of a wedded life, where there was ardent love on one side, frigid indifference on the other, he resolved (if in his power) to save his son from similar wretchedness. And the better to impress the misery of such an union upon Lord St. Orville's mind, he entered into full confidence of all the anguish of his life; nor did he cease, until he poured into the ear of his attentive, commiserating auditor, every secret of his heart, in which were comprised all his intentions relative to Julia and himself.

Lord St. Orville's bosom was agitated by

innumerable contending passions, during his father's interesting and, in many parts (to him), astonishing recital; and whilst his own remorse drew sighs of penitential anguish from his bosom, for thinking so long so harshly of a suffering father, whose heart contained so many noble feelings, so many real virtues, he could not but condemn, while he pitied, that excess of feeling, that sensitive susceptibility, which created it's own misery, and led him from that happiness which might so eminently have been his.

As to his father's resolutions relative to the idol of his own heart, though they might retard his happiness (and that he knew, it would now be difficult to effect concealment of his fervent attachment to her), they would ultimately secure his father's firm unalienable estimation of her; for he sheltered not a fear of her being proved, by every ordeal, but the more pure and faultless: yet still the calumny (for a calumny he at once pronounced it) of Lady Hollowell's gave him infinite uneasiness, because he could not bear the eye of suspicion should glance at Julia; and, anxiously pant-

ing for the immediate detection of the slander, he earnestly entreated permission to refute it; but to this Lord Delamore would not agree:—" Nothing," he said, " should be prematurely done; every thing should have it's own time; and Julia De Clifford should be proved immaculate, or she never, with his consent, should become a Southerland."

Lord St. Orville was unwillingly compelled to acquiesce, not only in this, but to his father's positive command of total silence to his mother, relative to Lord Delamore's mental misery; but as all, he trusted, would soon terminate happily, he endeavoured to fortify his mind with patience. And now firmly bound, in friendship's confidence as well as affection, to each other, Lords Delamore and St. Orville separated, and retired to conquer their agitation, to admit of their attending Divine service;—this being Sunday, and the day on which Sir Charles and Lady Selina Stratton were to make their first appearance at Sedley church, since their nuptials.

Little Edward was considerably better

this day. Mr. Manlove ordered that he should no longer remain in bed; and, to change the air for him, Julia had him wrapped in a blanket, and removed to her *boudoir*, after she returned from church. He was laid upon a sopha, and our heroine and Mary sitting in the room with him, attending to and amusing him, when Lucy came to announce "that a young man, named William Smith, who said he was Edward's uncle, was come to the castle, very anxious to see the child."

"It is uncle William! good uncle William! who was so kind to mammy, and to me, and hated Molly Thorn;" exclaimed Edward, joy dancing in his eyes.

Julia desired Lucy to show William Smith up thither; but fearing, through mistaken kindness, he might bring gingerbread, or any thing improper for the child, resolved not to leave the room.

In a few moments William Smith entered, and Edward was folded to his bosom, with undisguised, genuine affection; and Mary and Julia instantly recognised in him the young sailor whom they had assisted,

in his moment of illness, at the ball on Lord St. Orville's birth-day.

Innumerable questions and answers, replete with affectionate interest, passed between the uncle and nephew; and Julia, infinitely pleased with the attachment of the young man to her *protégée*, drew near the sopha; and to give his heart pleasure, recounted to him, in her own sweet affability of manner, the plans laid down, by Lord Delamore and herself, for Edward's education, and future prospects; and Edward put in his little prattle, to tell how good and kind every one was to him.

William was sensibly affected, and shed tears of joy and gratitude over the child.—"Ah!" said he, "Providence steered you to a better port than I stood for, Ned, for you: but I did it for the best. I slung my own hammock; but may I be founded if I rest in it, for all that, if so be 't is proved my messmate is dishonest. Ah, Ned! when I found your poor mam almost aground, with the storms of sickness and sorrow, and that I had none of the rhino to give her—For I had been shipwrecked, miss, and had nothing left but the tatters I stood in—I

steered away for the port of matrimony. I had no lass that my heart was spliced to; and I thought I might as well marry an old girl who had been on a long course of courting me, and had plenty of prize-money aboard. So, as ill luck would have it, I was noosed; for I thought as how it would afford a snug birth for you, Ned, and your mam: but she was hoisted up to find hers aloft; and your pilot-boy steered you to a prosperous shore. And so, Heaven bless all hands aboard! and make you an honest and a grateful man!—not taking after your dad, who is as precious a rascal as ever swam, though I say it, who grieve to say my own brother is a rascal.—Ah, Ned, I was rigged out in my wedding gear, when the signal was hoisted of your mammy's death: so, as soon as my helpmate consented, I left Mayton to fetch you;—but you had sailed hither, and I had not time then to take a trip to see how the land lay here."

"Do you live at Mayton?" said Mary anxiously, and coloring highly.

"I have lived there, miss, since I was noosed."

"You know then, perhaps, Dame Dungate?"

"Mayhap I do, miss, to my cost.—Why, she be the old crazy vessel I have taken in tow."

"O Heaven!" exclaimed Mary, turning pale, and trembling; "then, then are you my father-in-law!"

"Why!—be you her they call Miss Mildmay?"

"I am," said Mary;—"but, in fact, your wife's child."

"So it is supposed," replied William, drily.

"Supposed!—Supposed!" exclaimed Julia, with almost frensied eagerness; "what meaning can you have? Oh! for sake of Heaven, and pity too, tell for me, why you say *supposed?*"

William colored, and looked from the floor to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the floor, but made no answer.

"Uncle, dear uncle," said Edward, beseechingly, and climbing to William's breast, "will you, will you not tell my sweet, good, kind mamma, what she asks you to tell?"

William pressed the child, with ardor, to his bosom—"To be sure I will, tell her every thing she desires, for her goodness to you, poor babe!"

Julia now sat down on the chair, with Maro, and took the trembling young woman into her arms, to support her.

"I don't quite know the rights of it, miss; but all I know for a certainty is, that this here Miss Mildmay is no child of Molly Dungate."

Mary was now near fainting from agitation. Julia, all tender sympathy, flew to get a glass of water for her.

"Ah! bless you both!" said William, "'t was just so you kindly gave me assistance, the night my senses seemed to run aground, at the *row* here.—Ay, I all at once bethought myself, I had better not get moored to Molly Dungate; and then I thought of poor sister, and the boy; and so I determined: and my heart sunk at once; and I should have foundered, only so much compassion was aboard your little hearts. But for that there proud-nosed jade, d—n my eyes! but I should like to play her a trick somehow, for she would

not save me from sinking that there time. I asked her name; and, that I might never forget it, I set it down in this here log-book," —taking out a pocket-book—" and here it is;—'Lady Dosy Southerland, my Lord Delamore's youngest daughter;'—a proud-nosed jade, as cruel as a French fish-woman!"

"No, no," said Julia, not brooking any mistake that reflected upon the goodness of her beloved Lady Theodosia, "it was not, at all, Lord Delamore's younger daughter; it was Lady Selina, the elder."

William now gave a loud whistle; and strided up the room, and down again, as if he was insane. "So! so! it was Lady Slina!" cried he.—"Oh! ho! Oh! ho! Lady Slina! Lady Sham? D—n me! if I have not a mind to sail back to Mayton, and unload all the cargo on the mind of my old Molly! Ay, 't would be serving her right:—uncurl her nose for her; lower her topsails; strike her flag; shorten her ...."

"For the love, to Heaven!" exclaimed Julia, "tell for me, what you have the

meaning for; and all you do know relative to the birth, of Miss Mildmay?"

"Dear, dear uncle," said Edward, "do tell my kind mamma. I cannot bear that you should make her, and poor Miss Mildmay, look so pale, and tremble so. Oh! they have been so good to me! and yet, you vex them, and frighten them too, so very sadly!"

William now strode up to the sopha, took Edward to his arms in a transport of affection, and exclaimed — "Ay, my boy, they have been kind to you, and to me; and my gratitude is so afloat, I will unload my mind to them, if so be I die by it. —

"You must think, misses, Molly Dungate has a mortal pretty tight cabin; and a garden, with a *harbour* in it; and a field, and a cow, and a *shay*: and she kept heaving the lingo of love to me, telling me she had all this, and her nice hot dinners and suppers every day, out of a *nuity* Lady Delamore allowed her, for leave to keep and bring up her daughter. — That sounded queer enough, I thought;

to pay a person for leave to do them kindness!—So, misses, that's neither here nor there; but, howsever, I got spliced to the old girl........

"Well, misses, I was lying-to, over my flip, one evening in the public-house, when the exciseman says to me, says he, 'Now, Master Smith, you'll soon know the truth, at quarter-day, which the *nuity* comes from, my lord or my lady.' So I hailed his meaning; and he answered, 'that now I was moored to Molly, I had a right to her money, as the parson had made all her goods and chattels mine.' So, misses—I did n't want to cheat my old girl, I'll assure you; but if it was my right, why I liked to have my right, d'ye see: and as neither my mind nor my home were very comfortable to me, I had cruised to the alehouse, to sink thought; and had taken rather too much flip aboard, so I was a little *obstropelous;* and as they in the public-house had been *sinuating* against Molly, and that my lord paid the *nuity*, home I steered, and blew up such a breeze about the *nuity!* and would know who paid it,

and so on: but when I threatened to leave her, if she did not tell, such a mess came out!—But I forget the half of it, my head was in such a whirlpool: but part was, 'that the *nuity* was not from either my lord or my lady; but for giving up her own child, to a miss of Lord Delamore's, to pass for his eldest daughter, Lady Slina; and taking charge of the true Lady Slina, and passing her for young Molly Dungate." ....

Mary now fainted in Julia's arms: and our poor heroine had the greatest embarrassment added to her concern and agitation; for she now feared to summon any assistance, lest Mary, on her recovery, should drop any expression to betray prematurely a matter which she saw required the greatest caution and judgement to act in: luckily, however, Mary recovered by the exertions Julia was able to make for her; when an abundant flow of tears came to her relief; and now, all trembling anxiety to hear more, she entreated William to proceed.—

"Why, miss, I have not much more to

tell you; for the next day, when I was quite sober, and the storm belayed, what does Molly do, but denies every word of it, though she had shown me the deeds, and the letters too, that came from the shark of a miss, all about the business;—and which the sly privateer thought Molly had burned; but Molly kept them (a sly one too) as a rod, set in case the *nuity* was not paid her:—and a deed too, of the sham Lady Slina Curlnose, when she came of age, promising to pay Molly a hundred a-year during her life, to keep her secret. And so I was so mad at this attempt to gull me, and hating Molly worse than ever for this dishonesty and chopping children, that I slipt my cable yesterday, and sailed this way, resolving to see Ned, and then to sea again, to seek a new fortune; for th'of the billows be sometimes rough, they be a bed of down to the hammock of knavery."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, shuddering with horror, "and can it be for possibility, that Lady Selina, did know, of this terrible, imposture?"

"Ay, that she did; she knew herself to

be the *imposture*; and I know her, and you know her, and all the world shall know her. — If you be so minded, miss, and that it can (which to be sure it will) be of any use to this poor dear cheated young lady, I'll cruise back to Mayton, and offer to make it up with the old girl, provided she gives me the papers: — but, if all her goods and chattels be mine, I'll seise them........ I know the locker they be in........ D—n my eyes! I'll sail this tide."

"Stay, I beseech for you!" said Julia, gently catching his arm.—"This, my dear (shall I be first to call you) Lady Selina Southerland........" and Julia's eyes glistened in tears of genuine sensibility........ "This is a much fearful business, for you, and me, to embark in, without the skilful, pilot."

"Ne'er fear, miss, I have skill enough to steer you to the papers," said William.

"Oh! I have not doubt, of your much skill, and inclination great deal strong, to do us good; but you are not knowing, of the law, no more than we ourselves; and if, we go not by advice, we may do mis-

chief. — You look not, for fainting again, dear friend, so I will make venture, to leave you, while I summon, Mr. Temple, to advise with this, our Providence-directed friend. Come, I may leave you, since you shed so many, tears."

"I do shed tears," replied Mary, sobbing, "but they are tears of joy; for if all these wonderful things are proved, Lady Delamore will no longer have a child who does not love her.—Bring Mrs. Fermor too, dear friend."

Julia now flew off, and soon conducted Mrs. Fermor and Mr. Temple to her *boudoir*, to hear the wonderful communications of honest William.

As soon as the amazement and agitation of their feelings a little subsided, Mr. Temple and Mrs. Fermor entered upon a consultation relative to the best plan they could pursue, to substantiate this most providential discovery. Of the truth of the matters related, they entertained no doubt. The extraordinary resemblance of Mary to Lord Delamore; her strong affection to her benefactress, Lord St. Orville, and Lady Theodosia — affection as fervently returned: the

hatred and enmity of the supposed Lady Selina to them all; her apparently unnatural league with Mrs. Monk; and her insults and ill-nature to Mary, speaking most forcibly a consciousness of the injury she was still inflicting on her; with the well-remembered anecdote of throwing the drawing-box at Lady Theodosia, when in the agitation of her heart she talked of a changeling:—all proving confirmations to what they all seemed determined not to admit a doubt of.

It was now resolved that William should go immediately to Sedley, and hire a horse, to take him home; where, if possible, he was either by wheedling or compulsion, to get possession of the important papers: and Mr. Temple, affecting a summons from his brother (who fortunately was an able lawyer, and the only one, residing at Mayton), was to go almost instantly, and put the matter into his brother's hands; who would directly lay every thing in train for enforcing the discovery, and even to bring it into the court of Chancery, to prove the claims of the injured Mary: and Mrs. Fermor bound herself to provide amply for honest William,

if he obtained the papers. Secresy and caution, they all believed, must prove the vital of success; and they determined that Lord and Lady Delamore, and every individual further (except the professional men employed), should be kept in total ignorance of the supposition, until the fact was incontestibly proved.

Some natural fears were now entertained relative to Edward's understanding the business, and repeating it; but this fear his uncle dispelled, by recounting how inviolably Edward had kept the secret of all the pecuniary assistance he had been able to afford his mother, from time to time, for the subsistence of herself and child, merely because those he loved desired him not to tell his father; and now solemn injunctions for secresy, from his uncle and our heroine, sealed his lips as securely as honor would have done at a more advanced period of his life.

Honest William now departed, with a heart full of grateful joy, at the idea of rendering service to those who were so kind to his beloved little helpless nephew, and in

very excuseable triumph, at the thoughts of uncurling the nose of Lady *Sham*, and making his proud unfeeling daughter-in-law smart for the part she bore in this iniquitous deception.

The agitation of Mary was so violent, and her apprehensions of betraying her feelings when she beheld Lord Delamore were so powerful, that Mrs. Fermor determined to order her carriage, and take her immediately to Willow Grove; from whence she would write some plausible excuse, to Lady Delamore, for remaining, and for detaining Mary with her; and, the better to carry on the appearance of their stay there, being occasioned by some unforeseen circumstance, then to send for Mrs. Fermor's abigail, and hers and Mary's baggage.

Mary and Julia now took an affectionate and agitated leave of each other. Mrs. Fermor returned home; and Mr. Temple set off to his brother's; when immediately every thing was put in train for substantiating the providential discovery honest William had so fortunately made.

Julia's heart, agitated by all the happiness

this discovery portended to the Delamore family, was nearly as much overpowered by her feelings as Mary herself. With attention totally abstracted, and a mind fully absorbed by thought, she joined the family at the summons of the last dinner-bell.

CHAPTER XV.

As neither cards nor dancing were ever permitted in Delamore castle on Sunday, and that as the bride had appeared at church, according to the established custom of Sedley, many of the persons who visited at the castle came to take their tea with the newly-married lady. Lady Hollowell, not finding a formal circle, where every eye might rest upon her, consonant to her projects, proposed that those who were musical should adjourn to the concert-room; and the consequence was, that no one choosing to be considered a foe to harmony, every one attended the fair leader of the band to the temple of melody; where she instantly sat to a piano-forte, and, *sans timidité*, gave one of her best *bravuras* with her most zealous exertions.

Lady Fontsevern succeeded Lady Hollowell at the piano, and warbled forth an Italian air. She looked even unusually

beautiful; and the majority of the men were charmed with her performance.

When Lady Fontsevern ceased, the bride exerted her musical powers; and after her, all the ladies who had, or fancied they had, talents to fascinate, graciously contributed to the evening's amusement;—except Julia alone, who, not in spirits for any exertions, and too proud, in conscious rectitude, to submit to the idea of luring back the esteem of Lord Delamore, which she was resolved to claim as her right, detached herself from the performers, and only mingling with those not likely to ask her to play or sing. However, Lord Delamore could not readily yield the delight of hearing her all-surpassing strains; and at length he, with some difficulty (from her manœuvring to avoid him), found an opportunity of making his request, "that she would fascinate him once more, with one of Handel's sacred airs."

Julia blushed; felt grieved at the idea of being disobliging; but politely, though gravely, declined. Lord Delamore colored too, in surprise; bowed with an air of disappointed acquiescence; when suddenly,

the cause of her refusal presenting itself to his imagination, he said—

"I fear, Miss De Clifford, it is your resolution of yesterday, which has now prompted your refusal to oblige me?"

"In very truth, it has. You have flattered me, to say, my singing, is much pleasure for you. To please you, is my last of all, wish, now, Lord Delamore. I would make ice round your heart, to freeze partiality; only to make it glow more warmly, when Reason, shall have made judgement of me; and Truth shall some day come, and tell for you, I am her votary."

"I believe you are kind to me, at least," replied his lordship, with much emotion; "for when I see and hear you, it adds to the other afflictions of my mind increase of misery, to be compelled to think you could deceive me."

Tears trembled in the beautiful eyes of our heroine, as she met the penetrating glances of Lord Delamore.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "that look of artless concern cannot, cannot be assumed!" At this moment, Lady Hollowell gently

put her hand into his lordship's; and, smiling with all the expression in her countenance she thought necessary for her purpose, invited him to lead her to the piano, and she would sing his favorite air of Handel's for him.

There was no resisting the request, or the look which accompanied it: his lordship handed Lady Hollowell to the piano-forte: her ladyship exerted her vocal powers with pleasing effect; and Lord Delamore, all gratitude for exertions he believed inspired by a tender wish to please him, and him alone, was enraptured.

Lady Delamore beheld all this, and with terror beheld it. She must now make her most strenuous efforts to save her happiness, or it would be lost for ever. The effect her dancing had upon her husband, still fluttered in the recollections of her heart; and she was determined to sing, and astonish her husband by the sound of her voice, for he had never yet heard it in song.

Gentle reader—not more strange than true!—timidity had been one of the leading features in the disposition of Lady Delamore in her early years. A rigid father

had first taught her to fear, and tremble; and her husband completed the unstringing of her nerves. In the days of Lady Delamore's avowed affection for her, he had often entreated her to sing for him; but, though much she wished to oblige him, she never could accomplish it, since his asking her to sing invariably deprived her of her voice.

So strictly had Lady Emily Stanmore been confined with her governess, that in early life a stranger was an object almost of terror to her; and her father, impetuous in all his proceedings, anxious to secure Lord Delamore for his last unmarried daughter (as his second daughter's misconduct had led him to fear a difficulty in providing for her sister), hurried the marriage, even before the bugbear terror, of him as a stranger, was removed from the mind of his trembling daughter. As a husband, Lord Delamore failed to overcome those apprehensions of him, which, as a stranger, he inspired; and his very youthful wife, in terror of him, lost every faculty in her presence.

As time rolled on, and Mrs. Monk had implanted all the venom and harshness of jea-

lousy into the sensitive mind of the secretly-adoring husband, he ceased all attentions to his wife; nor honored her with any mark of favor so flattering, as a wish to be entertained by her numerous accomplishments. The consequence was, that, in grief and mortification, many of them were concealed from every eye and ear; and amongst others, her almost heavenly voice—soft, dulcet, and gifted with all the witchery of taste and feeling.

For many a year, it was only at early dawn, before the family had arisen, or with every door and window closed, through which a sound could escape to tell the listening ear how strikingly her voice and style improved, that Lady Delamore indulged herself in the amusement of singing; and not until Lady Theodosia grew up sufficiently to have her voice embellished by instruction, and that Lady Delamore found it necessary sometimes to take part in a glee with her daughter and her singing-master, did even her children know she had a voice of such sweet resistless powers: but still Lord Delamore—almost always absent with Mrs. Monk, or other temporary favorites;

or, if at home, sullen, sarcastic, or repellent — lured not his wife to any exertion to please or entertain him. Silence and fear came with his presence; and not until his last dangerous illness had softened his temper to something of it's natural tone, and drove from his bosom many of those innovating, unamiable, harsh disagreeables, which art and malice had implanted there, did Lady Delamore feel it possible to approach him without tremor, though she of all the world had discovered most of his natural perfections. Since our heroine's residence at Delamore castle, her ladyship had been induced more frequently than usual to join in the little family singing parties; but chance, and Lady Selina (who dreaded the influence of Lady Delamore's voice upon her ever secretly-adoring husband), seemed to assist each other, in preventing his lordship ever hearing her.

Lord St. Orville had a most exquisite taste in music, and few people in the world delighted more in the magic of sweet sounds than he did; yet he had so great a dislike to gentlemen performers, that he never would regularly study the science: but he

could play on almost every instrument, most pleasingly, by ear; and, with an uncommonly mellow and melodious voice, he could sing almost any thing; but only in the vocal harmony of his mother, Lady Theodosia, Mary, and Julia, could he ever be prevailed upon to join: and lately our heroine had often made him take a part with Lady Delamore and herself, when together in her ladyship's *boudoir*, after breakfast, in some gondolier's hymns, of which she had a most beautiful collection; and one of these, above all the rest, was in the words so eloquent in simplicity, in the music so touchingly sublime, and their three voices accorded so perfectly in it, that Lady Delamore fixed upon this hymn for her voice first to strike upon her husband's ear in; and, hastily approaching our heroine, said—

"Julia, my love, I wish my lord to hear the last gondolier's *Inno*, which you taught Lord St. Orville and me to sing."

Julia, well conceiving Lady Delamore's inducement for overcoming her natural disinclination to sing before any one but her family circle, could not but comply.

Lord St. Orville, by communication in the confidence of his father, and by anxious observation in the secrets of his mother, well divining the motive which urged her now to sing, unhesitatingly acquiesced in her request to him; as anxious even as herself for her voice to fascinate his father, and lure him from the syren who, in every way, seemed to threaten destruction, not only to his adored mother's peace, but ultimately to his father's own.

Julia now sat to the organ; and, from her superior skill in the management of it, gave t it all the sublime excellence of effect that noble instrument could yield; and in her symphony she riveted the attention of all, but those who wished her safe in Italy. The air began; and although Lady Delamore could scarcely stand, from agitation, she called up all the forces of her mind, to assist her in her exertions to charm her husband; and her performance even surpassed herself, and fascinated every hearer, but her enemies. Never did three voices more beautifully accord; never was an address to the Deity given with more effect: the words, the harmony, the resist-

less pathos, of the dulcet voices, happily blending in the perfection of melody, and each seeming to give to the other but an increase of it's own sweetness, struck at once to every feeling heart; and the commencing words, "Mio Dio!" given in solo, first by Lord St. Orville, then by Lady Delamore, and lastly by Julia, before they combined the magic of their voices, had at once inspired the most sacred awe, from the impressive manner and sweetness of effect with which each successively gave it:—all felt the presence of the Deity, and all, from one impulse, arose in reverence.

In this moment, Lady Hollowell, in terror at the power of a voice which aided in such an effect upon so large an assembly, tenderly put her hand into Lord Delamore's, meaning to call off his attention from the performance; but nothing, for her projects, could have been more injudicious. Lord Delamore, in that moment glowing with all of piety, so forcibly awakened, and with a heart throbbing with amazed rapture at this so late discovery of such a fascination in his before all-fascinating wife, recoiled in horror

from the advances of illicit love, and flung her hand in disgust from him.

Lady Hollowell was now completely alarmed; and for some moments she lost all self-possession: but that dereliction was but of short duration. She saw the eyes of Lord Delamore riveted upon his wife, swimming in tears of delighted tenderness, with every expression in his countenance hostile to her schemes. Swiftly she rallied all her mental allies; and softly, but audibly, articulated—

"Undone, infatuated man!"

Lord Delamore now, in his turn, alarmed, bent the eyes of inquiry upon her; anxious to know the cause of this her strange exclamation.

"I would have abstracted your attention," she said, with art-inspired solemnity. —"I would have secured you from the fatal observation of who it was that has inspired your infatuated wife to all this (in her) unusual wish of fascinating. I would have concealed from you the enraptured, well-understood, glances of Lord Robert Bolton, as he stands near her, entranced by her seraphic strains."

The paleness of death now diffused itself over the horror-struck countenance of Lord Delamore; the chill of anguish penetrated from his tortured heart to his frame, teaching that to tremble with the agonies of his mind. Swift his now green-tinted eyes darted towards the organ; and there, indeed, he beheld Lord Robert, gazing, with rapture delineated in every line of his countenance, on the trio who so charmed his ears; but Lord Delamore riveted those delighted looks exclusively upon his Emily. Had he looked around, he had seen the countenance of every *amateur* present equally illuminated by enthusiastic rapture; but he looked no further than Lord Robert: and, writhing in all the tortures of jealous despair, he hoarsely articulated—

"D—n—n!"

Lady Hollowell proceeded.—"Lord Robert, at dinner, declared no woman could find the place of lasting tenderness in his heart, who could not sing him into love."

"D—n—n!" again articulated Lord Delamore: a thick film now shut out every object from his view, and tottering, and en-

feebled by agonised agitation, he almost franticly retreated from the room. The lynx-eyed Lady Selina followed, and entered the library with him, ere he knew she had pursued him; and, by her artful blandishments, added fuel to the flame that was raging in his brain.

The universal attention was so devoted to the performance, that the departure of Lord Delamore was scarcely observed by any one. Lady Delamore, fearing the effect which encountering his eyes might have upon herself while she sung, had kept her looks undeviatingly fixed upon the music-book; but the moment her anxious performance was ended, her eyes wistfully sought her husband, but she found him not. "Alas! he was gone! had quitted the room even while she was—unsuccessfully—exerting herself to please him!" and, tears of disappointment gushing from her eyes, she precipitately left the room: but soon recollecting how strange her absence must appear to her guests, she rallied her agitated spirits, threw for the present the borrowed veil of tranquillity over her agonised feel-

ings, and returned to play the sweet, conciliating, smiling hostess, with a bursting heart.

Lord St. Orville made many unsuccessful attempts to gain admittance to his father, whose retreat he concluded occasioned by excess of feeling on hearing, for the first time, his mother's seraphic voice; and wishing to talk to him of that mother, to keep his heart in softening tenderness, to the exclusion of all intruders there: but Lady Selina was vigilant, and he could obtain no interview: and now, pitying the disappointed feelings of his mother, and forbidden by his father to interfere between them, or to tell to her any secret he had imparted to him, although he could only sympathise with her in thought, he devoted all his attentions to her; and as he was interdicted at present from pursuing the path of love, he turned to that of duty, nor could all the undisguised wooing of the fair baroness win him from his attentions to his mother.

Julia attributed Lord Delamore's retreat to the same cause which Lord St. Orville did; and hastened to impart her belief to

Lady Delamore: and then, full of Mary, and the fervent hope that, with the discovery of the infamous imposture so long practised by the vile mistress of Lord Delamore, the emancipation of his lordship from his self-forged fetters of misery would ensue, and his happiness with his Emily be secured for ever;—full of these golden visions, she still suffered the persevering Lord Westbourn to keep his station by her; but though she scarcely spoke to him, still he kept his post, and obliged her so far that he prevented others from speaking to her, and so left her to indulge in all the flattery of hope; and when a thought strayed from the fabric of happiness she was delightedly rearing for her friends, it was one of wonder and regret, why Lord St. Orville came not near her, to talk to her, as usual.

At length, the Sedley guests departed, and the castle was left to it's inmates. A summons to supper, called all those together. Lord Delamore obeyed the summons; and, with trembling anxiety, Lady Delamore attended to the countenance of her lord, to learn if Julia's flattering belief

was indeed just.—Her eyes encountered his; her heart was chilled with terror; and she had no longer a hope to cherish. The morose scowl of his brow spoke haughtiness and disgust to her.

Lord Delamore made no attempt to eat; to speak, seemed impossible to him: and his frame evinced tremor to a pitiable degree. Lady Hollowell was all tender assiduity: he felt grateful to her; but could not succeed, as he had before done, in aiming at revenge upon his Emily, by retaliation; and the attentions of Lady Hollowell were unreturned. The cloud which hung over Lord Delamore seemed to depress every one; and an early separation was the consequence.

As *bon soir* was reiterating, Lady Delamore, no longer under the influence of any terror but that of her husband's illness, and the torturing loss of his affections, rapidly approached him, and anxiously said—

"I greatly fear you are not well, Lord Delamore." She took his hand, in tenderness, and the burning heat it indicated filled her with trembling apprehensions.—"Oh,

Heavens!" she exclaimed, "my fears are too just! you are ill, Theodosius?"

The tone, the manner, in which she said and did all this, with her tearful eyes of tender interest, electrified Lord Delamore. Joy the most unbounded seemed to be fast filling his bosom and his eyes; when Lady Hollowell critically exclaimed—

"Why what a coward does this aforesaid bugbear, small *douaire*, make of you, Lady Delamore!" And Lady Selina as judiciously cried out—

"Heavens! Lord Robert! you seem so thunder-struck at my mother's evincing any thing like regard for my father, that one would almost suppose you were jealous."

The malice of Ladies Hollowell and Selina brought back a tide of suspicion and misery to the heart of Lord Delamore, too potent for his nerves to sustain. Again a film shut out objects; and, catching the arm of his attentive son, he for a moment seemed near fainting; but in the next, pride rallied all the energies of his mind, and with mien erect, and firm and haughty step, he dropped the arm of Lord St. Or-

ville, and approaching a bell, rang a peal for Holt. Adieus, now, were finally repeated, and all the party separated.

Julia now hastened to Lucy's room, to see Edward ere she retired to her own rest; and as she went from Lucy's chamber towards her own, fully occupied by the malice and wickedness of Ladies Hollowell and Selina, and her heart beating in pity for the self-afflicted Lord Delamore, and torn with ten thousand apprehensions for the happiness of her beloved Lady Delamore, she unexpectedly met his lordship on his way to his own apartments. They mutually started, on sight of each other; and Julia, full of pity for him, ventured to say —

"Good-night, once again, Lord Delamore."

The tone in which she spoke was so expressive of kindness, it arrested his lordship's steps; he looked upon her; and so much genuine concern sat on her countenance, that, infinitely affected, he snatched her hand, pressed it with fervor; and, as he hurried from her, he said, with emphasis —

"Heaven bless you, Miss De Clifford! — You, you, I do believe, are aspersed."

Julia, sensibly shocked and grieved at his looks and manner, from the resistless impulse of pity, exclaimed —

"Oh, Lord Delamore! how much greatly, I do wish, for private conference, of short time, with you!"

"Indeed! — Then honor me with your company, in the library, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Alas! that it is late too much, now; for I would fain, take the thorn, from your pillow — from your heart, and give it back, to the bad cruel foes, who would separate from you, your happiness."

"I have sent my son from me, conscious that I could not bear any conversation to-night; and I cannot, Miss De Clifford, now listen to the voice of any other kindness, when I would not hear my Alfred's. But come to me to-morrow, and I will endeavour to think you have some comfort..... though well I know, there is not a hope for me!"

The concluding sentence he spoke so de-

spondingly, that, quite subdued, the tears rolled down Julia's cheeks; and fearing now to trust her voice, lest it should betray how much she was affected, she waved her hand in adieu, and hurried on: but Lord Delamore had caught a glimpse of tears upon her averted face, and snatching her hand, in her retreat, he gently drew her to him, and earnestly regarding her, he exclaimed—

"By Heaven! 't is true! and tears, too, which sought concealment! This cannot, cannot be dissimulation; and you do regard me! you have comfort for me—really comfort for me—angel! friend!"

"Oh! sure I am," replied Julia, sobbing, "that I have balm, for one, much bad wound, at smallest."

"Is it of Emily?" he said, with pitiable eagerness, and trembling with almost paralysed agitation.

"It is that, balm, which proof of, her much true affection, can give for you, Lord Delamore," she replied.

"Oh! blessings—blessings on........" At that moment sound of footsteps ascending

the adjoining staircase struck their ears.—"Not even to hear the whispering of my fond hope, that Emily loves me, can I detain you now," said his lordship. "I am yet not old enough, to make it consistent with propriety for you to be found alone with me, at this hour, in such a lonely part of the castle. Hurry on, and remember—morning."

CHAPTER XVI.

Julia obeyed in every thing; for she did not once cease to remember morning, until sleep, through downright weariness, "steeped her senses in forgetfulness." But at an early hour she awoke again, to think over the approaching interview: and now, from reflecting on the subject, she had lost nearly all her sanguine expectations (which, in the first impulse of pity, she had felt inspired with) of being able, against such opponents as Ladies Hollowell and Selina, to convince Lord Delamore his wife regarded him. However, with many devout aspirations from her heart, to the wise Disposer of all events, for success, faithful to her appointment, she was in the library by seven: but Lord Delamore was there before her, with trembling anxious expectation listening for the sound of her light footsteps. Joy at her approach illumined, with the flush of hope, his before pallid, and for care and watching almost haggard, countenance.

Eagerly he flew to receive our heroine; took her trembling hand; led her to a chair by the fire; and then, placing himself beside the highly-agitated girl, he said, with much emotion—

"You bring me comfort?"

"I greatly trust, I do," she falteringly replied; then paused for a moment, to summon up sufficient courage to begin; and in that moment, pitiable was the agitation of Lord Delamore.

"My lord," at length said Julia, "you once much honor made for me, by your full confidence; and still am I sure, in consciousness, I yet do merit it, or at all, I would not presumption have, to interfere, or seek for saying, what my heart, is great deal full of. You have been taught to think me, bad culprit, who betrayed for you, your secret to Lady Delamore, and Lord St. Orville; and......."

"Oh! no, no," said Lord Delamore, eagerly interrupting her; "St. Orville has solemnly assured me, you betrayed not my secret to him. I must believe St. Orville: therefore, however the facts transpired, I now think you have been calumniated."

"For love to your own happiness, believe no such thing," exclaimed Julia with vehemence.—"Believe me, the friend perfidious; believe, of me, all of much bad, you can; for then, then, I may give you, comfort."

"For mercy sake! what can you mean?" said Lord Delamore, in amazement.

"If I betrayed, your secrets for you," said Julia, with impressive feeling, "it was not much for probability, that untold I should leave, the great deal important discovery, of the bequest, so immense, for Lady Delamore, which you did say for me, 'you never had, you never would revoke. Then, my lord, in possession of that, why for, should interest sway, the anxiety, of your Emily, for your good health? Could dire apprehension then, of scanty dower, animate for her, the great solicitude, for your preservation?"

"Generous! exalted young creature!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, with tears of sensibility glistening in his fine and intelligent eyes, "you would thus, then, benevolently sacrifice your own fame for sincerity, to give me comfort!"

"I would," she replied, "have you turn now, to your happiness, on any terms. I would have for you, to throw from your good mind, that bad suspicion, for the motive, which makes the action, of Lady Delamore's tender solicitude, for you, to be quite well—which is much grief for you; great calumny, for her. Turn to your happiness, through my shame. Look but kindly on it, Lord Delamore, and it will come for you, believe me, so resistlessly, so firmly, so unalienably, that strong as the rock of truth, and constancy, not art, not malice, not sordid, selfishness, shall shake it.—And then, in such sweet time," she added, with an almost celestial smile of benevolent enthusiasm, "the vindication for myself, will be, my thought."

"By Heaven!" Lord Delamore exclaimed, with energy, "your fame shall be cleared, before I will seek that long eagerly panted for happiness you so sweetly portray for me!"

"Oh, no! no!" exclaimed Julia: "Time can wait, for my justification; but there is not of moment, to be lost, to make preservation, for your happiness. Suffer bad

art, and malice, to lead you small steps, further, and your much misery, will be complete. If still must you, obstinately suspect, your Emily ;—suspect, I entreat you, all the world beside. Give not for others that good confidence, you refuse, for her. Think, that all people, are playing the part, of deception, for you. Mind not being unjust, to great many ; so you preserve, for Lady Delamore, your affection."

"Affection, for Lady Delamore!—My affection has stood the test of her indifference, nay hatred, for years ; and what can shake it now, Miss De Clifford?"

"Much, art ; and affectation of tenderness. Oh, good my lord! you stand on verge, of great deal, terrible precipice, and not at all, your danger seeing, your destruction, is more of probability. Feel not anger for me ; but indeed, and indeed, I will say, you are like blindman now, infatuatedly turning, from tender friends, and giving yourself, for deadly foes, to lead."

"Your language, my young friend, begins to take a very forcible tone."

"Oh, that it could, be forcible, very

strong! and that I could convince, you!—persuade I meant not, to make attempt for. Persuasion, is not conviction. But open make your eyes, Lord Delamore; and suffer yourself to see, what I much, plainly see (though so small my experience). You did say before me, of the disappointment, Lady Selina evinced, for finding, all your personal wealth, was not to be, for her. To make good security for that, I do very well think, is now her purpose of interest, to divide you, from so powerful rival, as Lady Delamore. Lady Hollowell—for what cause, in her heart, to be so wicked, I not know—is her auxiliary of much use. That, I do very well, know, because........But, no, no; I will not ungenerously offer, for proof against them, the words of their own confidence, for each other, which chance did make, for me to hear. But I do know, Lord Delamore, there is much bad purpose, against you; and time will tell you so; and greatly more, than I now dare, say: but this I will affirmation make of—To disunite you, from your Emily (who does love you, and with as much tenderness, as your wish could make, Lord Delamore) is their, cruel

aim. This is my, strong, belief: but mere belief, is not testimony, my lord. I have only stated, my very certain opinion, for purpose, to awaken your suspicion, of where, the real art, and treachery lie; to urge, for your own faculties, to make exertion, and to see, for yourself. To make you hesitate; to seek proof; and make long deliberation, before you turn from your Emily, and happiness for ever."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, shuddering, "what an iniquitous plot is here revealed, for........"

"No, not revealed," said Julia, eagerly interrupting him; "I have good belief, for the existence, of such plot; but, as I did say, belief is not testimony, nor my opinion, for surely, infallible. Ladies Selina, and Hollowell, have said for you, great deal of evil, of me. I have now told you, much bad things of them; and so we have each, made fire of our envenomed shafts:—but do you be for, fair, and candid judge, Lord Delamore; nothing do, precipitately. Give faith, implicit for neither, party. Have for thought, we are mortal foes, actuated by, much private interest, to make deception

for you; and calumny for, each other. But do you make deep search, for impartial investigation; and with all the energy of your natural, character, yourself decide."

Lord Delamore, sensibly affected, and listening with amazement and pleasure to arguments so convincing to him (because consonant to the tenderness of his heart), and to statements so candid, now feelingly exclaimed—"Surely, surely you are my destiny! or why else is such a mere child as you are gifted with the powers of spreading before me plain and legible facts, which, with infatuated obstinacy, I have shut my eyes to?—But, sweet, resistless, fascinating friend!........"

"My lord, my lord," said Julia, "consider not me, sweet, resistless, fascinating; until conviction shall say, I am sincere. Your friend, I great deal trust, I shall myself prove; and was I for your destiny, I would lead to you, your happiness, in the heart of your Emily: but not prejudice in my favor, must make weight, for my opinions. The exceedingly great, virtues of Lady Delamore, demand, that the true, unbiassed judgement, shall decide for her,

sincerity. But before I do drop, for the present, this subject, and retire, I wish to say one more, observation:—It is much plain for me, that whosoever it was, or wheresoever situated, we had witness, of invisibility, when you did make confidence, in me, the day, your son did arrive, Lord Delamore."

"Why, why, my sweet friend! are you convinced of this?"

"Because, my lord, it appears for me, that the communications only, you did make, in this room, have transpired. Had I disclosed, any thing, I had betrayed all, of you; and the coadjutor, to Lady Selina, not then, in part only, informed, would for very certainly, remembering the much great bequest, was known, to Lady Delamore, not have choice made of her apprehensions, for being left, to the comparative poverty, of small dower, to work upon, for introduction, of jealous suspicion, to your mind; to blind make you, to the else clear demonstration, that genuine tenderness, was the alone, actuater, for your Emily's sweet affecting solicitude, for your health. Your recollection must be of, Lord Delamore,

that not here, but in our walk, the day we did find, our little poor boy, you made confidence, of what wealth immense, you had bequeathed, to Lady Delamore."

"Surely, surely—I again repeat it!" exclaimed Lord Delamore—"you are, if not my destiny, at least inspired by my pitying one; or why are you ordained to teach me wisdom?—to point out to me the path of plain and easy fact? so clear to see, that infatuated I must have been to overlook it! Yes, my sweet friend! the charge against your faith in friendship, you have incontestibly removed, by the resistless proof of sense and reflection. Assuredly, had you betrayed any thing, you had told all; and they, knowing that Emily was informed I did not mean to leave her in comparative beggary, would not, could not, have seised that envenomed shaft to pierce my heart with. But how, by what inspiration, is it, that you can do at your years what I cannot do at mine;—that you can reason upon causes and effects;—that you can, uninfluenced by susceptibility, though so tremblingly gifted with feeling, think for yourself, and act as judgement dictates?"

"From being, alone, for long sad time, in the world, Lord Delamore, I was taught reflection. From being, for many a day, the lorn child to neglect, I had not one to think for me. On self I was driven, to depend; self was roused for action, and self.........."

"Was vigilant," said Lord Delamore. "Clear in judgement, strong in reason, has that early use of intellect and activity of mind now made you, my sweet friend! whilst I, reared in the lap of prosperity, indulged in supineness and inert in indolence, am now as if devoid of reason, where my feelings operate—the mere pliant machine, to be worked by every hand that turns it. But I have been an unfortunate man, who........" Suddenly Lord Delamore paused; a painful idea seemed at once to dart into his thoughts; and mournfully he continued.—

"You, certainly, Miss De Clifford, have incontestibly proved your innocence, in this alleged breach of confidence; but you have not proved that Lady Delamore has not been actuated, in her late anxiety for my health, by the motive Lady Hollowell

ascribed it to.—Oh! if it were otherwise!"

"If I have made proof, for my own sincerity, I have fixed, an undelible stigma, upon that, of my accusers. And I now do ask you, has Lady Delamore, in all the years long, she has been to you wife, evinced *much, self-interestedness*, and *duplicity?*"

"My Emily, evince self-interestedness and duplicity!—Never, never."—

"Then, why suspect her now?"

"Oh! I know not why I dare to do it. —But why, Miss De Clifford, should she, at such a moment, throw off the garb of formality; deviate from her long habit of inattention to the witchery of dress; and, all at once, become the pupil of fancy, in adornment, the most fascinating, the........"

"By my advice, she did make that change; and to fix in her chains, even—— her own husband; said Julia interrupting him: and now she repeated to him every syllable that passed between herself and Lady Delamore, upon the subject of changing her style of dress.

"Did, then, Emily dress for me?—

actually condescend to aim, at last, to preserve my long-disregarded affections?" and tears now gushed from Lord Delamore's eyes; and, hiding his face in his hands, upon an adjoining table, sobbed aloud—and so did Julia.

"Oh, Lord Delamore!" at length she softly articulated, "be but yourself—the being, Nature made you, in good purpose; uncase from the much repellent, armor, in which deep art, and treachery, very terrible, have long enveloped you—Oh! be but yourself; and in soon time, you will see, the sweet, and lovely affections, of domestic peace, circling kindly, round for you: proud to be called, and much happy, in their station."

"Oh, Julia! my child!" Lord Delamore exclaimed:—"Child, of my heart! and friend, of my bosom!"—He caught her with tenderness, and a convulsive grasp, to his breast; and on his shoulder she now wept in sympathy. A pause for some moments ensued; at length Lord Delamore suddenly started from her, and, in a tone of mournful despondence, said—

"One thing more, sweet friend! before

I dare longer indulge in this dream of happiness—Tell me, oh! tell me, if you know it—Why does Emily so earnestly regard Lord Robert Bolton and her sister! Why take such pains to withdraw his attentions from Lady Ennerdale?"

"I am not at all, in that secret, Lord Delamore, further than observation, has allowed for me; but I do very well think, your question, can readily make answer, for itself. The much enemy to Lady Delamore, has here too, turned her virtues, in very terrible calumny, against her."

"Oh!" vehemently exclaimed Lord Delamore, "tell me of my Emily's virtues, and I will worship you!"

"It is not blame, to Lady Delamore, that she has for sister, one, who has not recollection, that youth, makes not stay for ever; and that cicisbeoism is not custom in England." Julia now blushed, hesitated, and then timidly proceeded.—"You will think, I have for some things, too great deal of observation, for my years, Lord Delamore; but I have it, in this, and will not, at all, deny it. I see very much, Lady Ennerdale flirts exceedingly more, with Lord Robert,

than Lady Delamore has, approbation for; and dear Lady Delamore, in grief that her sister, should do such error, looks pensive, agitated, interested; and makes all exertion, of her possibility, to prevent such, impropriety."

"Oh! how eloquent is truth!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, folding his arms across his breast, and walking with hurried and disordered steps up and down the room. "This simple testimony is conviction. But how undeserving am I of such a treasure as my Emily! How dare I doubt her purity? Oh! heaven and earth! ought I not to have known her exalted virtues better, than to be led to suspicion of them? Ought I not to have seen all this, as well as her young friend?"

"Indeed, you ought," said Julia, artlessly; "and you ought, never at all, to listen to any thing, against your own Emily; for she is sweet, and good, and amiable, as a heaven-formed heart, can make her. And it is very hard upon her, I do think, now at *last*, when she *does* love you, that you will not believe, she does; but leave her to grieve for thinking, she is never to be hap-

py, and listen to, and give your (by her so prized) attentions, to the much bad misleader."

"True, true, true!—My sweet, my virtuous Emily, how I have injured you! How nearly duped into further perfidy, to—to ——Oh! Emily!" Lord Delamore still paced the room, with quick, unequal steps. A pause ensued, which our heroine, at length, ventured to break.

"Might I take presumption, to advise, Lord Delamore," she timidly said, "I would not now, too much hastily, decide. I would not, allow the susceptibility, of my feelings, to be my alone, guide. I would make reason, and judgement, do their part. For some days, at least, I would have suspicion for all, parties; and make investigation, of every proof, whether of positive, or presumptive. It must be much pain for you, to believe, and doubt; and then believe, and doubt again. For Lady Delamore, I do wish particularly, for close observation. Suspicion for her partiality, for Lord Robert, has been awakened. The testimony of my opinion, is not all her fame, makes demand of. Seek conviction,

Lord Delamore, for yourself; such as your wife of excellence, does claim; and your own feelings, can build, faith on. For Lady Delamore's happiness, for your own, be slow to judgement; but let the sentence come from proof, that art, cannot more, teach to doubt."

Lord Delamore listened to her with profound attention; then rapidly advancing to her, he affectionately took her hand.—"Most competent are you to advise; and your advice will I implicitly follow;—for you are the mutual friend to my Emily and myself; and you wish for our happiness, inseparable from each other. I will divest myself of my natural impetuosity; I will calmly and........"

At this moment, Lady Hollowell, *sans ceremonie*, burst open the door, and, in wild gaiety, was skipping in, when the sight of the "odious De Clifford" there, with her hand in Lord Delamore's, electrified her. She started, turned pale in dismay; and, trembling with rage and vexation, petulantly said—

"I must own, of all people, I did not ex-

pect to find Miss *Prude* enclosed, at this early hour, alone with the gallant, gay, Lothario!"

This shaft was pointless to innocence; and Julia calmly and promptly replied— "You, madam, cannot consider that, for reprehensible, which it is evident, had I not been here, to make prevention, you came with full intention, yourself, to do."

The eyes of Lady Hollowell now flashed the rays of a fury; but she made no reply: while Lord Delamore, although provoked and offended at this abrupt intrusion, and finding it difficult to conquer all at once his forcibly awakened and powerful agitation, felt himself almost betrayed into a smile, at Julia's so little expected retort to Lady Hollowell; and now, gravely bowing to her intrusive ladyship, requested to know— "what fortunate circumstance he was indebted to, for the honor of so early a visit?"

"To no circumstance but my anxious wish to know how my dear friend did, after his too evident indisposition last night."

"Your ladyship's looks, with your man-

ner of entering, certainly proclaimed your infinity of concern and anxiety," replied Lord Delamore, sarcastically.

What his lordship meant should inform her he was not to be deceived any longer by her artful affectation of regard for him, she construed into jealous pique at her not evincing despair about his illness; and auguring the most auspicious omens from this, her spirits rallied at once, and, with a look of soft languishment, she said—

"Dear Lord Dela! will you let me breakfast with you?"

"Your ladyship is extremely condescending; and I cannot but be proud of such an honor." Then turning to Julia, his lordship said, with a paternal smile, "My dear child! you will breakfast with me, I hope?"

A blush, a tear of unexpected pleasure, now mantled Julia's cheek, and glistened in her eyes.

"Oh! with pleasure, she would, if Lady Delamore could spare her; and she would go, and tell her;" was Julia's reply.

"No," Lord Delamore said, "she must not go. Holt should have the honor of being her ambassador." Holt was there-

fore summoned, and dispatched upon the mission; and soon returned, with a message from Lady Delamore, importing—"that giving up Miss De Clifford's society, she considered no trivial sacrifice; but as it was to her lord, she would cheerfully submit." After the delivery of this answer, a pause for some moments ensued; which Lord Delamore broke, by saying, with emotion—

"That message was so like my Emily!—sweet, kind, and elegant."

The rage, dismay, and consternation, of Lady Hollowell, from the moment Lord Delamore invited Julia to be of the breakfast party, which she fully intended should be a *tête-à-tête* one, foils our power to describe; but the unexpected compliment to Lady Delamore, delivered by her lord with such tender feeling, rendered her almost incapable of restraining the exhibition of her frenzy. Her lips and cheeks now blanched by agitation, with the remaining rouge which emotion had not faded, gave to her countenance a most ghastly appearance; while her flaming eyes, flashing in ire, combined in making her look old, haggard, and terrific. On Julia, her brows bent, in hor-

rible scowl; each moment in increasing envenomed malice and vindictive fury.

Lord Delamore, with shuddering horror, beheld all this. Once led to doubt the sincerity of Lady Hollowell, he took the trouble of observing her with the scrutinising eye of suspicion; and her own looks condemned her: whilst he read in the countenance of Julia, whenever she turned her regard upon her ladyship, the calm, steady contempt, inspired by principle.

As widely different in aspect as in heart, was Julia from Lady Hollowell.—Her bosom glowing with all the pure transport of contributing to the happiness of others, the delight of removing the rankling thorn of mental misery from the bosom of those she loved, illumined her ever-speaking beautiful eyes with radiant joy, almost celestial; mantled her cheeks with the most rosy tints of animation; and played round her lovely mouth in smiles so sweet, that Innocence alone could wear such. The starting tear, the spontaneous smile, the unfinished sentence—each, by turns, proclaimed her mind was agitated; but she forgot not the claims of society. Still she was attentive

to the forms of good-breeding: as Lord Delamore's guest, treated Lady Hollowell with undeviating politeness; and, though her situation there was embarrassing and unpleasant, she acquitted herself with graceful dignity, sweetness, and propriety.

Lord Delamore, with a mind now full of hope and joy, yet had many unpleasant thoughts to agitate him; but still he beheld Julia with delighted approbation, and fast increasing anger at himself, for ever having been beguiled into conceiving, even for one moment, she could deceive. Of one vile calumny she had, in his opinion, incontrovertibly acquitted herself. Upon the other, he now scarcely bestowed a thought; so certain he was of her instantly proving her innocence, the moment it should be mentioned to her. She now appeared to him, in every way, so near perfection, that the earnest wish of his heart to see her united to his son again filled his mind;—but she had loved the Marquis of Penmorva. "It was true, her affections had been usurped from St. Orville; but might they break effectually from the usurper, and become unalienably his son's? And then, Lady

Fontseverri—that lovely, innocent, unsophisticated being; who so fervently adored St. Orville, and who so affectionately regarded himself!—True, she was not half so fascinatingly lovely as Julia; no, from the moment he had seen them together, he was convinced she bore no sort of competition with her, for grace, for elegance, for charms, in any way;—was terribly her inferior in intellect; and, for some days prior to Lord St. Orville's confidence in him, he had been thinking, seriously, that those bewitching childish manners would lose their captivation with extreme youth; were perhaps even now too puerile for twenty; and that St. Orville, with such mental endowments as he possessed, and in such a state of cultivation, would require something more solid in a wife, at twenty-five, to contribute to his happiness." Now, Lord Delamore regretted deeply having so precipitately entered into any engagements with Lord Westbourn (although only conditional ones); "for now, he had to withdraw from them; and much he feared, by the kind of tacit encouragement they had afforded, that fuel had been added to the flame of Lady Font-

severn, and that amiable, innocent, susceptible young creature, through his precipitance, and her father's, rendered wretched, perhaps, for life."

Very shortly after this-little-partaken-of repast was ended, Lady Selina Stratton joined the party. Not more horror and consternation did Lady Hollowell evince in finding our heroine alone with Lord Delamore, than Lady Selina betrayed on beholding her at his lordship's breakfast-table; and mutual significant looks, of no very pleasing cast, or amiable import, were now interchanged between these well-matched friends.

Lord Delamore, wishing to avoid all conversation with them, called Julia to sit beside him, that they might together look over some views of Sicily he had lately purchased; and they were thus engaged, when Lord St. Orville entered.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Delamore and her son had been waiting some time, in anxious expectation of Julia's joining them, when Holt arrived with her excuse. Nothing could equal the astonishment of Lady Delamore and Lord St. Orville, upon hearing Julia was to breakfast with Lord Delamore, except their joy.

"Miss De Clifford to breakfast with my father!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, sudden joy sparkling in his eyes.

"Yes, indeed, my lord," Holt replied; "and, dear young lady! she has been with his lordship, *tête-à-tête*, since seven o'clock. And," added the old man, with tears of pleasure glistening in his eyes, "I verily believe she has bewitched him; for in the time she has changed his look, his voice, his manner.—When I dressed him, he seemed like one crazed with misery; now, he looks like himself:—not composed indeed, but pleased; and as he used to look when I first knew him."

Lady Delamore had just sufficient power to give a message for Julia, and her lord, to Holt, before her overwhelming feelings sent her to her closet, there to weep for joy. Julia reinstated in the favor of Lord Delamore, so completely as to be invited to his breakfast-table, was a harbinger of every happiness to her. She was her steady, zealous friend; and Julia, again in favor, proclaimed at once the overthrow of Lady Hollowell. After half an hour's free indulgence of her joyful feelings, and gratitude to Heaven for this promise of happiness, Lady Delamore returned to her son, whom she found pacing her *boudoir* with rapid strides, and building castles for happiness as fast as ever Hope could supply him with materials.

As his father's interdict, from his speaking to his mother upon the subject of his long sufferings relating to her, was not removed, Lord St. Orville forbore to glance even at the subject; and Lady Delamore, ashamed of the jealous feelings she had so forcibly experienced, and still felt something like uneasiness from, avoided the subject too: but Julia, their mutual idol—Julia, whom

they believed exerting herself for the promotion of their happiness, by clearing her own fame, and bearing down all other favorites—became the object of their animated conversation. Thus employed, their breakfast remained nearly untouched; and each anxious to know how matters were turning out below, and all-solicitude to see Lord Delamore and Julia, they at length, half revealing their wishes, mutually determined to join the breakfast party of Lady Selina, to make their observations. Together, therefore, they proceeded to the family breakfast-room; where they learned, from the maliciously-communicative Miss Modely, "that her sister and Lord Delamore, having quite a platonic friendship for each other, had breakfasted *tête-à-tête*, and Lady Selina was just gone to interrupt their conference."

Of the fallacy of it's being a *tête-à-tête* conference, they were happily better informed than Miss Modely; but Lord St. Orville, now in terror lest Julia should experience any thing to distress her from those violent and malicious women, in-

stantly determined upon becoming an intruder in his father's library: but the cruel rebuff which Lady Delamore received the day she last was there, effectually prevented her making any attempt to accompany him; and now, assuming the appearance of all the tranquillity she could command, she continued with the remaining party.

Lord St. Orville entered the library full of anxious eagerness to observe his father's countenance; and beheld him gazing, with paternal affection, upon Julia, as she, with the animated delight of enthusiastic friendship, was pointing out to Lord Delamore the spires of Santo Sebastiano, where she had known, and loved, her dearest friend Cecilia.

Lord St. Orville, not knowing to what Julia was pointing, could not exactly tell what to abscribe the joy and rapture to, that emanated from his father's eyes as he looked upon his adored Julia; but he hailed them as propitious to all his own hopes of happiness: and feeling his father, at this moment, even dearer to his heart than he had ever before conceived him to be, he hastily approached him, took his hand with tender

solicitude, and asked him how he found himself.

"Better, my *dearest child*, than I have been for many years," replied Lord Delamore, returning the affectionate pressure of his hand.

The beautiful eyes of Lord St. Orville were now illumined with joy, and turned in tender gratitude upon the skilful physician who had thus restored his father's mental health. Their glances met; but only for an instant: for, though Julia's told him she had glad tidings to impart, his spoke a language that surprised, startled, agitated her.—"What, what can that look, of such melting tenderness, mean?" she mentally said, as she cast her eyes down upon the views of Sicily.—"Oh! he thought of Cecilia, as he did look on me." This suggestion satisfied her curiosity; but it called forth a sigh, for the inauspicious love of the inestimable Lord St. Orville.

The address of "my dearest child" was a sound most direful to the designing heart of Lady Selina. In this moment, she knew not where to wreak her spleen; but, always

an adept in the art of being most annoying to Lord St. Orville, now said—

"Is it for the gratification of your vanity, Alfred, by proving to us all the violence of Lady Fontsevern's affection for you, that you maliciously persevere in breakfasting with Lady Delamore, and playing truant, every morning, making the pretty moppet whimper and fret? Really, was I the woman you were the accepted lover of, I should not be so meek as Lady Fontsevern—I should teach you to be more attentive."

"The woman to whom I profess love, Lady Selina, never shall have reason to complain of my failure in tender attentions to her.—The heart that truly loves, requires no teacher but it's own feelings."

"Well," she replied, affecting to misconceive him—"Well, for a lover, I must confess your heart and feeling for Lady Fontsevern are freezingly cold.——You should have been in the family breakfast-room this morning to have taken a lesson of ardor and animation from Lord Robert, whilst he breathed forth the most passionate eulogium upon Lady Delamore's allurements."

Lady Selina had now completely succeeded in disconcerting Lord St. Orville. He saw her malice; he abhorred her for it: but, with invincible self-possession, he promptly said—

"Was Lord Robert to canonise my mother, raise a shrine to her homage, and become her most idolatrous votary, I should not feel surprised."—Lord Delamore was now all painful attention.—"My mother has, by her potent raillery (for well has her unerring judgement taught her, that follies are most successfully subdued by ridicule), nearly overthrown his absurd whim, of admiring beauty in it's wane; and will, I doubt not, lead him ultimately to that alliance his family are so anxious for: —I mean, with his lovely cousin, who has long been tenderly attached to him, and whose only fault, in his eyes, was her youth. From the moment, it seems, that he took up his unnatural passion for the antients—a mania that only attacked him about a year since—he suddenly ceased even to visit at his uncle's; but no longer enduring, he says, 'to be the ridicule of Lady Delamore, he has requested Charles

to go with him, on Monday, to Bolton Park, to make his peace for him there."

Lady Selina now, in ungovernable frensy, at the idea of this object, who had so potently excited Lord Delamore's jealousy, being thus snatched away, vehemently exclaimed—

"Charles shall not go with him!"

"Charles shall not go with him!" repeated Lord Delamore in dismayed horror; now fully convinced his child, and the one he had most indulged and favored, was indeed a serpent he had been fostering in his bosom to destroy his peace. The cause of her intemperate rage, too clearly betrayed itself; and Lord Robert stood confessed to him, as the means by which Lady Selina had hoped to separate him and his Emily for ever.—"Charles shall not go with him!" he repeated:—"then I will; for my Emily's amiable work shall not be defeated."......

Lord Delamore, ill from the agitated joy this proof of his Emily having no views for herself upon the heart of Lord Robert inspired; and stung with grief, at this conviction of his child's perfidiousness; and

not longer being able to bear her presence, said to her, with as steady a voice and as composed a countenance as he could command—

"Lady Selina, I have some important business to transact with your brother here, which cannot be postponed. Conduct Lady Hollowell to your other friends; and I trust her ladyship will have the goodness to pardon my thus foregoing the honor of her prolonged visit." Then kindly taking Julia's hand, he put it into Lord St. Orville's:—"Let Alfred conduct you, my sweet child! to his mother," he said; "and then send him back to me."

Ladies Hollowell and Selina saw the agitation and heart-indisposition of Lord Delamore; and construing all as their wishes pointed—and that jealousy at the influence his wife possessed over Lord Robert, and his anxiety to reconciling his cousin to him, as prompted also by the green-eyed monster—now departed in something of good hope, that all their schemes were not defeated.

"Pray, pray, stay, with dear, Lord Delamore," said Julia, softly, to Lord St.

Orville. "I do very well know, his present agitation, requires the tender comfort, you can give him."

"I will stay, since you permit me.—But, dear friend! pray go to my mother, who is in the family breakfast-room, very anxious, I know, for the tender comfort *you can give her*;" replied Lord St. Orville, who, under some arbitrary influence, now forgot his accustomed forbearance, and tremulously pressed Julia's hand in the moment he relinquished it.

Julia now, following Lady Hollowell to the breakfast-room (for Lady Selina had disappeared the moment they quitted the library, mentally exclaimed—"Why for, did Lord St. Orville, press my hand? and so tremulously too! It was upon Cecilia's account; for I know, he did then, only make thought, of his father.—Oh! it was why, I spoke kindly of his father; and always, he is, so grateful!" This reason proved admissible; and Julia's heart glowed with joy, that dear, amiable, Lord St. Orville, was so firmly seated in his father's affection.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR heroine found Lady Delamore in the breakfast-room; and, with a countenance of agitated, joyful, trembling animation, she flew to her, and took her hand. Her ladyship, instantly receiving all of hope that Julia's eloquent looks expressed, caught her to her breast, and kissed her tenderly; —and rekissed her, both in spontaneous gratitude, and to hide her own emotion from general observation.

Now Julia paid her morning compliments to the rest of the party. The gladness of her heart had restored ten thousand charms to her countenance, which disquietude had robbed her of; and she now displayed fascinations of beauty, that exquisitely lovely as the inmates of Delamore castle thought and felt her to be, they had no conception she possessed; and Lord Westbourn, seriously captivated, where interest first had led him to admire, now took his entranced station beside the recoiling Julia.

As breakfast had been for some time ended, those ladies who felt industriously inclined had commenced their little employments, of netting, or drawing; and Lady Isabella, attached to her scrap-screen making, was painting, very carelessly, some flowers on one; and, not very well pleased with her own performance, asked Julia to correct what she had done. Our heroine, whose heart teemed with the milk of human kindness, instantly complied; and, with her magical touches, beautified Lady Isabella's non-descripts completely out of her own recognition: and Lady Isabella, totally devoid of envy, was hanging over her ecstasies, as each before shapeless flower, now glowing with animation, arose on the paper into life, every now and then puzzling poor Julia with a rebus, chirade, or a conundrum, from the screen. While so employed, Lord St. Orville entered, unobserved by Julia; and had just taken his station, near her, to gaze on her, and admire, when, in guessing one of the puzzles, which asked "Who He was, who had no equal?" Julia, never once conceiving that any thing of a sacred nature could be

introduced among jest and quibbles, and believing there was but one male mortal without a fault, artlessly, and without consideration, unhesitatingly replied—

"That must be, for certainly, Lord St. Orville."

This came with such resistless *naïveté*, prompt from her heart, that it found it's instant way to Lord St. Orville's; awakening there every hope and rapture.—"Julia De Clifford, then, thought him without an equal! Oh! what partiality must dwell in her mind, to give birth to such an unmerited idea of him as that!" and his eyes now sparkled, danced, and swam in tears of joy; whilst the unrefined Miss Modely, hating alike both Lady Fontsevern and Julia, now exclaimed—

"That's a Fontsevern complete!" And Lady Hollowell, as unceremoniously said—"Another conquest, Lord St. Orville!"

Julia started, colored, and trembled; now thus grossly informed that she had uttered an impropriety: and that Lord St. Orville should have heard her, pained her more forcibly than any other regret she ex-

perienced; and, completely disconcerted, her eyes were riveted upon her employment; her bosom heaving, and her cheeks mantled with every emotion of genuine shame.

Lady Selina now made her appearance, and called Lady Hollowell to a secret conference at a window distant from the rest of the party. In some time after, Lord Delamore entered, with the flushed cheeks of agitation. His eyes swiftly encountered those of his anxious, perturbed Emily; and with difficulty could he restrain the impulse of snatching her to his breast, imploring her forgiveness, and weeping tears of penitence upon her bosom, for daring to suspect her, and for every uneasiness he had inflicted on her; but there were now too many witnesses; and beside, he must remember the advice of Julia — Julia, his present oracle.

The moment Lord Delamore made his appearance, Ladies Hollowell and Selina broke up their conference, to pay their attentions to him; and as Lady Selina turned to take a seat near him, his lordship, gazing earnestly after her, hastily exclaimed —

" Bless me! Lady Selina, what a formidable fracture your gown has sustained!"

Lady Selina looked round.—" Dear me! a formidable one indeed!—A piece quite torn out!—I wonder how I could do it, without my knowlege!"

" But what a pity! it is such a lovely muslin!" said Ann Beaumont.

" And cannot be matched," replied Lady Selina: " for only a very small quantity of it was ever brought to England; which I was lucky enough to procure."

" And so far fortunate now," said Lord Delamore, " that I have found the torn-out piece for you.

" Where?" exclaimed her highly-alarmed ladyship.

" You shut it into one of the library anti-chamber doors, replied Lord Delamore, calmly. " There, there, see how exactly it fits.—It is the identical piece. Cannot you have it fine-drawn?"

" Oh, dear! no, my lord," said Lady Selina, pleased however at Lord Delamore's evincing so much interest about her gown; " that piece is of no use whatever."

" Do n't say so, Lady Selina," exclaimed

Miss Modely.—"Give it to Miss De Clifford. She is so benevolent, that I dare say, like some humane heroine I have read of, she traverses from hamlet to hamlet, with a bagful of shreds, to patch the clothes of the poor."

"Can it patch a reputation? If it can, pray let Miss De Clifford have it," cried Lady Hollowell.

"Why for, madam?" asked Julia, in astonishment.

"To give your benevolent heart the gratification of benefiting a fellow-creature;—by allowing you to make an offering of it to Lady Hollowell;" said Lord St. Orville, with eyes flashing with indignant fire.

"Well, well," said Lord Delamore, playfully, "for patching or for clearing fame, few can guess even at it's virtues.—Not many relics abroad, Miss De Clifford, however, possess more; and, in veneration, I will preserve it; and who knows what fair pilgrim it yet may draw to kiss it with reverence."

Julia too well guessed his allusions, for agitation to permit her speaking; but she raised her heart in gratitude to Heaven, that

the malicious inquisitor had been thus providentially discovered.

Lady Selina, conscience-struck, was dreadfully alarmed, until she thought, that, had Lord Delamore made the terrible discovery, she was certain the irritation of his temper would now evince itself, in the ebullition of his ungovernable rage.—Here he was, not only calm, but mirthful; and, therefore, certainly the discovery had not been made; and her too conscious apprehensions had attached meaning to mere random words: and, thus arguing, she was convinced, and was herself again.—But Lady Selina was mistaken; Lord Delamore had made the terrible discovery; and so dreadful it appeared to him, that it's effect was too deep to awaken anger. Horror, for some moments, chilled his long-deceived heart; contempt, and the scorn of indignation, succeeded, and taught him calmness even to himself astonishing.

That closet where the family archives were kept, as mentioned by Lord Delamore to our heroine, Lady Selina had long been in the habit of concealing herself in,

to listen to Lord Delamore's secret conferences with those whom she wished to hear his conversation with. She knew it was a place his lordship never had entered, since the time he became of age. She knew where the keys were kept; and purloining for a time the one belonging to the door which led into the anti-chamber, through the aid of Mrs. Monk had a key made by it, which let her into this place; where she had no fear of detection, since, by a deep door-way of Gothic carved work, she could securely hide, or reconnoitre, until a judicious minute for emerging from concealment. From her inquisitorial visits here, she had the power (which she never failed to exercise) of creating much mischief in the family. The moment she heard of Lord St. Orville's return (which she did from Mrs. Ward, immediately, who saw him enter the lodge), she hastened to this place of ambush, to learn what reception Lord Delamore would give him. She heard the conversation between his lordship and Julia; and, in dismayed consternation, she emerged from her concealment, to fly to

consultation with Mrs. Monk; but not in expedition sufficient to prevent Julia's hearing her retreating footsteps.

Lord Delamore's suspicions, relative to this closet, had been awakened, by the account Julia had given him of the hasty retreat of some one as she opened the door. He had, in consequence, looked out the keys, determined to lay some snare to discover the eaves-dropper. Undecided what to devise, nothing had yet been done; and this morning, he thought, from the circumstance of his inviting his son to a secret conference, before Lady Selina, might possibly induce her to set herself or emissaries to work. The moment, therefore, Lord St. Orville left him (with whom his conversation he took care, by being delivered in low tones, should not be overheard), he rushed suddenly into the closet; but there no one was to be found: however, he there beheld the fragment of muslin, torn out of Lady Selina's gown, by her shutting the door into the antichamber upon it. In pitiable agitation, he possessed himself of it. It was very singularly figured Japan muslin; and he perfectly re-

collected having seen some part of Lady Selina's drapery composed of such a material: and now he hastened to the breakfast-room, in the most painful trepidation, to learn if he was indeed to cast this once highly-favored child from his heart for ever. He saw; was direfully convinced; and on the instant his resolution was formed: and though the heart of the parent writhed in horror, his heart monopolised every pang, leaving the surface calm and unruffled.

And now Lady Hollowell, anxious to get Lord Delamore away from the presence of his wife and Julia, called to the individuals who were to compose it, to hasten to their skaiting party, which had been arranged the preceding day. An unusually severe frost, for that part of England, appeared now to be set in. Several of the male inmates of the castle were perfect adepts in skaiting; and Lady Hollowell was such a celebrated one, that she never failed, when in town, to exhibit on the Serpentine river every frost; and, all-anxious to seek this favorite exercise, had formed a party to go upon a large lake in the park.

"You will go with us, Miss De Clifford?" said Lord St. Orville, anxiously.

"I have already made my party, Lord St. Orville," said Lady Selina, haughtily.

"So have I, Lady Selina," replied Lord St. Orville, with spirit. "It is some weeks since Miss De Clifford did me the honor of promising to skaite with me, the first safe frost.—You remember it, I hope, Miss De Clifford?" said he, beseechingly. "You asked me, 'was it considered an impropriety in England, for ladies to skaite?' I told you, none, in private grounds. You then acknowleged you had learned in Holland; had your skaites still; and then, you know, we made our party."

"Always, you remember, so well!" said Julia, blushing.

"Nothing in which you are concerned, can I ever cease to remember," he replied, in a voice so lowered that it was heard by Julia alone.

Our heroine was astonished, flattered, and pleased.—"Lord St. Orville, the most really truly amiable of all mankind—was he, indeed, so interested about her, as for nothing in which she was concerned to

escape his memory?" Her cheeks lost nothing of their heightened bloom by these thoughts, but her eyes sought the ground; and a moment's reflection placed to his affection for his uncle this great share of interest for his adopted child.

"Lady Selina," said Lord Delamore, with seriousness devoid of austerity, "you seem to forget that this is not Stratton abbey. The guests at Delamore castle are your mother's party, and mine; and *our* guests form *our* party to the ice this morning."

Lady Selina colored, felt alarmed and humbled, while Lady Delamore, finding by the address of her lord to his daughter, that her being of this morning's party seemed implied, with difficulty restrained her tears of joy. Lord Delamore did, indeed, wish her to be of the party; he wished her no more to quit his no longer diseased sight; but his mind was too much torn, by both painful and pleasureable sensations, to possess sufficient firmness, at present, to admit of more than obliquely or tacitly to evince his affection to her. To throw himself upon his Emily's bosom, to

weep in tenderness, to implore her pardon, and talk of their future happiness, he found would subdue his firmness at once, and leave him with nerves too shattered to perform that steady part now given to him by reason and conviction to perform.

As it was now considered time to go, the ladies retired to equip themselves for the expedition. Julia soon returned, clothed in a black velvet mantle, of a most fanciful and becoming form, which gave to the gracefulness of her figure and movements every advantage of well-arranged drapery. Lord St. Orville anxiously regarded the dress; he was struck with it's beautiful effect, but fearing it was not warm enough, he eagerly inquired for her muff and tippet, and instantly rang for them; and when Lucy appeared with them, he took Julia's skaites from her hand, which she now brought too, put them within the bosom of his coat, and carefully buttoned them up there, while his own he left to a servant to carry.

"Any one to observe the reverential respect with which you put that little pair of skaites into your bosom, St. Orville," said

Lord Robert, smiling, "could think they were nothing less than some of those sacred relics Lord Delamore was talking of."

At this moment Lady Fontsevern, who had been equipping herself in the room, on purpose to be admired for her carelessness in doing it, burst into a fit of sobbing, exclaiming—

"I cannot, cannot bear that dear Lord St. Orville should seem so anxious about Miss De Clifford; whom I am very angry with indeed, for making any party to induce him to go upon the nasty ice, where he may fall in and be drowned!"

Julia felt astonished, and hurt, at this extraordinary accusation; but knew not what answer she could possibly make to it. Lord St. Orville was disgusted, and embarrassed; but made a vain attempt to join in the consolation the other gentlemen present were administering, by assurances that no danger awaited Lord St. Orville on the ice.

At length every one was ready to sally forth. Lord Westbourn had fully determined to be the escort of Julia; but before he could make any attempt to perform his intentions, her hand was drawn through

Lord St. Orville's arm. Lord Westbourn was highly disconcerted, and, in revenge, haughtily said—

"Lord St. Orville, you seem to forget Lady Fontsevern!"

"Lord Westbourn," returned Lord St. Orville, with spirit, "I trust I shall never forget those claims my father's guests have upon my attentions; and you are well aware, my father's guests have no other claims upon me but those of *politesse*. If Lady Fontsevern will deign to accept my other arm, I shall consider myself highly honored."

Lady Fontsevern instantly fastened upon his arm. Lady Hollowell, resolving upon one bold stroke to regain that power she believed she had possessed, and now saw tottering, uninvited took the arm of Lord Delamore. His lordship (though in his heart recoiling from her) did not repulse her, meaning now to be as artful as herself; and, by seeming still to be her dupe, to learn as much as possible the motives of her conduct: yet not choosing to suffer any more insinuations against the faith of

his Emily, he called to Lord Robert, and said—

"As you are no skaiter, Lord Robert, will you have the goodness to take care of Lady Delamore for me, and not suffer her to stand too long?—She is a delicate plant; and I dread every keen blast that blows upon her."

Lady Hollowell now clearly saw that jealousy of Lord Robert was at an end, and that Lord Delamore's vanity was now her only auxiliary—and that she meant to work upon with all her power. Lady Delamore could scarcely restrain her tears of joy, at her lord's tender interest about her; yet still she trembled at the influence of her rival: and Lord Robert readily undertook the charge assigned to him by Lord Delamore; for, upon his first introduction to Lady Delamore, he had been so fascinated by her meridian beauty, and so influenced by his fashionable whim, that one encouraging smile of hers would have led him from her sister, and bound him in her chains for ever; but Lady Delamore was enveloped in that ethereal bulwark formed by purity

and decorum, so finely, that to the common observer it remains invisible, and is perceptible only when acting as a repellent, to awe back to the confines of propriety the encroaching advances of presumptuous admiration; and she soon taught Lord Robert to know, that the wife of Lord Delamore must only be respected; and now, believing her more than human in excellence, he determined, since she would not love him, that she should at least esteem him.

As they proceeded to the lake, Lord St. Orville, suddenly recollecting Julia's sprained ankle, with tender anxiety, exclaimed—"You must not skaite to-day, my Julia!.... my—my dear Miss De Clifford, I mean. Your ankle cannot be well enough;" and he colored highly, whilst his frame perceptibly vibrated with that emotion his unwary expression of tenderness had awakened.

Julia blushed too, and was infinitely agitated; for she could find no excuse at all for Lord St. Orville calling her his Julia; however, she hastened to hush his apprehensions relative to her ankle, by acknowleging, disinclination to joining in the late

scenes of hilarity had been her only cause for pleading her recent sprain as an excuse for her indolence.

At length the party reached the lake, and the skaiters hastened to equip themselves. Lord Westbourn was the first to launch upon the ice; and his daughter beheld him with infinite composure; but when Lord Delamore followed him, her screams, awakened by her fears for his life, astonished every one; and when Lord St. Orville glided down upon it, her shrieks rent the air, and her entreaties to him to return were truly pathetic and flattering.

Lord Delamore, one of the greatest admirers of Lady Fontsevern, now was startled; and the surprise he felt, led him to reflection.—He saw her philosophy relative to her father's safety. That St. Orville was dearer to her than her father, he readily believed, and thought most natural; but that he himself should be so much so, that fears for his safety should cause screams and cries, while not even a look of anxiety had been excited for her own father—a father too, who seemed to adore

her—now awakened a strong suspicion in his mind of the genuine artlessness of Lady Fontsevern.

Lord St. Orville had glided up and down the lake; and finding the ice perfectly secure, returned to Julia, to be her attendant when she ventured on it.

Lady Hollowell skaited with infinite skill and courage—cut hearts, and figures of eight, upon the ice, and performed many pretty manœuvres; but she still did all with bold masculine intrepidity: whilst Julia De Clifford, gliding along, though with perfect skill and dexterity, still looked and moved so exquisitely in feminine gracefulness, that, while she appeared an adept in what she was performing, no idea of her independence of mankind arose; for, whilst fleet as the wind, light and playful as the gentle zephyrs, or the gossamer wafted by the passing breezes, she lost not her interest in the mind of man, as a being who might require that protection which Nature ordained she should look to and claim from him.

Lord St. Orville's movements on the ice equaled our heroine's, in graceful elegance. They still remained together; performed

their beautiful manœuvres in unison; Julia making revolutions round his lordship, and Lord St. Orville, considering her as his orb of attraction, round which he performed his transit. Every spectator was delighted. Lord St. Orville, now animated by hope's sweet balms, for health and spirits, was himself again; and Julia, with a mind cheered by the sunshine of conscious approbation of the good she had that day effected irradiating her lovely face, with every charm from happy innocence, and with all of addition the clear frosty air and the exercise she was engaged in could give, looked even so beyond herself, in transcendent beauty, that poor Lady Fontsevern was completely distanced by her in the field of general admiration.

The day continued so unchangeably fine, that the party remained out until the last possible moment. Julia was the first skaiter who receded; both her own feeling, something approaching to fatigue, and Lord St. Orville's absolute agonies, lest too much exercise should overpower her still delicate frame, or injure her ankle, prevailing upon her to give up; and the moment she took

her station on the bank, by Lady Delamore, Lord St. Orville found himself assailed by the most unaccountably overpowering weariness he had ever experienced, which compelled him to quit the ice too, when, as a dutiful son, he took his post by his mother.

The party were all so much pleased with their morning's amusement, that they agreed to a repetition of it (frost permitting) the succeeding day. Lord Delamore had been so charmed with his son's and Miss De Clifford's manœuvres, that he requested them to take castanets the following morning, as he was sure, in their hands, they would have a most pleasing effect. Lady Hollowell declared she would take cymbals, and see what she could do with them: and Lady Fontsevern, not liking to remain in the back-ground, and being satisfied she excelled in every thing she undertook, said she would learn to skaite to-morrow.—Every one had some happy project for to-morrow.—So man appoints: and the unerring Ruler of the universe often ordains to disappoint.

CHAPTER XIX.

DINNER passed pretty much as usual; only that Lord St. Orville this day proved himself a better general than before, for he gained a seat by Julia. His father had removed the interdict to his assiduities, and he was now determined that nothing should restrain them; that while considerations of her late unfortunate attachment withheld his tongue from saying "I love," his unremitting attentions should plead for him.

Lord Westbourn was seated at the other side of our heroine, smiling more than usually cordial on all around him; whilst his heart was suggesting, and his thoughts arranging, a most treacherous project. He clearly saw his daughter's chance with Lord St. Orville completely gone; and his own, of Julia's affections, little better. He saw, by her happy countenance, and unchanging animated vivacity during this day (whatever it's cause), that no pensive melancholy regrets reverted to her late discarded lover.

So many hours dedicated to smiling tranquillity, and forgetfulness of Penmorva, told too unequivocally a heart in perfect health; and which, being yet softened by it's late tenderness, ready, and most likely, to receive a new impression, which Lord St. Orville seemed determined upon making, and which he now resolved effectually to prevent.

During this evening, several visitors arrived from Sedley; and so many young people among them, that Lady Hollowell had a very fair pretence for proposing to dance; and Lord Delamore (though by no means in a dancing mood) would not object, lest it should demolish his project of developing the motive of her conduct, and by that development to let him more fully into the nature of Lady Selina's designs: and so effectually now, in his turn, did he dupe Lady Hollowell, that, elated by every hope of success, she betrayed sufficient to awaken a suspicion of the fact; yet, while she taught Lord Delamore increasing disgust to her, his still apparent attentions restored many painful apprehensions to the bosom of his anxious Emily.

Julia was the willing partner of Lord St. Orville, who had never before seen her graceful movements in the dance; and now, fascinated beyond all concealment, his father called him to a private conference.—

"Alfred," said he, "in pity to the feelings of Lady Fontsevern, we this morning agreed in thinking it necessary to put as speedy a termination to her expectation of gaining your affection as possible; but her father would since afford me no opportunity, though I hinted to him the nature of the communication I was anxious to make: however, as hints seemed thrown away upon him, I have demanded a private conference with him to-morrow morning. In the intermediate time, St. Orville, in pity to this beautiful and affectionate young creature, in respect to my still existing entanglement with her father, I must entreat you to evince as little of your ardent passion for the fascinating Julia as possible. Your adoration of her, though silent, is too profound, too conspicuous, to escape general observation; and though you must glory in your choice, it is cruel, it is unhandsome, in you, to evince it in the presence of the

other fond young creature (who has certainly a claim to your gratitude, for perfering you to any of her numerous admirers) before this unpleasant, but now necessary, explanation with Lord Westbourn has taken place."

"My dear father," exclaimed Lord St. Orville, extremely pained at this reproof, "could never have had cause to rebuke me for impropriety of conduct towards any other woman in existence, I may almost venture to affirm, who had honored me by such a distinction. But pardon me, my dear father! for forming a very different idea of Lady Fontsevern from what you have done. Taught by the pure innocence of Julia De Clifford to know what aspect genuine artlessness assumes, I easily saw the counterfeit only in the mind and manners of Lady Fontsevern, who very soon became to me an object, not only of indifference, but abhorrence. For, in addition to my disgust at her artificial *naïveté*, I felt jealousy the most painful, and indignation the most unbounded;—the one, because she had superceded the inestimable Julia in the favor of

my father; the other, because she had dared to present herself as a rival to my adored Julia, in my affections. Perhaps, thus prejudiced, I was first led to severity in my judgement of her; but to me she now stands fully confessed, as a being in whom there is no genuine affections of the heart. Nor can I think that woman entitled to the homage of respect, or trembling consideration for her feelings, who, forgetful of the actuating influence of innate delicacy, loses her own dignity by trespassing the bounds of decorum; and, reversing the rules prescribed by custom, unrestrained by the beautiful timidity of her sex, unblushingly declares an ardent passion for a man who has, upon every occasion, evinced the most decided indifference to her."

"These, certainly, Alfred, are considerations which weigh heavily against Lady Fontsevern, and plead in your extenuation. That she is not quite unsophisticated in mind, I have imbibed some suspicion; but that she has a heart capable of strong affection, I cannot doubt. That it is sincerely devoted to you, is most evident; and that

your evincing such adoration of another, before her, will rend that heart, is as painfully certain."

"Had she a heart capable of such tender affection, believe, my father, I would not for worlds give her one unnecessary pang," said Lord St. Orville, with impressive feeling. "Had not the apathy of her heart to the finer feelings been before evident to me, an incident of this morning would have convinced me of it.—When Miss De Clifford quitted the ice, skaiting lost every charm for me; and I followed the object of my heart's attraction to the bank; where, with my mother, she walked up and down. My mother, at length, was called to a distance by Lady Ennerdale; and I, by you. I soon returned to the side of Julia, unobserved by her or Lady Fontsevern; who were, I found, in conversation upon my mother's unfading beauty. Julia, looking towards her, as she spoke, with the delighted eyes of an affectionate daughter—

"'I never saw any one, so much, sweetly, beautiful,' said Julia.

"'You mean, at her time of life,' re-

plied Lady Fontsevern, with that consciousness which discovered the expected answer.

"'Oh, no', said Julia, 'I mean, not ever.'"

"'Nor I, either, I can assure *you*, Miss De Clifford,' returned her ladyship, with infinite asperity, to Julia—the sweet unconscious Julia!—who thought not of competition, or herself, when talking of her friend. 'But,' continued Lady Fontsevern, 'I see no symptoms of declining health about Lady Delamore, that Lady Selina told me of, at Stratton abbey.'"

"Thank Heaven! she does not!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, with energy. "No, Emily is quite well now.—Do n't you, do n't you see she is, St. Orville? And henceforth, having nothing (I trust) to afflict her feeling heart, will perfectly reestablish her health."

The father and son now pressed each other's hand, in affectionate concordant wishes for Lady Delamore's health and happiness; and Lord St. Orville proceeded, eager to talk of Julia.—

"'Indeed,' continued Lady Fontsevern, 'Lord St. Orville ought to be very grateful to the woman who evinces such strong affec-

tion for him as to become his wife; when such robust health, and youth too, in his mother, will continue his wife so long a nobody—only second in the family.'

"Never shall I forget the eloquence of Julia's countenance at that moment; her beautiful eyes, glistening in tears of wounded affection, were turned with such a touching look of alarm upon Lady Delamore, as if she really apprehended this suggestion menaced my beloved mother's life."

"St. Orville!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, fire flashing from his eyes, "by Heaven! you should not marry that diabolical Fontsevern, if she was even the adored of your heart.—Yes, Julia, sweet, affectionate child!—Yes, my heart elected her, the moment almost that I beheld her—Yes, she was the wife *I* chose for you, Alfred; and you shall have her, even if I purchase her affection for you with my life-blood.——But proceed."

But, to proceed, Lord St. Orville now found a difficult matter. His father's burst of affection for his adored mother, for Julia, and himself, taught his articula-

tion to falter terribly; but he at length continued—

"'Don't you think so, Miss De Clifford?'

"Julia, thus called upon, replied—but in such a melting voice of pained sensibility, it vibrated upon every responsive feeling in my heart—'Surely, madam, the woman, who has much love, for Lord St. Orville, will deem it, for her peculiar happiness, that the health, and youth, of his parents, may keep long time from her, the great deal, sad affliction, to see, the beloved of her heart, deploring the loss irreparable, of so good father, and so good mother!"

"Just so would my Emily have thought!—just so have expressed herself!" exclaimed Lord Delamore.—"But how did that sweet, gentle reproof, affect the diabolical Jezebel, who wishes for my Emily's death?"

"Oh! I was so grateful to Julia, for her affection to my parents, I could no longer restrain the impulse of speaking to her. She started in surprise, looked at me with tearful eyes, but did not speak: while Lady Fontsevern started too; but, with

infinite address for so much *naïveté*, exclaimed—

" 'Oh, dear, Lord St. Orville! I have been just observing, to Miss De Clifford, how happy it makes—your—your intended, to think, the youth and health of your parents will long postpone for her the misery of seeing you weeping for your afflicting deprivation of them.'

" Julia now colored with astonishment, at such *sang froid* and duplicity; but was too sweet and amiable to make an effort at undeceiving me."

" Alfred," said Lord Delamore, after a thoughtful pause, " I care not how much this artful, diabolical girl (who could form wishes for my Emily's death), is mortified by your indifference; but, in respect to my honor, you must desist from your marked attentions to our sweet Julia, until my explanation with Lord Westbourn has taken place. After that, do what you can to gain her inesitimable affection;—but gain it steadily, and surely. Let not the ardor of your passion lead you to precipitance. Remember, the misery of my life has arisen from my premature marriage. Had I but

waited, until I had gained the affection of my Emily (for if she regards me now, then, then, surely, I might have won her love for me), or had her equally precipitate father (less excuseable, surely, in his haste) refused her to me until her heart was mine, my life had been exempt from the numerous errors I have since committed. My existence had not been dragged on for many years in anguished misery, and my adored Emily had been—a happy wife! Remember the wretchedness of your parents, St. Orville; and let nothing tempt you to lead Julia to the altar, unless incontestibly assured of her tenderest attachment."

On the return of Lords Delamore and St. Orville to the scene of hilarity, the latter, in obedience to his father, did his heart the greatest violence, in striving to conceal from every observer his adoration of Julia, this evening more followed and admired than he had ever before seen her. Lady Fontsevern still, in perfect good humor with her own attractions, was playing off her whole artillery of fascinating simplicities; but her father alone seemed indefatigable in the responses of "Lovely!—Charming!" &c. &c.

He gave the cue; but all now bewitched by Julia, not even Lord Delamore proceeded in the eulogium.

It was a short period before the party adjourned to supper, that Lord Delamore, perceiving Julia sitting near an open door, in high conference with Sir Lucius Clanwilliam, about the fascinations of the beautiful Mary, rapidly advanced to her, and eagerly insisted upon her changing her seat: he affectionately took her hand, to lead her to another, and as they went he said—

"You are now become so dear to me, that it is self I am serving, while I am taking care of you."

Julia once more seated, Lord Delamore placed himself beside her; when he hastened to inform her, how her faith to him had been proved, by his discovery of Lady Selina's visit to the closet; and his intention not to acknowlege that discovery, or his conviction of her perfidy, to his daughter, until she returned to Stratton abbey, when he should write fully to her upon the painful subject. His lordship then proceeded to declare his penitence for having ever

been led to suspect her sincerity, and added—

"There is still a heavy charge preferred against you; and only it is of such a nature, that for your own sake it is necessary, or I would not condescend for you to deign it's contradiction."

"What can, that, be of, dear Lord Delamore?" asked Julia, in alarm.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "but what in a moment you can controvert, when we have a proper opportunity. These friends and confederates, Ladies Hollowell and Selina Stratton, say, 'that through the channel of an advertisement you were introduced at Delamore-house, where, misconceiving what Lady Hollowell proposed to you, you were offended, and unguardedly put yourself under the protection of Penmorva; who attended you home, and became your constant visitor: but that all this, you and Penmorva made it your earnest request to Selina to conceal; and, in pity to your youth, she promised not to betray your imprudence.'"

Horror and amazement at such monstrous duplicity, such barbarous malice,

changed the tint of Julia's cheeks to the paleness of death. Her solemn promise to Lady Selina, never to betray the occurrences of that particular morning to any of her family, she considered too sacred to violate. A visible tremor soon pervaded her whole frame; she was sick at heart; and hastily snatched at a glass of lemonade now offered to her by Lord St. Orville, to save herself from fainting, and, with a palsied hand, she raised it to her lips.

The astonished and dismayed Lord Delamore was now her scrutinising observer. Julia had advised him, for the present, to suspect every body; and now, with agonised sensations, her advice recoiled upon herself. But, dreadfully as his suspicions were awakened of her imprudence and duplicity, and through them the destruction of his son's happiness finally menaced, he could not endure to overwhelm her with more confusion; but, subdued almost by anguished agitation, he seised the arm of Lord St. Orville, and hurried him to another private conference.

Lord St. Orville heard with disdaining incredulity these suspicions of the prudence

of his adored Julia. Firm in his belief of her being all-perfection, he assured his father of his own conviction, that when the motives of her conduct came to be analysed, they would prove her still more inestimable than ever she had before appeared to them.—" Lady Hollowell told you, my dear father, of some promise exacted from Selina by Penmorva. Rest assured, my exalted Julia believes herself bound by some entanglement of this nature," said he; "and she would sooner, I am convinced, submit to a stigma on her fame (agonising as the alternative would prove to her immaculate mind), than infringe a solemn promise. But I will now not rest, until I clear her spotless fame from every malicious censure. My mother, so kind, so delicate, so gentle, she will speak to Julia upon the distressing subject; and then we can form our plans of what is for us to do. On Julia's purity being proved immaculate, even without a censure, I rest my every hope of happiness."

Our poor heroine was now completely unhinged; she became restless, abstracted, and full of unhappiness. This was a ter-

rible accusation against her prudence, at least, and her candor; and, shackled by her promise, she knew not how to extricate herself. She could apply for the advice of no individual in that family, as that would be an infringement of her promise:—but in ten days Doctor Sydenham would be at Delamore castle. He knew all; he would devise the means of clearing her fame: but for ten shocking days she must remain under this terrible aspersion! But, though the thought was anguish to her heart, she resolved heroically to submit to it, rather than by any evasion to clear her fame. She had marked Lord Delamore's astonishment at her agitation, and it's effect: saw him hasten, with Lord St. Orville, from the room, and the return of both in evident perturbation; and then beheld Lord St. Orville in earnest conference with his mother, who shortly after quitted the room too, in much emotion;—so that when this amiable young man hastened to her, with a request from Lady Delamore, "that she would allow her a private conference for a few moments," Julia was at no loss to guess the cause; and, full of trembling anxiety, de-

manded, "Was it upon the dreadful subject Lord Delamore had just spoken to her of?"

"It was," Lord St. Orville replied.

"Then I cannot, at all, go to her, my good friend!" said Julia, mournfully. "Be kind to tell to her, I am much painfully, situated. I could not, make answer for her; because my answer could not, be, of sincerity; and it would break for me, my heart, for Lady Delamore to ask me, what I must not, say to."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, "some one has cruelly taken advantage of the amiable ductility of your disposition, to shackle you with some ungenerous promise!—Am I not right, sweet friend?"

"Always, you are right," said Julia, touchingly.

"And this person was——Penmorva?"

"Oh! ask me not who it was; for to disclose that, would be for telling indirectly, what I did promise, never more to say. But it was, long time, before that promise, Doctor Sydenham knew all; he will advise me, when to Delamore castle he comes, in ten more days. His testimony will acquit me, of wrong, at all. Ten days is

long age, to endure suspicion of wrong; but I will have fortitude, dear friend, to bear it."

"You shall not bear, for half that time, a pang that I have power to save you from!" exclaimed Lord St. Orville, tears of tenderness trembling in his eyes. "This very night I will set out to Dr. Sydenham. —Where is he, Julia?"

Julia had scarcely power to answer—"In London, at Mr. Goodwin's," she was so sensibly affected by Lord St. Orville's tender kindness to her.

"At Mr. Goodwin's!" repeated Lord St. Orville, in a tone of chagrin; whilst his countenance changed, from the joy of being on the wing to serve her, to much inquietude. Julia instantly conceiving his appearing so infinitely disconcerted at hearing the good doctor was at Mr. Goodwin's, arose solely from the distance, which would prevent his humanity from so speedily serving her as his kindness prompted, replied—

"But, my great deal, kind, benevolent friend, did you even take, the much fatigue, to travel all night, I question your being, in soon time, to find Doctor Sydenham, in

London; for in two days, to his own rectory he goes, near to Z. to do at Christmas, his duty there; and then here, he makes soon journey."

"Then, then," said Lord St. Orville, his countenance again brightening, "I will meet the good doctor at his own house, and hasten here, before him, with your acquittal: — for it is an age of misery to me, while you are grieved; and torturing to my heart the interval in which suspicion dares to rest upon your spotless innocence."

"Oh! for much pity," replied Julia, "say not more, such kind things, for me! or my heart, will melt out, in tears for gratitude. But go you must not: two days only, would your so great fatigue, at most, hasten my consolation, for myself. — But where would be, my consolation for you?—you enduring much, fatigue, and trouble for me! You absent, so long time; two days' relief, from that other pang, would be equivalent none, for your absence."

The gratitude of Julia's feeling heart gave every tone and tenderness of love to her melting voice — her tearful eyes, as she spoke all this; and Lord St. Orville, trem-

bling with joyfully amazed, enraptured hope, could only falteringly answer—

"Of that we will speak, sweet friend! to-morrow.—My mother is waiting now, in expectation of seeing you, and claims my attention with your message."

Instantly his lordship disappeared; and when, shortly after, supper was announced, with difficulty Julia could command any degree of composure, to sustain her place at it.

CHAPTER XX.

THE tender recollection of Lord St. Orville's fraternal kindness, was a sweet balm of consolation to the heart of Julia; and that (though long the time) in ten days her fame must be cleared, and the calumny recoil on her invidious accusers, aided considerably in giving her fortitude to bear the aspersion, and in tranquillising the agitation of her mind; so that her night was not altogether sleepless, although she arose not the blooming Julia, with a countenance irradiated by sparkling joy and animation, which she appeared the preceding day.

Edward, now sufficiently recovered to attend once more to his instruction, came, as usual, to Julia's apartments, to say his prayers, and take lessons in spelling from his tender protectoress. After this most essential business being ended, still standing by her, gazing with fond affection up in her face, he said—

"Do you know, pretty mamma, Lord

St. Orville has loved you such a great long time!—Do you know, almost ever since I was born!"

Julia was startled, colored, and was fluttered excessively.—"How came you, to know, all that, Edward?" she replied.

"Why, mamma, because Lord St. Orville had me into his room, a great many times, when he was dressing, before I was sick; and so he had me in again this morning, before I came to you; and we were at play together; and he tickled me, and so I tickled him, and broke the ribbon for him that fastens a nasty locket about his neck, which now dropped upon the floor; so I picked it up, and said 'I would throw it into the fire;' and so he flew after me, all of a quake, like me when the sweep came to take me; and he took it from me, and began to kiss it, as if it was me, when I say to him I love you, mamma, better than any body;—for then he kisses and hugs me, as mammy used to do. So, mamma, he bid me kiss the locket; and I said 'I would not, it was so ugly;' but when he made me read your name upon it, I thought it ugly no longer, and kissed it too: and

then he took me in his arms, and we began to talk about you—so we did; and I said, 'I loved you, from the first day of all I ever saw you;' and he said, 'So did he;' and then I asked him, 'How long ago was that?' and then he said, 'Almost ever since you were born, Edward.'—What do you think of that, mamma?"

But that was a question Julia could by no means answer, so overwhelmed was she with amazement and agitation. At this moment, Edward was summoned to his breakfast; and Julia, now alone, reviewed the whole of Edward's intelligence.—"Lord St. Orville love her, so long! How could it be? What could it mean?" For a moment she paused; when suddenly articulating her thoughts, with an almost audible shriek of surprise and joy from her heart—"That he, Lord St. Orville," she cried, "is my young protector! the stranger! the stranger!" and down Julia sunk upon her knees, to bless him in his proper person: but her excess of feeling destroyed her power; her face dropped on the cushion of the chair before her, and she wept and sobbed in all the violence of highly-agitated sensibility.

This idea, once suggested, was followed by instant conviction. To Lord St. Orville, then, she was not only indebted twice for the preservation of her life, at the peril of his own, but for every good under heaven which she now enjoyed. He it was, "whose very form she knew not; and yet Julia De Clifford had in him a zealous friend."—"Yes, Heaven knew how zealous! for he had led her to find safe and honorable protection, under the auspices of his inestimable mother, beneath his father's roof; and to find affluence, and a tender, affectionate, fostering parent, in Lord Ashgrove.—He had been in England about the time of her grandmother's death. He had been since with his uncle, when he did all such great good for her. Yes, all, all was plain, as conviction could make it.—Here, too, was the true solution to his reluctance to seeking Doctor Sydenham at the house of Mr. Goodwin." Yes, all was evident; and Lord St. Orville now stood confessed to her grateful heart, as the being she long had idolatrously worshiped, under an ideal form; and she now wondered at her long blindness to a fact so easily to be traced.

Julia now wept, as abundantly as if overwhelmed with grief unutterable, upon finding realised in a being she revered and estimated beyond all mortals (except Lord Ashgrove) the one she had in idea gifted with Lord St. Orville's perfections; and such an addition of gratitude to that she was already aware of owing to this excellent young man, almost subdued her, and her overpowered sensibility could only feel relieved by it's just tribute of tears.

At length, Julia began to wonder how all this could be—How Lord St. Orville became her friend, and was led to her, before he had ever seen?—And thus she solved the mystery: It was to the partial representations of Lady Storamond she owed it all. Cecilia had excited his interest and compassion for her, as the child of misfortune; and, working on the benevolence of his nature, by telling of all her sufferings (which Fitzroy had informed her that her Cecilia was acquainted with), wrought him up to a romantic enthusiastic pity for her miseries; which, aided by his ardent attachment to Lady Storamond, led him on to regard and serve her unseen friend. And her

locket, she now doubted not, was given in kindness by her dear Cecilia as a memento to remember Julia, her poor friend, whenever he had power to be of service. And thus, to the account of his love for Lady Storamond, and Lady Storamond's friendship for her, she placed all the obligations Lord St. Orville had heaped upon herself.

But as the moment drew near, for Julia's presenting herself in the *boudoir* of Lady Delamore, she felt embarrassment almost painful. How was she to meet Lord St. Orville, now he stood confessed to her as the stranger, her original benefactor? Had he been an old man, she would have felt no suggestions in her mind against the voice of gratitude proclaiming, at once, the discovery she had made, and acknowleging that her heart paid tribute to him; but Lord St. Orville, she felt, was too young to be avowedly loved and reverenced as a benefactor, by a very young woman. Lord St. Orville, too, among the amiable motives actuating his conduct towards her, had set her an example of concealment; she had no doubt, in part, from respect to these same naturally-awakened feelings of delicacy

in her. She felt, was Lord St. Orville now to know the discovery she had made, that henceforth she should experience and betray a consciousness of feeling more for him than she could express;—an apprehension that he might believe she experienced more than she actually did feel. After all the warmth with which she had expressed herself of the stranger, to the stranger himself;—after her writing to Lord Ashgrove, 'that she would animate a form of this unknown protector to her heart, to love for ever;'—she shrunk from the idea of Lord St. Orville ever knowing he was betrayed to her. She now, therefore, determined upon concealment; resolving to treasure up her gratitude in the most secret foldings of her heart, and there to pay her young benefactor silent, but ardent homage.

And now resolved, she began her preparation for the possibility of appearing in Lady Delamore's *boudoir*, by bathing her eyes with elder-flower water, in hopes of removing the traces of her tears; and Mrs. Beville was sent to summon her to breakfast, ere she could collect sufficient courage to present herself before Lord St. Orville.

Handsomer, and more fascinating, than our heroine had ever before conceived him to be, she now thought he looked, as he advanced, with tender eagerness, to meet her, as she entered his mother's *boudoir;* when the impression of her recent tears, her agitated countenance, her tremulous frame, all struck painfully upon his observation; and attributing all to him an obvious cause, he exclaimed—

"Ah! my sweet friend! I must this very night set out to Doctor Sydenham."

"Oh! no, no," said Julia, tremulously, "no occasion at all, for you to go, to him."

"Indeed but there is!" said Lady Delamore, infinitely concerned at Julia's change of aspect from the preceding day. "If you can bear to be thus grieved and agitated by this malicious aspersion, your friends cannot bear to see you so. Alfred shall go; and believe it will be happiness to him to shorten the duration of your suffering."

"Oh! such kindness will quite subdue me!" said Julia, the gentle tears of gratitude stealing softly down her cheeks. "If my friend, will go, dear Lady Delamore!

let it not be, to journey in the night; so dark; so terrible, in cold and danger; and so great fatigue, in loss for rest: and now, at all, I could not bear, that he should suffer more, for me."

"Think not," replied his lordship, with touching softness, "that any suffering would be to me so great, as the pain of seeing you afflicted. Believe that even here, on my pillow, I could not rest, while you........" Lord St. Orville, suddenly recollecting that the zeal of his manner and tenderness of his expressions were betraying what, in delicacy to her late attachment, he wished not yet to reveal, let drop her hand; and added, with as little interest as he could evince for her, "If you approve it better, I will go at early dawn tomorrow, Miss De Clifford."

"Oh! no; not go, at all: but nine days more, and Doctor Sydenham, will himself, be here, to tell for me, I received no visits, from Fitzroy: and so I shall feel, this matter smaller, and smaller, every day;—beside, indeed, it was not, for this bad matter, my tears were shed, this morning."....

At this moment, Ann Beaumont came in;

and the conversation, in consequence of her presence, became general. Shortly after breakfast was ended, Lady Delamore, as a thaw was fast coming on, and concluding there could be no skaiting party that morning, invited Miss Beaumont to accompany her upon a visit of condolence to a friend in affliction, who resided about four miles from the castle. Julia, in her present depression of spirits, she would not take upon a melancholy expedition; but, anxious that she should be amused in her absence, was devising some entertainment for her; when Julia eagerly said—

"Oh! no, dear Lady Delamore! I will make stay, by myself, in this room; and go on, without interruption, with my drawing, of Lord St. Orville's return, with the men rescued."

"Mind, St. Orville," said Lady Delamore, smiling, "that Miss De Clifford means to be *alone*."

Julia was engaged in her drawing before Lady Delamore was ready to depart; who, taking a peep at the performance, exclaimed—

"Why, dear Julia! how is this?—you

draw almost every day, and still you have got no further than St. Orville's head! Why, you are working that up so exquisitely, it will take an age to make the rest of the picture correspond with it."

"Why for," said Julia, "I have worked, so much at this, is, that every day, I have smaller satisfaction, for the likeness. Once I was pleased, and a great deal vain, of the resemblance: but now, I think, I shall not ever, finish it to my good, purpose; for every time, I now, look on Lord St. Orville, I see, so much of intellect, in his countenance, such fast-growing sweetness, that sure I am, my pencil cannot, portray it."

Lady Delamore suddenly clasped Julia in her arms, in pleased emotion; and kissed her in enthusiastic gratitude and joy. At this moment, Lord St. Orville, who had gone into an adjoining room with Miss Beaumont, to settle a little disagreement between them, relative to a picture there, returned; and, though he knew not the cause of finding Julia in the arms of his mother, he looked with fond delight upon them both.

The carriage being announced, Lord St. Orville attended Lady Delamore and Miss Beaumont to it; and now, no longer apprehending his being sentenced by his father to the punishment of any attendance upon Lady Fontsevern, and anxious to learn the result of Lord Delamore's conference with Lord Westbourn, and to impart to his father his intention of setting out next morning to Doctor Sydenham's; and wishing, too, to get some book, which he meant to ask Julia's permission to read to her during his mother's absence; hastened to the library, where, to his infinite surprise, he found the chief of the skaiting party assembled, and prepared to go out.

Lord St. Orville now learned that they had sent to inquire into the state of the ice; and word had been brought them, that the most distant of the lakes, the one shaded from the sun by the hanging woods, was yet in a perfectly safe condition.

Lord Delamore now demanding from his son, where were Miss De Clifford and the castanets, Lord St. Orville hastened to his mother's *boudoir*, to inform Julia, and conduct her to the lake. Julia had infinitely

rather have remained, to contemplate the beautiful countenance of her young protector, as she now enthusiastically touched and retouched it with her pencil, yet she hastened to equip herself for the expedition; and returned to the *boudoir*, where Lord St. Orville waited for her.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the library, our heroine was received by Lord Delamore, with much politeness, but in a manner so wanting in that affectionate kindness he had evinced for her the preceding day, that plainly she saw, and with grief she felt, that suspicion had suspended his cordial regard for her. But, in reality, he felt more angry with Julia, for her imprudence in shackling herself by any promise that could attach censure to her fair fame, than coolness from belief of her having committed any serious fault.

As on the preceding day, Julia's hand was drawn, with respectful tenderness, by Lord St. Orville through his arm: he was grieved at his father's change of conduct to her, both from conviction she did not merit it, and because he saw she felt it; and while, from the rapid thaw in the sun making the path to the lake rather slippery, she engrossed his most anxious care, he dared not speak to her, for he felt too much

increase of tenderness in his heart, not to be aware, that some of it must ebulliate through his lips, did he freely indulge in conversation: Julia, in consciousness of feeling that increase of interest for him she was anxious to conceal, found herself unequal to converse; and Lord Delamore, though he was the escort of Lady Hollowell (now making almost undisguised love to him), was Julia's anxious observer.

Lord Westbourn was this day the conductor of his pouting daughter, sullen at not being attended by Lord St. Orville: for her father had not yet announced to her the conversation he that morning had with Lord Delamore; nor did he mean to inform her of her disappointment, until after her departure from Delamore castle, which he determined should now take place in a very few days; but, in marked contrast to his daughter, he wore the sweetest smiles to every one, while his heart was full of malice to the Delamore family, and resolved upon revenge.

Arrived at the distant lake, the determined skaiters rushed at once upon it; though prudence and common observation

must have told them it was unwise to venture. Lady Hollowell, in wild dalliance, caught Lord Delamore by the hand, and dashed off upon the ice with him. Lord St. Orville, although he had put on his skaites, declared it was madness to attempt it, and called to his rash companions to return, in vain.

Whether it was, that the weight of five or six people proved too much for the ice to sustain, or that the sudden dash down of Lady Hollowell and Lord Delamore caused a fracture of the ice, but in the moment of it's separation it was visible to Lord St. Orville, who beheld at once the impending destruction of his father in the opening chasm before him, and, in the now almost frenzied impulse of filial affection, glided after him; and being lighter, was naturally swifter in velocity, yet overtook him only just in time to grasp his father round the waist, as he was sinking, through the widening chasm, into eternity. Lady Hollowell observed the fracture soon enough just to drop the hand of Lord Delamore, threw herself back, and so secure her own safety. Now every one, in alarm, forsook

the ice, and feared again to venture on it, to the assistance of father and son; not only upon account of their own individual safety, but from the almost certainty of their additional weight sinking at once the fragment of ice which buoyed them up.

Lord St. Orville, in catching his father, lost his own footing; and now his legs, as well as his father's, were completely immersed in water. By his elbows, resting on the ice, he now chiefly saved his parent and himself from sinking into the arms of death; for with one hand he held his father, while with the other he grasped the branch of a far-spreading willow, that overhung the lake, and which, while falling, he had caught at.

"Alfred!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, in almost frantic eagerness, "forego your vain attempt! my death is inevitable; and, if you do indeed love your father, save, save yourself!"

"Without my father, never!" replied Lord St. Orville, firmly.

Lord Delamore now supplicated his son to save himself, for both could not be saved; conjured him, by every tender recollection

of his adoring mother, by every hope of happiness with Julia, to secure his own safety: but, though tender, softening, and powerful, were these incentives, which vibrated on every chord of ardent affection, still filial love conquered—the son remained the inflexible supporter of his father; and life, in the moment it was receding from him, became more precious to Lord Delamore, in the conviction of that son's most fervent regard, who so long, he conceived, so direfully abhorred him.

The utmost dismay and consternation prevailed upon the banks of the lake. The gentlemen and servants, all anxious energy to afford assistance, yet knowing not by what means. Instant assistance, or none, could avail, was obvious to all. The castle was at infinitely too great a distance, for any efficient aid to arrive from thence; and that nothing could be done, in time, seemed the dreadful opinion of all: while the ladies, fainting, shrieking, or in hysterics, only impeding the men, and, by confusing their minds, still more added to their consternation.

All but our heroine were thus evincing

their sympathy, and their terrors; and Julia, with every tender sensibility of her mind awakened to anguish, found them all overpowered, and her own agony in them superseded by the more potent anxiety of saving her benefactor's life. Hushed was now every softening pang of self-suffering; and all the energies of her mind awake, and panting for action, she beheld a long rope, belonging to a boat, encircling a strong post near the boat-house. To convey the end of this rope to Lord St. Orville, was her instant project. To effect this, she must venture on the ice; but it was upon ice divided from that sheet on which the preserver of her life rested; and her additional weight could be productive of no evil to him. She might sink, to be sure; and she might not; the alternative had no terror for her, when opposed to the chance of rescuing Lord St. Orville. There was no time for advice, or consultation: if she succeeded, it would be joy to her; if she went, she trusted it would be to heaven: and now the celerity of swift-winged speed was powerfully, dreadfully excited, by her observing, on the moment she slid from the bank upon the ice, that

bough which Lord St. Orville held of the willow slipping gradually off from the parent bole. Fleet as the wind, she moved along the ice, which now was covered with water above her shoes; she felt her weight was lowering it as she rushed along, but still it kept afloat. With almost frantic joy, she possessed herself of the treasure she sought, and dragged it along the ice; and only just arrived with it in time to supply the place of the now almost-dissevered willow-bough.

The gift seemed to come from heaven; for not those in peril, or those upon the bank, observed the bold and hazardous attempt until it was achieved.

"Take it!" she exclaimed, in wildest joy; "it is safe quite fast, at the boat's mooring; and will support make for you, till I bring you, good succour, in soon time." Swift as the celestial messenger of humanity, she gained the bank, dashed off her skaites, and in an instant more was lost to the wistful gaze of the almost-subdued St. Orville.

Both father and son eagerly grasped the rope; and, though they could not save

themselves by it, it promised them means of preservation, until other aid could be obtained, provided their strength failed them not; but Lord St. Orville's was even now nearly exhausted. His father, from being formed on so large a scale, so tall and muscular, was a considerable weight; and supporting him so long, solely by his elbows, had almost subdued him: and by this time, Lord Delamore having sunk to his breast in water, his weight was increasing, whilst his powers for aiding himself seemed diminishing; so that his son could not forego his hold, more completely to assist himself.

Sir Charles Stratton, almost franticly, flew after Julia, to aid her in bringing that assistance she promised: but she seemed the fleet wind, the forked lightning; and vain was his attempt to keep her even in view.

Julia knew, from her frequent visits to the fisherman's cottage upon the cliff, that this was about the dining hour; and, from the tide and weather, that they were not likely to be at sea. The lake was so close to the cliff on which this cottage stood, that she had but a very inconsiderable di-

stance to go to it; and Billy Jones had shown her the shortest path of ascent. With almost incredible rapidity, she gained the cottage; and her dreadful errand no sooner told, than, with all the energy of despairing, animated gratitude, the old man flew to the speaking-trumpet, to announce it to his sons, who had just descended. In one moment the beach was in commotion; these almost-frensied men, in the impulse of their alarm and gratitude, summoning the aid of all the men upon the shore. Lord St. Orville in danger, was a sound that beat to arms in every heart; and all the forces of exertion were levied on the instant. Planks, cables, oars, all that could be useful, were now snatched from the beach; and dragged, with frantic celerity, the shortest way to the lake. But, rapid as were all these motions, they did not keep pace with Julia's wishes; and, in the eagerness of her impatience, a new resource struck on her mind.—

It had been amongst the cruelties practised by Mrs. St. Clair upon our heroine, to augment every coward fear, her mind evinced, as it dawned, knowing that they

would then prove sources of misery through life to her. Happily for Julia, she had but few instinctive fears; but one of those few, was invincible terror at any formidable-looking dog. This fear having been encouraged, not subdued, she experienced so much apprehension of Neptune (the before-mentioned Newfoundland dog), that she would not, heretofore, pass his kennel without the convoy of some of the Jones's, though assured by them of his perfect gentleness: but now, apprehensions of every other kind giving way to her fears for the life of Lord St. Orville and his father, she flew to the kennel, unchained the dog, who, in gratitude at her thus giving him liberty, fawned upon her, and licked her hand.—

"Neptune!" she cried, and ran on. Neptune bounded after her, barking in joy. She now threw a stone down into the road which separated the cliff from the park, as she had seen the Jones's boys do; and down Neptune rushed, to get it from her; then instantly tucking her mantle round her legs, she slid down the cliff, and Neptune met her with the stone. "Neptune!" she cried again, and the dog, seeming fascinated by

her voice, bounded after her, as she rapidly mounted the style into the park, when, through a vista, was the lake plainly seen, and the emperilled father and son.

In this moment, the faculties of Lord Delamore (now completely up to his chin in water) were quite subdued, by fatigue and the agonies of his mind;—thus in the fangs of death himself, and causing the destruction of his fondly-adored son, and everlasting misery to his idolised Emily;—he fainted, and, as his senses fled, his hat, before disturbed from it's station, fell into the water. This Neptune saw, and rushed forward to dive for; but it went under the ice; and mistaking Lord Delamore's head for what had fallen, he seised him by the hair. Lord St. Orville now, in full faith of his father's preservation, gave him up, in joy and gratitude, to the succouring animal; and, fearing that his additional weight might prove too much for the powers of this providential friend, let his father go; when Neptune skilfully navigated, through the now much-widened chasm, his lifeless burthen safely to the bank: and whilst in drawing Lord Delamore gently out of the

water after him, this astonishing sagacious animal was employed, the almost-breathless fishermen arrived: who, careless of personal danger in the cause of gratitude, and aided by their planks and ropes, their ingenuity, and dexterity, promptly succeeded in bringing Lord St. Orville safe to the bank.

Julia just waited to see him there, in security;—to hear the frantic shout of joy, that proclaimed his being so;—when she retreated from the observation of every one, and fled, through an obscure path, to the castle. Lord St. Orville, now that he had escaped from such imminent peril, now that she had rendered him so essential a service, seemed more dear to her regards than even gratitude before had made him; and, conscious that she could not see him now, or receive his animated thanks, without being too much affected; anxious, too, for escaping from general eulogium for what she had done, not for commendation, but to preserve her friends; she waited not for any notice to fall upon her.

One of the attending servants at the lake had, on the instant of the accident, flown to the castle for assistance; and all the do-

mestics, headed by Holt and Leslie, were rushing franticly out, with every thing they thought could be useful, when Julia met them, with the joyful intelligence of their lord's safety. She bid the men go on; but desired the women to return, and prepare warm-baths, and beds, and every thing Mrs. Beville should consider necessary. Her agitated feelings could permit no more: she hurried now on to her closet, where enclosing herself, she sunk on her knees, to breathe a pious thanksgiving for the escape of her friends from death; but her fast-flowing tears almost choked her utterance: yet still she prayed and wept, and implored every happiness, with long, long life, to be the portion of Lords Delamore and St. Orville: again wept for joy, that the preserver of her own life was safe; and that Lady Delamore was safe from never-ending affliction: and so she went on, until the clamors of Lucy drew her from her closet.—

"For every one, you could think, and give directions, but yourself," said Lucy, angrily. "Wet, up to your very knees, you shut yourself up in that nasty closet; while I, who saw fast enough you were

wet, reared up the fire, and got dry things for you ready, in an instant: but you, who mind for every one, cared not for yourself: —and so, and so, I shall have you ill again: and you will die this time, to a certainty; and then who shall I have, in all the world, to be kind to me as you have been!" and Lucy now burst into a most violent flood of tears, awakened by gratitude, and terror for her beloved lady's safety.

Julia, infinitely affected, hastened to remove poor Lucy's apprehensions, by preparing to undress; when a gentle tap at the door, called Lucy to it. It was Leslie, come, by his lord's commands, to know, "if Miss De Clifford was there, in safety? —if she had used every precaution to prevent her taking cold? and to bring him word, exactly, how she did."

This message was brought by Lucy to Julia; and Lucy took back Julia's message to Leslie.—

"But cannot I see Miss De Clifford?" said the trembling, agitated old man. "If I do not see her, or at least hear her voice, my lord will not be satisfied of her safety."

Julia heard these words; and, though

blushing with gratitude for Lord St. Orville's interest about her, came forward; and the moment she struck upon the sight of Leslie, he threw himself on his knees before her, and, with many sobs and tears, and invoking every blessing to fall on her, returned her his thanks for saving his dear lord for him.

Julia, highly agitated, entreated Leslie to rise; but no, he would not.—" Oh! he told me, told me all!" said Leslie: " how you saved his dear father's life, and his, at the very peril of your own! He told me every word of it:—and now may Heaven, which formed you for each other, unite you at last, and shower down every blessing on your heads!"

" Grant me patience!" exclaimed Lucy, almost screaming with passion:—" What will your prayers avail? She will live to be married to no one!—Do n't you see, you are keeping her in her wet clothes?"

Leslie now started from his knees, in wild affright; scolded Lucy in turn, for not having changed her lady's clothes long before that; and, blessing Julia again, retired:

and our heroine was just undressed, and going to put on dry clothes, when in Mrs. Beville bounced, loaded with cordials, and who instantly ordered Julia into a warm bed.

Julia remonstrated at the hard decree, of going to bed in the middle of the day, when in perfect health; but Beville was arbitrary: and beside, she told her, "Lords Delamore and St. Orville were gone quietly to bed; but were in agonies lest she should get any cold: and she now was certain, from the alarm they were in about her, it would be the death of both of them should any thing happen to her."

CHAPTER XXII.

As soon as Lords Delamore and St. Orville were in bed, and Mr. Manlove, who had been summoned, declared that now every precaution had been taken to prevent any evil consequence arising from the cold and fatigue they had sustained, Lord Robert Bolton and Sir Charles Stratton set off on horseback, at full speed, to meet Lady Delamore, and announce to her, as cautiously as possible, the events of the morning. About a mile from home they perceived the carriage; when they instantly slackened their pace, and rode gently up to it: and now, returning with it, Sir Charles rested his hand on the chaise-door next to Lady Delamore, and fell into common chit chat with her.

As Lady Delamore never once supposed there could have been any skaiting party that morning, she felt no emotion of surprise or alarm at meeting them; until Sir Charles, at length, said—

"We rode out to meet you, for the pleasure of being the first to congratulate you."

"O Heaven! Ashgrove, my dear, dear brother, is arrived!" exclaimed Lady Delamore, her heart bounding almost from it's seat.

"No, no, dear mother—for mother I now have as good a right to call you, dear soul! as the best of them. Now, look at me, and catch smiles and joy from my sweet expressive *visage*;—although that was but long and dismal an hour ago.—No one is come; and we offer our congratulations for an escaped misfortune."

"Oh, Gracious Providence! protect my husband, and my children!—Oh! speak, tell me, Charles, that they are safe!" she cried, in an agony of alarm.

"They are all well, dear aunt.—Come, set your sweet little fluttering heart at rest. We had a little bit of an alarm, to be sure; but all is now happily well; no one hurt—no one sick—no one dismayed, but yourself."

"Keep me no longer in this torturing suspense, I beseech you, Charles."

"Why, then, young Howard" (a name

Lord St. Orville had obtained in the neighbourhood for his active humanity) "has been at his old pranks again—saving the life of a fellow-creature."

Lady Delamore uttered a cry of terror, succeeded by a burst of tears; and she sobbing articulated—"My beloved Julia, Charles?"

"No, not exactly so;—it was not *our beloved* Julia: the case was *vice versa*;—but you shall know all particulars in due season. No, it was a man's life, young Howard saved;—a man who fell into a—a—pond—a little duck-pond;—nothing more."

"Oh! my ever-humane, sweet, amiable child!" sobbed out Lady Delamore.—"But who was the poor man?"

"That—that," returned Sir Charles, "we will tell you some other time, when you are more composed."

"O Heaven!" she shrieked, "it was my husband!—my Theodosius! You have been skaiting; and it was his father's life St. Orville saved.—Postillions," she franticly cried, "fly! gallop on! and take me to my husband!" and now, overcome by her feelings, she fell back in the carriage; a film shut

out objects from her vision; her eyes closed, and the pale hue of death sat on her beauteous face. Sir Charles ordered the carriage to stop; and Ann Beaumont applied her salts, and did every thing she could to recover her.

But the motion of the carriage ceasing, seemed at once to recal her fleeting faculties.—"Oh, Charles!" she faintly articulated, "stop not the carriage! Let them fly on; that I may see my lord—see that he is safe, and bless my boy for saving him."

The postillions now received orders to gallop on; and they did so, eager to oblige their beloved lady, and to hear all about the accident. Lord Robert and Sir Charles galloped too; the former in amazement, at such tender affection being evinced by a wife, so neglected as she for years had been.

The chaise in a few moments stopped at the castle portal. Sir Charles took Lady Delamore out in his arms: instantly she broke from him, and rushed wildly to the anti-chamber of her lord; but there Lady Selina met her, and told her, "she must proceed no farther. Lord Delamore," she said, "had made it his earnest request, nay

his positive command, not to admit her; for his nerves were so shattered, that to see her yet, would prove too much for him to sustain, without danger, almost, to his intellect."

Such a repulse was nothing new to her; but now, though it sounded natural, and not unkind, yet in grief and disappointment she turned away in painful acquiescence, hastened to her own private *boudoir*, and closed herself in, to weep her bitter tears of mortified affection unseen (as often before) by every mortal eye. The pain of this disappointment a little abated, her tears changed to joy and gratitude; and now, influenced by the latter, after a fervent thanksgiving to the Throne of Mercy for the preservation of her husband, she remembered her son, and that from his door she should not be sent away. Thither now she hurried; and in a moment was clasped, trembling with maternal tenderness, in the arms of her adoring son. Now she wept on his bosom her tears of gratitude, and sobbed out her touching thanks and blessings for his preservation of his father's life.

" Give them, kind and tender as they

come from your heart," said Lord St. Orville, "where justly they are due—to Julia, my adored Julia!—the intrepid preserver of my dear father's life, as well as mine:" and now Lord St. Orville, with all the glowing animation of ardent love and melting gratitude, related all that had happened, and all that our heroine had achieved, at the peril of her own life. Lady Delamore now, starting from the bosom of her son, imbibing all of fervent gratitude he had inspired her with, aided by the glowing affection she unchangingly (or changing only to increase of tenderness) bore to this child of her heart's adoption, Julia De Clifford, hastened, with the rapid motion of lively sensibility, to the apartments of our heroine; clasped Julia, with fervor, in her arms; wept, blessed and thanked her.

Julia, overcome by the joy and gratitude of the wife and mother, tears of sensibility springing from her heart, fell on the bosom of Lady Delamore; and, after some time dedicated to this burst of feeling, Julia asked, with eager interest, "How dear Lord Delamore did?" and falteringly added, the first anxious inquiry of her heart, "How

too, was — was Lord St. Orville?" when her ladyship, in tears of bitterly remembered disappointment, told how she had been prohibited from visiting the bedside of her lord.

"Did, only, Lady Selina, give the interdict? Did Mrs. Beville, Mr. Manlove, or Holt, announce it?" Julia eagerly demanded.

"No, it only came from Lady Selina."

Julia, starting up in her bed, vehemently exclaimed—"Then, as you do feel prize, for your future, happiness, instantly make way, for yourself, to the chamber of Lord Delamore. Let not any thing, impede you: —no consideration, to disturb him; no opposition of Lady Selina; nothing but force, absolute, make prevention for your, gaining his chamber, and showing to my lord, that you are, very certainly, there."

"What, what can you mean by this advice, given with so much energy, dear Julia?" said Lady Delamore, in amazement.

"Oh! not ask me; for at liberty I am not, to say it, for you. Believe my reasons, are much forcible, though in the bondage for secresy; but for the love, to your own

happiness, and Lord Delamore's, go, and be resolute, for good purpose."

Lady Delamore, knowing that Julia was deeply in the secrets of her lord, and fully convinced that her reasons for this advice were just and forcible, instantly kissed her in affectionate gratitude; and summoning all her fimness, to sustain her through the conflict she doubted not she should have to encounter with her unnatural daughter, set out, with agitated speed, to the anti-chamber of her husband; where, again, Lady Selina informed her, "She must not enter the room of Lord Delamore."

Lady Delamore attempted no reply, but, with dignity and resolution, walked directly towards the door of it. Lady Selina, in amaze and consternation, pursued her, to oppose her entrance; but not venturing to raise her voice in the altercation, lest the import of her words, or the voice of Lady Delamore, elevated in such altercation, should reach his lordship's ears, knew not how to effect her purpose, when Lady Hollowell unexpectedly emerged from Lord Delamore's chamber."

Lady Hollowell, permitted to enter the

chamber of her lord, from whence she was excluded!—allowed to watch by his pillow, and she interdicted from that tender privilege, and by her lord himself too! (as it was from him she was told the prohibition came)—proved too much for the senses of Lady Delamore to support; they fled before the shock, and instantly she fell, in a swoon, upon the floor.

Lady Hollowell proclaiming to every one her great friendship for the amiable Lord Delamore, joined Lady Selina as soon as possible in his lordship's apartments; from whence it was their equal policy to exclude Lady Delamore, and to evince their own anxious tenderness about his lordship: but the moment Lady Hollowell, under pretence of "anxious, tender inquiry, breaking through forms in it's affectionate solicitude," presented herself in Lord Delamore's chamber, his lordship, disgusted with her being there, and recoiling from her as a "smiling mischief," who nearly estranged him for ever from his happiness and his Emily, closed his eyes, affecting deep sleep. It was not this artful woman's intention to mope in his still chamber,

when he was not awake to see the tender part she was prepared to sustain; she therefore, believing him under the influence of Somnus, was returning, on tip-toe, to a conference with her vile coadjutor, when she presented herself to the view of the dismayed Lady Delamore.

Holt got a glimpse of his beloved lady, in the moment of her fall; and, thrown by alarm entirely off his guard, imprudently exclaimed—

"Oh! my lady! my dear lady!" as he wildly rushed towards her.

This exclamation aroused Lord Delamore from his counterfeit sleep, with every terror of agonised apprehension. Well he knew, by the manner of his old servant, who was meant; and, almost franticly, he was now starting from his bed, to fly to his Emily, when Holt, recollecting his imprudence, returned, and with the utmost difficulty restrained Lord Delamore's intention.

"My lord! my lord!" he exclaimed, "what madness possesses you? Remember the things you have taken. You will kill yourself, and break my lady's heart.—A pretty piece of business for her, to see you

out of your bed, after all that has befallen you, when she recovers from her fainting fit, brought on by her agitation about you!"

Lord Delamore could only be restrained from madly flying to raise his adored Emily from the ground, by Holt promising to bring her to him. Accordingly, this attached domestic raised her in his arms, and laid her on the bed by his lord. The attending servants were dispatched, to summon Mrs. Beville, when every thing was done for this amiable woman's recovery, and at length with effect: when Lady Delamore, opening her eyes, and finding herself encircled by the arms of her husband, who was gazing at her with the most tender, ardent solicitude, portrayed in his agitated countenance, joy seemed for a moment to menace the most fatal consequences; but, fortunately, it found relief in tears; and now abundantly they fell upon the bosom of her lord.

To Holt and Beville, this was a scene that gave joy to their worthy hearts: but to Ladies Hollowell and Selina, it was a fell blast, which blighted all their hopes — their diabolical projects; and, anxious to escape

from so obnoxious a scene, they retreated to the anti-chamber, their envenomed hearts full of the dire poison of malevolence.

But sudden recollection of the cause of her fainting, turned, in one moment, all of Lady Delamore's joy to bitterness. The sweet and balmy tears of promised happiness were arrested in their fall; and froze, at their source, by the chill thrill of jealousy. Quickly she started from the arms of her lord; and rising up, with every feature touched with changed expression, with suppression of tenderness, under the dignified air of a person believing themselves slighted by those whom most they loved, and with the unequal tone of heart-directed, agonised emotion, said—

"Ten thousand pardons I entreat, my lord, for my intrusion here. The impetuosity of my feelings led me on, to know (and from your own lips, only, to take the confirmation of it) if it was indeed my misfortune, a second time, to be forbidden your apartments, when affection would have placed me by your pillow the most tender, faithful, and attentive, of your nurses? But, not aware that to Lady Hollowell was

granted that consolation which was denied to me, I knew not that my place was so happily filled; and most unwaringly came, apparently as the mean, suspicious wife, maliciously to interrupt the interesting attentions of your fair friend."

Lord Delamore heard her out; his joy was so powerful, that it precluded the possibility of articulating to interrupt her.—"His Emily, at length, felt sufficient affection for him, to experience that uneasiness, at his supposed preference to another, which amounted even to jealousy;—every look, tone, and word, expressed it. That which, for years, he had eagerly, yet despairingly, panted for, was at length come to pass;—his Emily was jealous!" And now, incontestibly, and for ever, was stamped upon his mind the certainty, that his Emily's heart (though late) was his, and his unalienably; and, almost blessing Lady Hollowell as the cause of such happiness to him, he clasped his wife to his bosom, for the first time in firm belief that she loved him.

To attempt to portray the emotions of Lord Delamore, would foil our exertions. The bane of this most sensitive, acutely

feeling, man's happiness, through life, now had found it's antidote; and how it worked upon his sensibility, so susceptible, so tremblingly gifted with perception, would, if we could succeed in the delineation, add too much to our (we greatly fear) already prolix history; and having still many matters of moment to relate, we must henceforth, in a great degree, leave the operation of feeling to the kind assisting fancy of our readers: and it must now suffice to say, that the joy-dilated heart of Lord Delamore, from excess of happiness, experienced sensations almost ecstasied to painful ones, and violently he wept, in joy too profound for articulation.

But when the free ebullition of his tears restored his powers of utterance, a few words of explanation, expressed with all the tenderness of ardent affection, informed his wife, "that not now, or ever, had he forbidden her his apartments:" and he learned from her, in turn, the malicious interdict which had, on a former occasion, given such bitter anguish to his heart, under the torturing idea of her indifference and neglect; and which made her so

wretched, in the belief of her husband's unkindness, and firmly fixed estrangement from her.

With his Emily now seated by his pillow, Lord Delamore assured Beville, he would compose himself to sleep, which she said was so essential for him; but the promised happiness of his future life, was a balm more efficacious to him than the sweetest slumbers; and, though he promised Beville, he would not make the attempt, lest when he awoke he should find the form of his Emily had vanished, and all of this expected happiness a mere vision of distempered fancy: but he took the cordial medicines prescribed by the apothecary, because his Emily gave them to him; and when his dinner was brought in, and that Lady Delamore sweetly strove to persuade him to partake of it, and anxiously cut the nicest bits from the boiled chicken, and raised them herself on his fork to his mouth, he resolved to swallow them, though he should be choked in the attempt, which the sensations his powerfully-agitated feeling occasioned in his throat almost led him to believe was not improbable.

Doctor Harlow, having heard of the catastrophe which had so imminently threatened the lord, and heir, of Delamore castle, came in the evening to see them: when he found it necessary to prescribe for Lord Delamore a strong opiate, to lull the irritation of his nerves, and procure that sleep for him which was essential to his recovery, from the great fatigue, exertion, and agitation, he had sustained during the period of his impending peril. When his lordship fell into his enforced slumber, he left his anxious Emily seated by his pillow; and when he awoke from it, at five in the morning, he found her there still: but, although this proof of anxious tenderness was highly gratifying to his affection, it pained it too, in fond apprehension of it's being too much fatigue for her to endure; and now finding him so infinitely more composed and refreshed by his long repose, she complied with his earnest entreaty, that she would retire to rest.

In consequence of Lady Delamore not seeking her repose until morning, Julia breakfasted alone. It had been her intention to go this day to Willow Grove, cau-

tiously to impart to the still-styled Mary the events of the preceding day; but a letter from that ever-interesting young woman (which awaited the opening of her eyes) prevented that intention from being carried into effect. This letter announced "that Mrs. Fermor and Mary were to set out, that very morning, for London, to meet the lawyers who were to lay her aggrievements before the Lord Chancellor; that, as she could not support, at present, an interview with Lady Delamore, she was going without taking leave of any other of her beloved friends: and informed Julia, that honest William Smith had, unknown to his wife, obtained all the documents necessary to substantiate, most unequivocally, every fact, and had placed them in the hands of Mr. Temple, the lawyer, by whose advice he had inveigled his wife up to London;—the pretence, his going to receive a considerable sum of prize-money, and affection inducing him to wish for her company in the journey;—and when in London, cut off from all communication with her vile employer in the cruel imposture, she was to be secured, and either bribed into becoming

evidence for her, by the certainty of escaping punishment, or to be prosecuted with her accomplices."

This letter proved a source of infinite joy to our heroine; as it announced the important papers being secured, which would incontestibly restore the injured Lady Selina to her not less injured parents, and effectually, and for ever—by destroying the influence of Mrs. Monk and the real Mary Dungate—insure the future concord of the Delamore family.

END OF VOL. IV.

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